



파그마의 후예

MAYA & MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설



# OVERGEARED

BOOK 06

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Overgeared

(템빨)

by

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# Synopsis

Shin Youngwoo has had an unfortunate life and is now stuck carrying bricks on construction sites. He even had to do labor in the VR game, Satisfy!

However, luck would soon enter his hapless life. His character, 'Grid', would discover the Northern End Cave for a quest, and in that place, he would find 'Pagma's Rare Book' and become a legendary class player...

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# Chapter 501

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"Let's go! Overgeared Skeletons!"

Clack! Clack clack clack!

Reidan's desert. A black-haired man was crossing the desert with two skeletons.

Hwiiiing~~~~~

"Ah!" Spit! Spit spit!

A young man felt pained as the wind blew sand into his eyes and mouth. Two skeletons followed obliviously behind him.

Clack!

Clack clack! Clack!

The skeletons couldn't withstand the pressure of the wind and their joints twisted in different directions. They were like gentle dancers as their limbs broke down.

[The Overgeared Skeletons have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[Overgeared Skeleton (1) has returned to the soil.]

[Overgeared Skeleton (2) has returned to the soil.]

[The Overgeared Skeletons won't lose experience.]

"..."

After capturing the 8th city. Grid wanted to try hunting young scorpions in the desert with the skeletons. The level of the young scorpions was only 20~30. Rather than being classified as monsters, it was classified as a monster's prey. If Grid supported them well, the Overgeared Skeletons could hunt them and raise their levels.

But what was this? The Overgeared Skeletons were destroyed by the wind before they could even meet the scorpions! Grid was stunned.

“Wow... Seriously trash.”

Undead monsters were known for their weak durability. Their bodies were easily broken and this was directly related to a decline in fighting ability. But the Overgeared Skeletons were different. Since their basic stats were garbage, their bodies were broken and they were killed. These skeletons were pathetic and were among the weakest undead Grid had ever encountered.

“The power obtained from defeating a direct descendant...”

He knew that the Overgeared Skeletons were highly likely to have great growth potential. But no matter how well they were raised, it was evident they would never compare to a death knight. Was it worth the trouble to raise these guys? Grid couldn't help questioning.

‘But if there's one good point...’

The Overgeared Skeletons didn't lose experience if they died. They just died. If he repeatedly summoned them to hunt, he might be able to raise their levels.

"I should hunt rabbits when I return to Reidan.”

Grid lost motivation and logged out. It was time to sleep. He hadn't been able to sleep well for two days, so his head and body were very tired.

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While Grid was sleeping. As always, Lael was working on behalf of Grid. The appearance of the hard working staff member became an inspiration for the Overgeared members, while inspiring compassion at the same time.

The Gauss Kingdom. A kingdom located on the northernmost point of the continent, bordered by the Eternal Kingdom. The east and west areas of the two kingdoms were close to each other and had a bad relationship. The Eternal Kingdom and Gauss Kingdom didn't have a good relationship.

In order to advance into the central part of the continent, Gauss must pass through Eternal. In order to advance to the sea, Eternal must pass through Gauss. A separate tariff had to be paid in order for them to trade with each other. The Gauss Kingdom was in a worse position than the Eternal Kingdom, which could easily enter the center of the continent.

“If it wasn’t for Earl Ashur...!”

Marquis Valtin. He had been serving the Gauss Kingdom for generations and was responsible for the defense of the fortified city Borneo. Borneo was a very important base for defending the border of the Gauss Kingdom. It faced the fortified city of Patrian in the Eternal Kingdom and frequently clashed with Patrian.

Historically, the number of battles between Borneo and Patrian had reached the hundreds. But war didn’t occur in the present day. It was due to one of the 10 great magicians on the continent. Earl Ashur. Since he became lord of Patrian, Marquis Valtin didn’t dare go against Patrian. What did it matter how well trained his army was? They would be burned to ashes by the magic!

“I should’ve learned magic when I was young...”

Instead, he learned swordsmanship. Marquis Valtin was staring out the window when the voice of a deputy entered his ears.

“A guest from the Eternal Kingdom has come to see you.”

“Hrmm.”

The Gauss Kingdom might be at odds with the Eternal Kingdom, but that didn’t mean there were no interactions. As a neighbouring kingdom, there were many superficial policies implemented. In order to enter the Gauss Kingdom from the Eternal Kingdom, everyone had to go through Borneo. Therefore, Borneo was often visited by the king or nobles of Eternal.

“Come in.”

Marquis Valtin politely welcomed the guest. No matter what he



thought, he was a professional politician. He couldn't be rude to guests visiting from Eternal. After a moment. A man entered Marquis Valtin's office. He was a young man with silver hair.

‘No, isn't he a boy?’

The guest was very young. The inwardly confused Marquis Valtin smiled and spoke, "Welcome to Borneo. But what should I call you?"

The silver-haired boy bowed and introduced himself politely.

"I am Earl Lauel of Eternal. I come on behalf of Duke Grid of Reidan."

"Hah..."

Marquis Valtin's eyes sharpened. The names Lauel and Grid. Marquis Valtin were familiar with them. There was no way he couldn't know their names. A few years ago, they were the ones who rescued Reinhardt from the golem invasion. Marquis Valtin was interested in those who were praised as the 'Kingdom's Heroes.' Thus, he was familiar with the latest situation.

‘Grid killed Prince Ren, who was first in line for the throne.’

Due to that, the relationship between the Eternal royal family and Reidan was very bad. Perhaps Reidan was already isolated within Eternal. The fact that people were sent here...

‘If it's true, this situation will be fun.’

Marquis Valtin was filled with anticipation. He didn't show it as he asked calmly, "You're the famous Earl Lauel? Huhu, we have heard of you even in the Gauss Kingdom. It's an honor to meet you."

Lauel shook the thick hands of Marquis Valtin as politely as possible. Then he replied, "It's an honor to meet Marquis Valtin, the lion of Gauss. Isn't even Earl Ashur, one of the great great magicians on the continent, afraid of you?"

“Hahahat! I guess so!”

Marquis Valtin had an inferiority complex towards Earl Ashur. Lael’s flattery was sufficient. In addition, Lael wasn’t telling a lie. Marquis Valtin had mastered a specialized combat style. The ruler of Borneo. There was no person more suitable for the role of defending the Gauss Kingdom. In fact, the reason Earl Ashur didn’t invade Borneo was due to Marquis Valtin.

Marquis Valtin laughed pleasantly and naturally asked, “Why did you come here?”

Lael explained bluntly. “Eternal’s royal family is making Reidan impoverished. Duke Grid can no longer endure it and has decided to become independent from Eternal.”

It was a well-known story that Grid only pledged allegiance to King Wiesbaden when he became a duke. In addition, he was currently framed for Prince Ren’s death. On the surface, there was a bad relationship between Grid and the Eternal Kingdom. That’s why Lael was certain. Marquis Valtin wouldn’t doubt his words.

“Duke Grid needs Marquis Steim’s help to become completely independent. In order to connect the north and west, Duke Grid made a plan to invade and occupy Patrian.”

“...”

Marquis Valtin waited patiently. He tried to suppress the smile that wanted to leak out. He was inwardly filled with joy as Lael asked him.

“As you know, Reidan is a desolate land. The population is less than 20,000 and the troops are few. It’s natural for the quality of the soldiers to be low. We can’t occupy Patrian with just our strength. So Marquis Valtin, please help us. Send the powerful soldiers of Borneo as reinforcements and help us occupy Patrian.”

Lael bowed his head and begged as much as possible. He was showing his desperation. Marquis Valtin didn’t doubt the current

situation and nodded.

"What will the Gauss Kingdom get in return for helping Duke Grid?"

"If the occupation of Patrian succeeds, the north and west of Eternal will be connected and ruled by Duke Grid." Lauel passed the papers he prepared in advance to Marquis Valtin. "Duke Grid has promised to remove all tariffs, as well as give a monthly tribute to the Gauss Kingdom. The details are contained in this agreement."

"Hrmm...?"

Marquis Valtin's smile became progressively larger as he read the contents of the agreement. The conditions were so great that it was difficult to control his facial expression any longer. He finally made a suspicious expression.

"I know that Duke Grid is Marquis Steim's son-in-law. Marquis Steim is ruler of the north. Why don't you borrow his power to occupy Patrian instead of coming to me?"

"King Aslan is blocking all communications with the north and there's no way to contact Marquis Steim. Due to that, Duke Grid has become more obsessed with Patrian."

It was an answer that was easy to guess. Marquis Valtin nodded. "Okay, I understand. However, Duke Grid needs to handle Earl Ashur. We want to avoid losing as many troops as possible."

"Of course. Believe in us. I'm sure that you're aware of our skills."

"Kingdom's Hero... It should be enough to keep Earl Ashur in check. Okay, I will send the army."

The soldiers of Borneo were the elite. They were trained to participate in war at any time, making them thirsty for it.

'Of course, it's the same for me!'

The first thing the excited Marquis Valtin did was to send a letter to the Gauss royal family. After delivering the story about the war to the royal family, the army was reorganized and headed to Patrian with Lauel. The final number was 10,000 troops.

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Reidan had a total of 4,000 troops. 3,000 of them were involved in this expedition. If this expedition failed, the base of Reidan would be shaken. But the Overgeared members weren't nervous. It was difficult for them to think they would be defeated in a war where all the Overgeared members except for Grid were participating. In particular, the presence of Blood Warrior Katz gave a strong belief to everyone. It was difficult to find a stronger presence on the battlefield.

"But why is the marching speed so fast?"

The Overgeared members wondered as the 3,000 soldiers crossed the desert. The marching speed of the army was much faster than expected. Reidan's soldiers might be accustomed to the desert, but wouldn't this fast marching speed make them tired more easily?

Toban soothed his worried colleagues. "Commander Asmophel must have a reason. His strategies are above ours. We just have to believe in him."

"Hmm, indeed."

The Overgeared members were in the rear to protect the supply wagons from being attacked by giant worms. They thought that the man at the forefront of the army was Asmophel. They never dreamt that Asmophel would be missing in such an important moment.

"Go. Destination. Patrian."

His maximum intelligence was 20. The commander who didn't know anything, Jude, started the rapid advance.

# Chapter 502

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『 The first legendary class! The first person to become a duke! The holder with the most medals in the National Competition! The master of the Overgeared Guild! The name of this brilliant person is Grid!! What's the secret behind his level up that shot up forward 33 positions in the rankings? Are you curious? Do you want to know? Yes! I'll tell you everything! In a while, Grid's hunting video will be revealed on OGC Station! A live broadcast! You can watch it on TV, the Internet, or on the radio! Please use the OGC channel!! 』

OGC put a lot into this broadcast. They invested all their capital into advertising because they were certain it would be an unconditional success. As a result, OGC's ads were repeatedly played in dozens of countries on the Internet, TV, newspapers, and magazines.

It was an excellent choice. The spread of the advertisements to the whole world was enormous. OGC's Internet channel became congested with users and OGC quickly secured more advertising funds than they invested. OGC had a festive atmosphere.

"This is completely the best...! It's way more than we expected!"

"It has no choice but to succeed. We have secured a number of viewers that is comparable to the National Competition."

"One billion views will look funny in a few days."

"Bunny Bunny's private station has also gathered millions of people."

"This is Grid's influence! He really is God Grid!"

"Everyone is wondering where Grid is hunting and how he's raising his level so quickly."

"They dream of becoming a ranker by obtaining the secrets to levelling."

“Okay! Let’s do our best for a perfect broadcast! This is an opportunity for OGC to secure the world!”

After a while. The live broadcast of Grid’s hunting began. The number of viewers continued to rise, while the number of users logged into Satisfy decreased. It was almost similar to the time of the National Competition.

This was Lauel’s intention.

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“Move forward. Move forward. Move forward.”

Reidan’s army had Jude at its head. Their marching speed was very fast. They crossed the hot desert as if they were running. The soldiers felt like they were going to die. The hot sun shone down on them and the desert was sizzling. Armed with heavy armor and weapons, they didn’t rest and marched as if they were running.

It was hell. They couldn’t deal with the hardships. The field work under Piaro and Asmophel’s mental education wasn’t as hard as this.

“Pant... Pant! Th... Thirsty! Give me a break to drink water, please.”

“Pant pant! Aren’t we going to die?”

“Hah... I see my dog that died last year in that haze over there... She’s calling me over...”

“Seeing an illusion of a dog, not a woman... This guy has never experienced love...”

The limit. The soldiers were covered in sweat and on the verge of collapsing. There were some who wanted to kill somebody, some who wanted to go home, and most of them had tears in their eyes.

‘An army that can’t maintain its rank has lost its role as an army.’

‘They still have stamina but morale has dropped to the worst.’

‘Unbelievable... In this state, there will be those who run away. The army will collapse before they even fight.’

‘They’re also the elites of Reidan...!’

The eight young knights selected and trained by Piaro and Asmophel. They tried not to express it, but they were also tired. They followed Jude while looking at the soldiers and finally couldn’t bear it.

"Commander Jude, can I ask for the reason behind such a fast marching speed?"

“There is plenty of time before the arrival time that Earl Lauel specified. I don’t think we need to hurry. The soldiers’ morale has lowered and their stamina...”

Jude had been Grid’s knight for five years. It was rumored that Grid even specifically picked him. The ravaged Reidan that had turned into a desert. Grid was the great hero who saved their home, which had been abandoned. The young knights naturally envied Jude, who had been recognized by Grid for five years. They didn’t dare doubt Jude’s abilities. They believed in him and followed him.

But now they felt doubts. Jude’s way of commanding the army was too ignorant. It was illogical and inefficient. Maybe Jude was weak when it came to strategy?

Jude replied to the shaken young knights. He did it while moving forward.

"The meeting point. Quickly. Quickly. My Lord. He said it. Quickly."

“...Hah.”

The battlefield where they would risk their lives was called a meeting place? The young knights were thrilled.

‘For him, the battlefield is...’

'A place where he meets friends?'

'Truly great...! This is the dignity of a veteran who has stood right beside the great hero...!'

"Heok?"

The young knights were suddenly astonished. For some reason, they thought the desert heated up even more and a sea of fire appeared in front of them.

"T-The desert is burning?"

"Heok! Stop! Stop!"

They didn't know what was happening. The desert was burning and blocking the path to Patrian. It was impossible to jump into the fire with the precious soldiers. The young knights urgently ordered the soldiers to stop marching at once. But Jude continued to run. He didn't shrink back from the raging fire and just advanced.

"What are you doing?"

"Please stop!"

The young knights tried to stop Jude. But it was too late. While they were taking care of the soldiers, Jude was already running into the flames.

"This is crazy...!"

Was he crazy? The moment that the young knights paled.

Swaaaaah!

The flames swallowed up Jude faded away. A splendid oasis was present where the flames had been. It was clear blue water. The 3,000 soldiers of Reidan couldn't close their mouths.

"The fire was an illusion...! Earl Ashur created a trap!"

"Commander Jude noticed it!"

"Amazing! Really amazing!"



Jude was soaking himself in the oasis. He plunged into the sea of fire only for it to be cool, making him smile.

“Water. Good. Clear. Jude. Thirsty. Drink.”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The morale of Reidan's troops pierced through the sky. Their weariness disappeared. The young knights were shocked by Jude.

‘He knew the resting point in advance? He's thorough.’

‘Earl Ashur was aware of Reidan's rebellion and designed something to keep us in check.’

‘Commander Jude is in a different dimension from us. He truly is Duke Grid's knight.’

At that moment, the young knights and 3,000 troops had complete trust in Jude. Jude obtained a new title.

[Trusted Commander]

The physical strength and defense of the troops he commanded would slightly increase, while the stamina consumption rate would decrease.

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“Isn't this amazing?”

"It truly is Sir Asmophel.”

"No wonder why he was called one of the pillars of the empire.”

At the rear of the 3,000 troops. The Overgeared members were escorting the supplies convoy and their speed was naturally slow. They were moving wagons and couldn't keep up with the marching rate of the main army. The Overgeared members felt disbelief.

Asmophel was completely neglecting food transportation, one of the most important aspects. They suspected him of being an incompetent commander. However, these doubts disappeared

after a while. The vibration and dust that occurred because of the 3,000 troops was huge. This disturbance was transmitted underground and suppressed the appearance of the giant worms.

‘He stopped the giant worms from showing up? It’s a strategy that fully understands and exploits the characteristics of the giant worms.’

‘Thanks to this, the rear of the army and the food supplies are perfectly safe.’

‘He lead the weary soldiers to an oasis and immediately gave them a break.’

‘He figured out the location of the oasis?’

Indeed, Lauel was great. He accurately identified Asmophel’s talents and boldly delegated 3,000 soldiers to him. The Overgeared members believed that the future was bright.

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The fortified city, Patrian.

Earl Ashur perceived a mysterious atmosphere. Adventurers started to disappear from the streets and an unpleasant silence dominated the city. In addition, one of the traps he set up on the road between Reidan and Patrian had been destroyed.

“...Is Grid finally moving?”

It was natural for Grid to invade Patrian. Grid had killed Prince Ren who swung a blade at him. It was no different from announcing his hostility to the Eternal Kingdom. That's why Earl Ashur was well prepared. He thoroughly defended Patrian, the only route that Grid could use to advance to the north. The sea of fire was one of the defenses.

‘It was broken so easily... I can still stop him.’

Earl Ashur understood Grid’s strength very well. He had seen it for himself. But now the situation had changed. At that time, he

had been careless when facing Grid. In addition, he was confused because of the swordsman who looked like a beggar. Now he had grasped Grid's power. He was confident that he could beat Grid because he was fully prepared.

In the first place, a magician showed their overwhelming firepower in a war. In particular, the terrain was on their side. There was no chance that Patrian would be occupied.

‘There is one variable.’

The presence of his son Bland, who was taken as a hostage. The only remaining flesh of his wife.

‘Can I turn away from him?’

His family had served Eternal's royal family for generations. From a cold point of view, it was right to chose the kingdom over family.

‘My father, grandfather, and great grandfather would've all chosen the kingdom.’

Yes, he knew. It was possible to give birth to more children, but there was only one kingdom.

‘I know...’

His heart ached like it was torn. He hated his fate as a guardian that had been given to him since he was born. There was nothing more sad than having to turn away from the person he loved most in this world.

‘Bland... If this stupid father drives you to death, I will also die. Only after I smash Reidan!’

Earl Ashur stared out the window with hollow eyes. Then someone came up to him.

"I understand your sad heart."

The man was covered by a robe. He was someone who had been staying in Patrian for a few months already. His identity? Earl

Ashur didn't know. The person was sent by King Aslan. Earl Ashur wasn't feeling good and frowned at the robed man.

“Are you finally going to show off your skills?”

King Aslan said that this robed man was the ‘force’ that would defend Patrian against Duke Grid’s attack. In fact, Earl Ashur was aware that the robed man was someone great. But he wasn’t happy. He didn’t want a person with an unknown identity near him. The robed man faced Earl Ashur’s hostility and bowed respectfully.

“I will definitely rescue your son. Believe in me.”

“...?”

The robed man who made the ridiculous declaration. As he bent forward, his robe moved to reveal a blade that was strangely split into a Y character. It was the sword that had killed Prince Ren on a cold desert night last year. It was the emergence of the Solo Number Knight who defeated the Great Swordsman Chucksley.

# Chapter 503

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[You have entered the Vampire's Underground City (8).]

[The entrance of the dungeon is blocked. Contact with the outside world will be blocked.]

[You can't escape the dungeon until you have died or kill the dungeon boss.]

'Right here...'

'Grid was able to raise his level so quickly in this place.'

'8th city, does this mean that Reidan has seven more cities like this?'

'A territory with eight instant dungeons, the value is astronomical. This is why the Overgeared members can dominate the rankings.'

The world's best gaming BJ Bunny Bunny and the shooting staff of OGC Station. They entered the dungeon to shoot Grid's hunting broadcast and were immediately perplexed.

"Huh? Isn't it too dark?"

"Nothing can be seen."

"Turn on the lights!"

A darkness that didn't allow anything to be seen! The OGC staff and Bunny Bunny decided this couldn't continue and turned on their lights. Was it a view of the city that appeared as soon as the lights were turned on? No. It was the sight of at least 50 bats and wolves.

"Heok?"

"L-Large-toothed wolves and red-eyed bats!"

They were powerful monsters that were at least level 270. Dozens of these monsters showed up? The shooting staff shrank back

while Bunny Bunny showed his professionalism.

“Viewers, look at this! A huge number of high level creatures are coming! Ahh! We will be wiped out! Will we die before we can pass on Grid’s levelling secrets?”

The moment that the viewers gulped and felt great tension because of Bunny Bunny’s words.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid’s dancing had become much more natural after getting the diamond capsule. His cloak flapped as he moved quickly and generated a strong energy.

“Transcend.”

Kwaaaaang!

At the same time, there was a blast of energy! The stones around Grid floated in the air. Grid’s eyes became sharper under his black hair as he swiftly swung his sword.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeok!

Every time he swung the sword, energy blades shot out and killed the bats and wolves.

“Wow.”

“Wah... So strong.”

The shooting staff let out sounds of admiration. They knew that Grid was one of the best in Satisfy, but this was the first time they saw him hunting! They didn’t think he would slay 50 monsters with levels in the late 200’s in a flash. Grid scolded those whose mouths were open with shock.

“Next time, if you act selfishly and risk yourselves, then I won’t save you again.”

“Ah...! Ah, yes! I’m sorry!”

Unlike the hurriedly apologetic staff, Bunny Bunny asked unabashedly, “The monsters that just appeared are the vampires’ familiars. Do you raise your level while hunting the familiars until you meet the boss?”

Grid asked like he didn’t understand.

“The vampires’ familiars?”

“Huh? Ah, yes. Indeed.”

“I should hunt vampires.”

“...???”

Vampires were a senior species. They were overwhelming stronger than monsters of the same level and was a monster with the trinity of physical power, magic power, and intelligence. Common players avoided hunting vampires because they were very demanding to handle. Yet Grid said he was going to hunt vampires.

Bunny Bunny doubted his ears and turned his gaze towards his camera.

“Did you hear that? Grid says that he will hunt vampires! Maybe today we can witness the huge scene where a player hunts three or four vampires at the same time...! Heok!”

Bunny Bunny’s face turned white. The buildings in the city. Grid was standing in front of hundreds of coffins, not dozens? It was the first time Bunny Bunny realized that there were so many vampires in the world.

OGC’s announcer, Park Shinye carefully speculated. “Perhaps... Grid will raise his level by quietly breaking each coffin one by one... Kyaack!”

Announcer Park Shinye shrieked. The reason why she was surprised...

“Linked Kill Wave.”

Crazy Grid. He used a wide area skill to wake up hundreds of vampires simultaneously.

-Wow, boss class ⇨ ⇨

-The shooting team is wiped out!

-Sweet ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨

The viewers forgot to eat their chicken. Every action that Grid showed after entering the vampire city was amazing and interesting. The immersion wasn't a joke. However, they felt desperate. Grid's levelling secret. It was impossible to follow him, even if they learned the secret.

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Near Patrian.

‘They are rabble.’

This was Marquis Valtin's impression after he joined Reidan's army. Reidan's soldiers were unimpressive. They were covered with sweat and panting like a tired dog on a summer's day.

‘They weren't trained in the usual manner.’

Becoming this tired just from crossing the desert? Their stamina was low. It was truly pathetic.

‘Indeed... They won't have the stamina to train normally.’

The circumstances behind Reidan's desertification and impoverishment were well known. It was difficult to even obtain food to eat. How could they afford to train the army in the harsh manner? It was natural for Reidan's soldiers to be weak.

‘Just gathering 3,000 troops is great.’

There were 20,000 residents and 3,000 soldiers. It seemed like all the young men had come out.

‘It will be the end of Reidan if we lose today.’

Pisik.



Marquis Valtin made a scoffing sound. Meanwhile, Lael was talking in the guild chat with the Overgeared members.

&Jishuka: We arrived half a day ahead of schedule, but we joined just in time?

&Toban: How did you know to align the time?

&Lael: Jude would overuse the soldiers, so I took that into account. After thinking about it, I hastened the meeting with Marquis Valtin. Well, it's good that this is happening so quickly.

&Pon: ...Jude? Why Jude?

&Lael: What's with this reaction? Surely you still don't know? Jude is Reidan's commander. Asmophel received my permission to act freely.

&Vantner: Wow. Nonsense. The great commander was Jude?

&Ibellin: Lael. Are you crazy? What fool would entrust Jude with an army? You should've left it to Jishuka or Peak Sword.

&Lael: Does the commander have a role other than directing the march? It's a task that can easily be carried out by Jude. In the first place, I don't want to place the Overgeared members at the front where Marquis Valtin can see. He might become wary if he sees such outstanding people.

The convoy escort was also the most important part of the march.

On the other hand, Marquis Valtin's gaze was fixed on Jude.

'Amazing. He's like an ogre.'

Large muscles harder than stones could be seen. Indeed, a person praised as the hero of Eternal would have such a great physique.

That's right. Marquis Valtin thought that Jude was Grid.

'He is only staring at the front?'

Grid (Jude) was just looking at the front, not even bothering to

thank Marquis Valtin who brought a large army of 10,000 troops. His eyes were hollow and Marquis Valtin didn't know what he was thinking. It was the point where Grid wouldn't hear anything. This wasn't a normal appearance. It was remarkable.

Marquis Valtin felt admiration.

“The small fries are here.”

The height of 20 meters. The man who appeared on Patrian's high walls gave both Reidan and Borneo soldiers a sense of oppression and despair.

Kurururung!

There was a thunderstorm above them and rain poured down. The man's ghost-like pale face was revealed under the flashing sky. It was Earl Ashur. The man who was still beautiful at 50 years old opened his mouth.

“I expected Reidan's revolt, but I never imagined it would coincide with Marquis Valtin's march. You are fools who don't know honor.”

Marquis Valtin laughed.

“Your tough talk is still the same, Ashur! But I won't fall for your provocations today!”

He was confident. Originally, he would be scared of Earl Ashur. However, Grid was by his side.

‘Grid and Reidan's army will keep him in check, while my troops can easily enter Patrian and occupy it.’

He was the reinforcements, so he wasn't in the position where he had to sacrifice his troops.

Ssik!

Lauel took a step forward as Marquis Valtin smiled. Then he politely spoke to Earl Ashur. “I am Lauel and I serve Duke Grid. It is an honor to meet one of the 10 great magicians on the

continent.”

The fishing rod and bait that Lauel prepared. He threw the fishing rod first.

"As you know, Sir Bland is currently secured by us.”

Lauel glanced over at the eight young knights and Bland stepped forward from beside them.

“Father...”

“Bland!”

Earl Ashur’s eyes trembled. Lauel didn’t miss his agitation and immediately tried to negotiate.

“The one who killed 1st Prince Ren wasn’t Duke Grid, but King Aslan. He killed his older brother and placed all his sins on Duke Grid. The truth will be proven by Bland.”

“What...?”

Earl Ashur’s face filled with confusion as Lauel continued.

"Earl Ashur has no obligation to be loyal to the royal family that has lost its legitimacy. Come join Duke Grid. Duke Grid will dispose of the false royal family that deceived you and will give you greater honor and power than before... Urgh.”

Lauel let out a groan of pain and stumbled. It was because a dagger had flown without a sound and pierced his chest.

“What?”

"Protect Earl Lauel!”

The eight knights hurriedly ran to where Lauel and Bland were standing. Then something dropped from the high walls. It was a robed man. The 9th knight of the Saharan Empire’s Red Knights. A solo number knight who could destroy a city by himself. He pulled out a strange Y-shaped blade and made it at lightning fast speed.

Chaeeeeeng!

“Ugh.”

“Keok.”

The eight young knights selected and trained by Piaro and Asmophel were defeated in an instant. They couldn't even follow the robed man's sword. A serious injury was dealt and they barely survived.

“E-Earl Lauel...!”

The eight knights screamed. Lauel was paralyzed by the poisoned dagger. In no time, the robed man reached him and swung his sword.

“Fast!”

All the Overgeared members running from the rear of the army were shocked. The swordsmanship was so amazing that Faker, Pon, and Regas became nervous. What about Lauel, who was the target?

‘I'm dead!’

This was bad. He never thought that such a monster would be hiding in Patrian.

‘Why am I always weak when it comes to variables?’

Lauel scolded his lacking qualities and closed his eyes.

Chaaeng!

A pebble came flying from Reidan's troops and stopped the sword of the solo number knight.

“?!”

A man hiding among the soldiers! A chill went down the spine of the solo number knight.

# Chapter 504

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Only 19 seconds. That was the time it took for the solo number knight to jump from the wall, get through the eight young knights, and reach Lael.

Syuk!

The Y-shaped sword flashed towards Lael's neck. Fast. Lael's death seemed inevitable. But Lael lived. A pebble came flying from Reidan's troops and stopped the sword of the solo number knight.

'Unbelievable!'

A solo number knight. They referred to the top nine of the Red Knights, the strongest people on the continent. It was evaluated that their strength was higher than Piaro, the former leader of the Red Knights. It was because all the Red Knights of the present day had accomplished the status of great swordsman.

The 9th knight, Nautilus, couldn't believe it after his sword was blocked by a stone.

'A person who can throw a stone that can block my sword exists?'

It was also in a small kingdom?

'Duke Grid?'

No, Nautilus had already penetrated through Grid's skills and talent. He had watched from afar during the war with Prince Ren and fully understood Grid's fighting skills. He was strong, but a few levels below Nautilus. Grid wouldn't be able to reach this level even if he trained all his life. If that was the case?

'It can't be... Piaro?'

There was information that the last place the traitor hid was the Eternal Kingdom. It was possible that this was Piaro.

‘No, no. It isn’t Piaro.’

Piara hadn’t been capable of this in his prime. He couldn’t stop Nautilus’ sword with a stone when his skills had fallen far below what it was in the past.

‘Who is it?’

1 second. Nautilus was feeling confused.

“Laue! Protect.”

Jude arrived and swung the +8 Dainsleif (Reproduction). The black sword fell towards Nautilus’ head like a lightning bolt.

Chaaeng!

“Kuk!”

Nautilus’ arms and legs shook when he collided with Jude’s sword.

‘What is this strength?’

It wasn’t simply high muscular strength. The person in front of him seemed to have learned how to exert double or triple his actual strength.

Kwang!

Kwa kwang!

Nautilus realized as he defended against two more strikes from Jude.

‘He isn’t afraid of death.’

He seemed to have 10 lives. This person didn’t care about being hit by a counterattack or his own well-being. He just wielded the sword in order to destroy the enemy. It was more intense and threatening because the opponent was an animal that acted through instincts.

‘Is he from Durima?’

They were a crazy clan that raised puppets who only knew how to kill with weapons.

‘Anyway, he’s weak.’

Nautilus regained his coolness, avoided Jude’s diagonal slash by bending his knees, then he stabbed his sword upwards.

Seokeok!

A white aura sprang out and caused a deep wound on Jude’s thick chest. Nautilus jumped into the air and stabbed his sword in Jude’s shoulder.

“Ouch. It hurts.”

“Jude!”

The Overgeared members running from the rear were worried. They were concerned about Jude dying, but it wasn’t easy to move through the gaps between 3,000 soldiers. Faker stepped lightly on the soldiers’ head and was the fastest. However, he was still far away.

“This is the end.”

The moment that Nautilus’ sword aimed at Jude’s head.

Chaaeng!

Once again, a stone blocked Nautilus’ sword.

“Crazy..!”

It was like a ghost. Nautilus paled and hurriedly shouted to Earl Ashur on the wall.

“Command the army to attack! I will rescue Bland in that gap!”

‘Don’t listen to Lauel’s words and end the war as quickly as possible.’

Nautilus felt desperate because he feared the unidentified enemy, but Earl Ashur was a clever man. He thought first instead of acting rashly.

'Does Grid get any benefits from killing Prince Ren?'

No. On the other hand, King Aslan obtained the kingdom with Prince Ren's death. It was too early to dismiss Lauel's claim that Aslan was behind Prince Ren's death as a false one.

'Besides, he said that Bland would testify...'

Was Grid really framed? Earl Ashur was taken aback by the thought.

'Bland is a hostage.'

He would've suffered terrible pain and humiliation while being held in Reidan. Earl Ashur couldn't believe Bland's words, as his body and soul might've been torn down. He might've been threatened in order to lie.

'My first priority is to rescue Bland. I will secure his safety and then discover the truth.'

Earl Ashur decided and finally issued a command.

"Shoot!"

Papat!

Pa pa pa pa pat!

The 2,000 archers on the walls fired simultaneously. Indeed, the archery abilities of the Patrian soldiers called the 'Heart of Eternal' were excellent. Thousands of arrows flew in a curve. However, Earl Ashur's magic was more surprising than the skill of the soldiers. All the arrows shot by the soldiers simultaneously gained the fire attribute and accelerated.

The Reidan soldiers panicked as the arrows poured down like meteors.

"Hiik...! B-Block!"

"Raise your shields!"

"If you want to live, hurry! We have to reunite with our families



in Reidan!”

The idea of surviving raised the concentration of the soldiers. Thanks to the harsh training, Reidan’s soldiers moved into rows and succeeded in blocking most of the arrows with their shields. However, there were some people who were unlucky.

“Ack!”

"Ugh!"

The arrows penetrated through the gaps in the shields and struck the soldiers. Some died instantly, while others would be crippled for life.

“Leo! Franc!”

The soldiers cried out at the sight of their bleeding comrades. Desire to live once again filled their faces as they used the shields to block the enemy’s arrows.

Chaaeng!

Puk!

“Kyak!”

The battlefield filled with sharp screams and the sound of metal clashing was fierce and terrible. It was a pit of grief and anger. Asmophel held a shield and moved among the soldiers.

‘This is what soldiers on the battlefield sees...’

Asmophel was born a noble. He received a command role as soon as he entered the military. He always treated his soldiers with great care, despite the desire to win. However, this was the first time he had been in the position of a soldier. Did he enjoy it? It was awful. He didn’t know that war was so horrendous in the days when he was the commander who held tens of thousands of lives in his hand.

‘The important thing for soldiers isn’t the war or the compensation.’

It was only survival. They were the weak who were afraid of even one arrow. Asmophel was avoiding the flying arrows when he was hit by a shield that a soldier was setting up. His eyes widened as his nose became bloody. Beyond the shields, a large rock fired from the enemy's catapult was falling.

“Uwaaaack!”

“R-Run away!”

The screams of the soldiers echoed as they tried to escape from the rock. They pushed other people away as they started to run, including Asmophel.

‘So far, I have only experienced a fraction of war.’

Now he knew.

‘Duke Grid called me a soldier so that I could experience the life of one.’

In fact, Grid never invited Asmophel to experience being a soldier. But whatever the case, Asmophel accepted it and a positive change occurred.

‘I will be a commander who knows the heart of the soldiers. I won't forcibly sacrifice the soldiers. I will come up with a strategy to win the war with a minimum of sacrifices.’

But before that.

‘I have to perfectly perform the role of a soldier!’

Asmophel picked up a spear and threw it. It was towards the rock falling on his allies.

Kuwaaaaaang!

The spear shattered the rock in the air.

[Asmophel has acquired a new skill.]

[Asmophel has acquired a new skill.]

[Asmophel has acquired a new title.]

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“Why is it so hard?”

“No matter how I shoot the arrows, they don’t die...”

On the walls, the Patrian soldiers gradually lost morale. It was because the equipment of Reidan’s soldiers were so hard that no matter how many arrows they fired, only a few casualties appeared.

“Soldiers are wearing armor that is normally for high ranking knights... Is Reidan that rich?”

“A desert city is rich? It’s proof that Reidan’s lord is taking care of the soldiers. Duke Grid cherishes the soldiers and gives them good armor.”

"Such a great master... I envy Reidan’s soldiers..."

Earl Ashur panicked as soon as morale started to rapidly deteriorate.

‘I must reverse the atmosphere.’

Borneo’s army was advancing towards the gate while Reidan’s soldiers performed the role of blocking the arrows.

Kung!

Kung!

The walls shook and the soldiers trembled in fear every time Borneo’s siege weapons slammed against the gate. In the end, Earl Ashur could no longer stand still. He would show them the value of a magician in a war!

“I will show the majesty of the 10 great magicians on the continent!”

Kurururung!

Earl Ashur’s voice spread through the battlefield as he started to chant a spell, causing the atmosphere to heat up quickly. It was the

precursor to the mass destruction magic, Fire Storm. Lauel recovered from his paralysis and hurriedly shouted to Bland.

“What are you doing right now? Go and stop your father!”

“...I can freely take action?”

Bland was baffled by Lauel’s words.

“Have I ever blocked your freedom?”

“...”

No more words were necessary. Bland used magic to fly through the sky. He cried out as he approached his father.

“Father! Listen to Earl Lauel!”

“...?!”

Earl Ashur’s eyes trembled. How could his son, a hostage, move freely on the battlefield?

‘Perhaps...! Maybe!’

Earl Ashur stopped the magic spell and Lauel asked from the ground.

“King Aslan killed Prince Ren and framed Duke Grid. If this is the truth, will you abandon Eternal’s royal family and serve Duke Grid?”

“I can feel betrayed by the Eternal Kingdom, but I don’t intend to serve Duke Grid. I don’t want to serve someone incompetent.”

Ssik!

Lauel smiled evilly and threw the bait. “So you will serve Grid if he is capable? Okay. I will immediately prove Grid’s capabilities.”

“...?”

It was like Lauel predicted his answer. He declared to the puzzled Earl Ashur.

“The fortified city Borneo of Gauss, which hasn’t been occupied

for hundreds of years by Eternal, will now fall.”

The moment he finished speaking. The Overgeared members that Lael placed in the rear started to target the 10,000 Borneo soldiers attacking the gate.

Pepepepeong!

The Borneo soldiers became panicked at the bombardment of magic and skills that dealt catastrophic damage.

“W-What is this?”

Marquis Valtin was in turmoil while Earl Ashur felt astonished. Lael properly explained the situation to them.

“The Eternal Kingdom and Gauss Kingdom will all fall into Duke Grid’s grasp.”

“...!”

The moment that Earl Ashur was shivering.

“Earl Ashur! Don’t be deceived! He’s telling lies!”

Nautilus belatedly cried out from where he was surrounded by Regas, Pon, and Faker. He painfully shook off the three men and threw himself at Lael. He hoped to kill Lael and somehow straighten out the confusion.

“Get lost!”

The enemy troops blocking the path were nothing. Dozens of soldiers were instantly slain as he reached Lael and struck.

Chaaeng!

Suddenly, one of the soldiers guarding Lael blocked Nautilus’ attack.

“Who are you?”

The soldier pointed a spear at Nautilus and stated.

“Private Ars.”

# Chapter 505

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“Private?”

Nautilus was stunned and asked again.

“You’re a soldier in the army?”

A soldier who called himself Ars. His eyes were the only thing that could be seen through the deep helmet and he shook his head.

“No.”

‘That’s right. I heard wrong...’

“I’m a private, not a soldier.” (TL: Unsure of this. It seems to be some type of word game in Korean)

“You crazy guy! Making puns!”

It didn’t matter what he called himself. The fact that he said he was a soldier was the problem. A soldier was strong enough to block the sword of the 9th ranked Red Knight? It was something that had never happened in the 41 years he lived.

“You’re deceiving me! I know that you are the one who stopped my sword twice before! Reveal your true identity! That is only polite!”

Nautilus threw a dagger as he shouted. It was the poisoned dagger that made Lauel paralyzed for a while. Private Ars drew a circle with his spear and blocked it. No, Asmophel clicked his tongue.

“You’re talking about politeness? How shameless.”

Asmophel’s discerning eyes could tell that this robed man was a knight. He was a knight that learned the swordsmanship of the Saharan Empire. In the old days, it was inconceivable that a Red Knight would use hidden throwing weapons. This was inconsistent with an honorable act.

‘The Red Knights have become corrupt.’

Asmophel smiled bitterly and mourned.

‘Indeed, the Red Knights are different than before.’

All the chivalrous knights had been framed by Empress Marie and were dead or scattered. The Red Knights of the present day only had the same name. Otherwise, it was a completely new organization with different tendencies.

‘Marie...’

The damn woman who killed all their families and friends!

‘On the day that Grid devours the Saharan Empire, I will surely take everything back... Heok.’

Asmophel shook his head as he fell into his thoughts.

‘Right now, I’m Private Ars.’

A private didn’t need to think about the empire’s empress. Most ordinary soldiers in the world didn’t even know the face or name of the empress! Asmophel took a deep breath and stuck to his current role as Nautilus flew towards him.

"Daring to think in front of me!"

Syuok!

Syuok!

Nautilus’ sword aimed for two points. The ends of the Y blade were only aimed for weak spots like the heart, throat, and eyes. The grains of sand that rose up were split in half every time.

‘Great skills.’

Regas, Pon, and Faker felt admiration. The level of the robed NPC was estimated to be at least 400. The strength of a fourth advancement class was overwhelming for the Overgeared members, who were still only in the third advancement. But the Overgeared members were shocked by the soldier, not the robed

man.

‘Why is a soldier so strong?’

Why did the soldier seem better than the robed man? Regas, Pon, and Faker were speechless when they heard Lauel’s call.

"How long are you going to stand there blankly? Go help the guild members destroy the Borneo army!"

“Y-Yes...”

The most threatening presence on the battlefield, the robed man, was being kept in check by a soldier. Thus, they could feel assured and do their roles well.

"Then who is that private?"

“Ars.”

"So who is Ars?"

“I don’t know.”

"Where did Grid pick up another named NPC?"

"In any case, Grid is great."

The three men who misunderstood separated. On the other hand, the battle between Nautilus and Asmophel was becoming more intense.

Chaeeeeeng!

Nautilus’ sword moved at a fast pace while Asmophel focused on defending with his spear that had a wide range. The two people looked even. This was why Nautilus felt indignant.

“What? What’s your identity? How is someone like you hiding in a small kingdom?”

"Private Ars of Reidan."

"Stop repeating the same bullshit! You’re too strong to be a soldier! Reveal your true identity!!"



"No, any soldier can be as strong as me if they learn Reidan's spearmanship."

Reidan's spearmanship. It was something Asmophel had made after brainstorming with Piaro. All the soldiers of Reidan learned these techniques, which collected the merits of the 'Imperial Spearmanship Style' that was passed down to only a handful of knights recognized by the Saharan Empire's court.

However, the difficulty level was high and not one soldier had learned it to a good level yet. Of course, Asmophel had a complete understanding of it.

"Reidan's Spearmanship 2nd style. Dragon's Tail."

Peeng!

Asmophel swung the spear and a wave of energy shook Nautilus' cochlea.

"What?"

Nautilus lost his balance and barely defended against Asmophel's attack. Then his eyes widened. It was because Asmophel's spear, which was in contact with his sword, curved and stabbed at his neck.

'This is bad...!'

Puok!

"Keok!"

Blood emerged as Nautilus was stabbed lightly. In the meantime, he predicted Asmophel's movements and counterattacked. However, Asmophel was able to avoid him.

"You are forever dancing in the palm of my hand."

"Ugh."

If a passersby was grabbed and asked about the strongest knights on the continent, they would all say the Red Knights. And among

the Red Knights, Nautilus was the 9th strongest. Nautilus was confident that there were only around 30 people stronger than him on the continent. Yet he was being overpowered by a soldier of Reidan. It was also a private!

“How? Why is someone like you...?”

It was serious. He couldn't have the stigma of a 'solo number knight defeated by a soldier.' It was absurd. Nautilus decided to flee and used Aura Rage, threatening Asmophel by erupting aura everywhere, creating a sand storm.

‘Use this gap to escape... Heok!’

Nautilus believed that he'd disturbed Asmophel's view and ran away.

"It's strange for a Red Knight to show his back. Originally, a Red Knight should have the instinct to ignore the limit and exceed it if they meet a stronger opponent. You're actually like this?"

That damn voice was heard right above his head?

‘How did he escape from the bombardment of Aura Rage?’

A chill went down Nautilus' spine as Asmophel stabbed his spear several times.

Papang!

Papapapang!

One, twice, three times, four times, ten times! Continue, continue, continue! Continue!

Puuooooook!

"Kuoooak!" Shit! Shitt!"

Nautilus tried to cope with the ruthless bombardment that was pouring down on him, but Asmosphel was too fast. Nautilus was constantly battered despite his resistance.

"Reidan's Spearsmanship 3rd style."

Kurururu!

The spear stabbing and piercing Nautilus' body became surrounded by a golden light. It was the precursor to the peak technique of Reidan's spearmanship, Splitting the Seven Seas.

“Golden aura...? This is ridiculoussss!”

Nautilus whitened as the spear led to a storm of golden aura. He was afraid that his identity would be exposed and didn't wear the Red Armor, the symbol of the Red Knights. Now he felt disappointed and helpless by this fact.

Puook!

The golden-colored spear split Nautilus' chest in half.

"Kuaaaack!"

Nautilus suffered catastrophic damage and collapsed. He belatedly thought. 'Yes, this is the best spearman on the continent...'

Kirinus! That monster was hiding among Reidan's soldiers!

‘I would've had a chance if I wore the Red Armor... Too bad...’

Nautilus turned to grey. He never knew. Asmophel wasn't Kirinus, and his swordsmanship was much better than his spear techniques.

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“Whoa...”

"A-Amazing.”

The Reidan soldiers witnessed how an ordinary private (?) defeated the enemy. They obtained new hopes and dreams. If they kept working hard on Reidan's spearmanship, they could one day be strong like Private Ars? The morale of the Reidan soldiers rose and Lauel issued a timely order.

"Full force! Rush and hit Borneo! And I will promote Private Ars

to a Private First Class right now!”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The prize might seem a bit low since Ars defeated an enemy that no one else could stop, but this was the unfortunate treatment of commoner soldiers. Since there was a private first class who could perform the role of 50 people, it was relatively easy to advance.

‘Let’s earn achievements like Ars!’

The soldiers of Reidan burned with desire and attacked Borneo. After a while. Lauel whispered to Ars as they were left in the rear.

"I didn’t even dream that you would be Asmophel.”

“I’m Private Ars.”

Asmophel tried to conceal his identity, but he couldn’t deceive Lauel’s eyes.

"Huhut, you don’t need to hide your identity from me. I can guess your reason behind becoming a soldier. Is it to give encouragement to the soldiers so that they can train better? Always thinking about developing the army... Truly a great commander. You’re someone who is hard to fully grasp, like Grid and Piaro. Kukuk.”

“...?”

Lauel’s interpretation made Asmophel embarrassed. He tried to deny it by repeating the same words.

“I’m Private Ars.”

"Haha! Understood. Please continue to act as a soldier in the future. Private First Class Ars.”

Asmophel said again to the smiling Lauel. “I’m Private Ars.”

"...Do you have a fetish with being a private?”

"I should start from the beginning instead of getting the role of a private first class.”

He wanted to experience everything about being a soldier. Therefore, he refused. Lael was delighted by Asmophel's strong will.

'I can reduce our financial expenditure.'

There was a big difference between a private and a private first class. Since Asmophel received a salary as the captain of the Overgeared Magic Knights division, it was a waste to pay him the salary of a private first class as well.

"It's good that Ars has this private disease."

The Saharan Empire's solo number knight. He was killed by a soldier of Reidan. Unfortunately, this news was quietly buried. No one except for King Aslan and Asmophel knew that Nautilus was a solo number knight.

The next day at dawn. The long and intense battle ended. Borneo's 10,000 troops were defeated by Reidan's 3,000 troops. The members of Overgeared were active, but the crucial difference between the Borneo and Reidan soldiers were their items. The Borneo soldiers couldn't go against the mass production Grid set that the legendary blacksmith Grid that every 1 in 10 soldiers had. There was also the activities of Private Ars.

At the same time, the vampire city.

"The vampires are simple to handle using this method. Just have the God Hands hit them with Mjolnir. How is it? Simple right? The viewers can try it as well."

"..."

Grid was fooling viewers around the world. It wasn't intentional, but it was unavoidable. The viewers became confused by Grid's explanation.

# Chapter 506

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Using the God Hands wielding Mjolnir to hunt the vampires and gain experience! The viewers showed a variety of responses after learning Grid's secret.

-What should I do if I don't have the God Hands and Mjolnir?

-Buy a hammer with divine power.

-Even if you hit them with a hammer with divine power, will the vampires really die so easily?

-It's only possible with the God Hands.

Some people took Grid's levelling secret seriously while others just enjoyed it.

-Ah, what is this? I watched the broadcast to learn how to raise my level quickly like Grid, only to get nothing.

-Tsk~ I could've been playing the game during this broadcast time.

Some people grumbled. But few people directly criticized Grid. In the first place, Grid wasn't obliged to reveal the secret behind his levelling. It was a position where people couldn't complain, even if they couldn't get any help from Grid's broadcast. Most people were happy and thankful that Grid appeared on air to resolve their questions. Grid might be ridiculed, but his popularity was real.

However, OGC Announcer Park Shinye felt somewhat uneasy.

How to hunt like Grid. She was worried that the ordinary players couldn't follow Grid's actions and the audience ratings would fall. In the end, she used the interim advertising time to speak to Grid.

"Youngwoo-ssi, can't your attitude be more serious? Shouldn't you do your best to satisfy the viewers of the broadcast?"

"Serious attitude?"

Grid became confused where he was sitting and resting.

“Aren’t I being serious?”

His role was to show the viewers how he hunted and he stuck to this role. What was the problem? Park Shinye explained to the puzzled Grid. “You need to make the viewers feel that it is worthwhile watching this. For example, when catching a vampire, explain the weakness of the vampire in detail...”

Grid frowned.

“Why should I?”

Did he need to be that kind? If OGC had asked him for such a role from the beginning, he would’ve declined to appear. Grid disliked the fact that Park Shinye was making demands for things that weren’t in the contract. His negative reaction stimulated Park Shinye.

“Youngwoo-ssi, you don’t have the attitude of a professional. I heard that you received 20 billion won in exchange for appearing on this broadcast. Shouldn’t you at least be aware of the value of that money?”

“The value of the money? I think this is enough.”

Grid was well aware that broadcasting stations weren’t charities. He could easily guess that OGC had already earned over 20 billion won revenue from this broadcast.

“Hey Shinye, what are you doing all of a sudden?”

“Relax. Don’t make a fuss.”

The moment that the OGC staff were trying to stop Park Shinye.

“The smell of humans!”

“Delicious. Prey has arrived after a long time.”

The vampires sensed it as Grid’s party became lively and flocked.

“They showed up again.”

"Withdraw to the rear."

The broadcasting staff who were initially afraid of the vampires were now calm. They weren't nervous because they knew that Grid could easily handle the vampires. However.

"W-What are you doing?"

Grid didn't get up, despite the vampires approaching. He just sat and waited. The broadcasting staff belated noticed this strangeness and became anxious. In particular, Park Shinye urged Grid.

"Youngwoo-ssi! Get rid of the vampires! Everybody will die like this!"

Her shouts were useless. Grid stayed still until the end and the staff were eventually attacked.

"Kyaaak!"

Park Shinye was dressed conspicuously and became the first target. She was pierced by the vampire's nails and bitten on the neck, dying instantly. Then Grid rose.

"Phew, good riddance."

There was a refreshed smile on Grid's face! Bunny Bunny gulped as he watched Grid command the God Hands and start hitting the vampires.

'I should be careful.'

He had noticed it a long time ago, but Grid didn't have a nice personality. He knew how to treat the people around him well and wasn't rude, but he was never nice or innocent. It was important not to forget this.

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The fortified city, Patrian.

"You lowly and wicked man! Stabbing your allies in the back! You have no honor or goodness! If today's incident is known to the



world, Duke Grid's reputation will fall to the bottom!"

Marquis Valtin shouted at Lael while being tied up. It was against common sense to betray and attack allies during a war. There were few such incidents in the whole continent. Marquis Valtin thought Lael was the worst person.

Lael acknowledged this fact. "Indeed. If this is known to the world, I will be stigmatized as the worst trash and Grid's credibility will also fall. No one will trust Reidan again, and we will be isolated both economically and with the military."

"Then you understand! The only thing waiting for you is ruin! You were blinded by the immediate benefits and have made an irreversible mistake! There's no future for you!"

"..."

Lael fell silent. He couldn't refute Marquis Valtin's words. The Overgeared members were agitated.

"Isn't this situation serious?"

"It's serious. The other forces won't sit idly by after this incident. The concept of an alliance is to be trustworthy, so the wave caused by this will be big."

"What are we going to do now?"

"As Marquis Valtin says, the future won't be smooth."

"Wow... Then we should cover it up as much as possible to prevent the world knowing that we stabbed Borneo in the back."

"How can we conceal an incident where tens of thousands of people were present?"

"Eh... Then are we ruined?"

Ssik.

Marquis Valtin smiled with satisfaction when he saw the agitated Overgeared members.

"Free me and my army right away. This is an opportunity to make up for your mistake!"

According to the common law, killing enemy nobles captured during a war was prohibited. It was resolved after receiving money. The liberation period was normally delayed as much as possible, but Marquis Valtin was convinced.

‘They have to release me now.’

They would want to escape from the worst situation. However, it was already too late. ‘You will never be forgiven!’ Once he returned to Gauss, he would immediately find the king and urge for an alliance with Eternal.

‘I will make an alliance with Eternal and punish all of you!’

Lauel smiled awkwardly at Marquis Valtin. "I'm sorry, but I can't release you. Now that I have done this, I won't be able to regain the trust that has been lost. I can't risk freeing you when you will become a greater enemy in the future."

“What are you saying? Don't you know that the common law is not to kill captive nobles?”

"I'm aware of that. So I have to manipulate the truth. Uhh, well. Marquis Valtin was hit by an arrow on the battlefield and died."

“Don't make me laugh! The 3,000 Borneo soldiers who survived are my witnesses! My soldiers will attest that you executed me!”

Borneo was forced to surrender in the late afternoon, resulting in 3,000 troops still surviving. Behind the tied up Marquis Valtin were 3,000 soldiers kneeling down, their weapons thrown away. Lauel acted like he didn't understand Marquis Valtin's confident words.

“Where are the 3,000 soldiers? All 10,000 Borneo troops were wiped out in the war.”

“What...?”

Marquis Valtin's heart sank. The Overgeared members were also shocked.

"L-Lael, do you mean to kill all of them?"

Lael nodded easily at the whisper of the Overgeared members.

"Yes."

"What?"

Even if they were NPCs, they were still alive. It was also 3,000 lives! It was terrible to kill 3,000 soldiers who had already declared surrender. Lael looked indifferently at the rejection from some of the Overgeared members.

"It's difficult to gain power if you aren't evil. Those who behave justly are always bound to receive damage."

"..."

"Execute all 3,153 Borneo soldiers, including Marquis Valtin. The execution will be carried out by Reidan's soldiers. Raise the level of the soldiers."

Some people would accuse him of being a demon and some wouldn't want to look at him. But Lael didn't care. He wasn't part of the Overgeared Guild to play around. Marquis Valtin shook at his emotionless face and shouted, "I wonder if you can cover the sky! The evil you committed today will eventually be revealed and will lead to Duke Grid's destruction!"

Lael laughed as he imagined it.

"No, Duke Grid will be extraordinary. I will block and overcome everything that gets in his way, no matter the trials."

Lael foresaw this from the time he planned to take over Borneo to acquire Earl Ashur. The fate of Overgeared was to be isolated. Nevertheless, it was inevitable for his plan. What if they didn't ally with Borneo and occupied Patrian with their own power? They would still be stigmatized as 'those who betrayed the kingdom.'

‘Since we are going to be isolated no matter what, it’s better to get as many benefits as possible.’

Independence. The power of Overgeared, his brains and the forces of Marquis Steim and Earl Ashur would be their foothold!

‘It doesn’t matter if other kingdoms don’t acknowledge us to the end and are hostile.’

Break through this with force. Lael pledged as Marquis Valtin and 3,153 Borneo troops were executed. Then he received a new title.

[You have caused a massacre using the pretext of war. You have become an object of hatred to an unspecified number of people. On the other hand, you will also have enthusiastic followers.]

[The title ‘Wise Villain’ has been acquired!]

[The stat ‘political power’ will be opened due to the title effect.]

[Political power has increased by 500.]

[Attack power and magic power will slightly increase due to the title effect.]

[You have gained the skill ‘Madness’ as a result of the title effect.]

[You have gained the skill ‘Harsh Tax Levy’ as a result of the title effect.]

[You have gained the skill ‘Merciless Commands’ as a result of the title effect.]

“This, this... I received great strength at the cost of sad slaughter. Look forward to the future of the dark shadow Lael, who will be responsible for the darkness of Overgeared...”

"..."

The Overgeared members were worried about Lael’s increasingly serious illness.

# Chapter 507

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“...Now I see.”

Earl Ashur realized as he watched Lauel execute all the prisoners of the Borneo army.

“The reason why the greedy and stupid Grid is able to solidify his position is due to this person.”

Lauel used the alliance with the Borneo army to not just occupy Patrian. He deserved to be accused, but it couldn't be denied that he was excellent. Choosing the cruel means in order to achieve better results was especially great. Could Grid come up to his current position if it wasn't for this person?

‘It wouldn't have been possible.’

Earl Ashur denied it with certainty, making Bland speak.

“Father, with all due respect, Duke Grid isn't incompetent. It's true that Earl Lauel's achievements are big, but his actions would be limited if Duke Grid was incompetent.”

“...?”

Earl Ashur felt that his son was strange after reuniting after two years. Bland had a bad relationship with Grid and was also held hostage by Grid, yet he acknowledged Grid?

‘Grid even took Irene from him. Now there are no grudges in his eyes...?’

Bland seemed to be brainwashed. How was he tortured? It was truly horrible. Earl Ashur made a heartbroken expression while Bland smiled brightly.

“Father, it's nothing like you are imagining. I have been enjoying life in Reidan.”

“Bland?”

Earl Ashur was surprised. His son Bland could smile so brightly again after losing his mother and brother? After Irene married Grid, this kid definitely should be darker and more pained!

"What is life like in Reidan that you can make such a bright face?"

Bland told the truth to the confused Earl Ashur.

"Field work."

"W-What?"

"I eat potatoes every day."

"What?!!!"

Earl Ashur was furious. His precious son, a noble of Eternal, had to work in the fields like a serf? He was even eating potatoes like a pig! He had been living this hellish life!

"Ahh! Bland! You've gone mad at the end of your life!" Earl Ashur lamented and hugged Bland. "I'm sorry! Your life was ruined due to this foolish father!" Sob sob.

Bland handed a boiled potato to Earl Ashur who was weeping. A rainbow colored potato.

"I'm not going to speak any longer. Eat this potato. Your misunderstanding will be wiped out the moment you taste this."

"This..."

His son was crazy. What son would invite his father to eat the same pig food? Earl Ashur lamented. Bland determined there would be no progress in this conversation and acted. He shoved the rainbow potato into his father's mouth.

"Heok!"

Earl Ashur's eyes shone as the pig food entered his mouth.

'W-What is this?'

It was a new world. The shock and pleasure that was comparable

to opening a new mana circle caused him to be stunned. As soon as it was inserted in his mouth, it melted and the taste was sweet, salty, spicy, sour, and refreshing. It was as if all the delicacies in the world were concentrated in one potato.

Bland spoke excitedly to the shocked Earl Ashur. “Isn’t it delicious?”

“Delicious! What?” Earl Ashur was agitated. “How can you express this precious delicacy with just delicious!? Yes! A heavenly flavor! The food of the gods!!”

“...”

Blood was truly thick. Bland and Earl Ashur even had the same taste buds. Either way, it was the birth of a new potato maniac.

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“Will you serve Duke Grid?” Lauel arranged the situation and talked to Earl Ashur.

Earl Ashur spoke in a blunt manner with a potato in his mouth. “What are you planning to do in the future? Duke Grid will become hostile to both Eternal and Gauss. It is doubtful that Duke Grid can withstand the pincer attacks of two kingdoms, even with the protection of Marquis Steim.”

Lauel raised three fingers. “There is a part you are overlooking. The countries we will become hostile to in this war aren’t just Eternal and Gauss, but the Saharan Empire as well.”

“The empire?”

The power of the Saharan Empire, the real rulers of the continent, was overwhelming. They had over one million soldiers and the number of knights was close to 3,000. There were several great magicians as outstanding as Earl Ashur. In other words, it was an absolute powerhouse. Becoming hostile to the empire would lead to ruin.

"Why would you be hostile to the empire?"

Lauel explained to Earl Ashur with a firm expression.

"The Saharan Empire is behind King Aslan."

Many circumstantial things prove the cooperation between King Aslan and the Saharan Empire. Lauel was convinced there was a relationship with the empire not long after Aslan was crowned.

Earl Ashur thought silently and nodded. "That reminds me... Recently, the relationship with the empire is changing little by little. The policies have started to become favorable towards the empire? They seemed so trivial that I and the others were negligent."

It was murky.

"Will there be a future for Duke Grid after becoming hostile to the empire? Won't I just die a dog death if I serve him?"

"No, there's no need to worry. The empire currently has their army scattered due to insurgents in the south. It's hard to get involved in matters of the north. I'm certain that there will be no direct conflict with the empire for the next two years. In the first place, King Aslan won't send a request for support to the empire."

Eternal had a very strong pride as a neutral kingdom. They might have to give a tribute to the empire, but there were few kingdoms with full autonomy like Eternal. What if it was known that King Aslan borrowed the power of the empire in order to be crowned, and in return, implemented policies favorable to the empire? King Aslan's position would be weakened and it might be the moment when the power of Prince Ren's faction would be revealed.

Lauel came to the conclusion that King Aslan couldn't announce his relationship with the empire.

"...You're a person who can read the situation of the whole continent and use it."



“Isn’t this the basics?”

"It isn't something that anyone can afford."

Earl Ashur thought about it for a moment.

“Okay. I’m someone who can’t return to Eternal already. My base is too weak to build an independent force. I will serve Duke Grid. However, I expect high treatment.”

“They are fair words. You’re one of the 10 great magicians on the continent. Just...” Lauel gave a friendly smile. Then he spoke to Earl Ashur with a gentle expression. "Always remember that your only mission is to serve Duke Grid. It’s unacceptable if you hold a sword to his neck.”

"I know."

Earl Ashur was curious. How much had Grid grown to be able to make talented people like this serve him?

‘I want to see it.’

His grudge against Grid disappeared the moment he learned that Bland had been living a healthy and happy life. Earl Ashur was full of expectations when he suddenly had a question.

“Where is Duke Grid now?”

The war against Patrian was an important event that would determine Reidan’s future destiny. Yet Grid hadn’t been seen at all during the war. How could he be away during such an important moment?

Lauel replied. "Duke Grid is currently hunting."

“...?”

Earl Ashur doubted his ears for a moment before becoming convinced.

"Ah, that's right. He is struggling alone to defend his territory against those who threaten it?"

“Well... Something similar.”

Grid’s growth was the absolute weapon. The stronger Grid became, the stronger Overgeared was. But Lael allowed Earl Ashur to interpret it as he wished. Lael made a warm expression and sent a whisper to Faker.

-The road to the north is finally opened. As scheduled, go to Marquis Steim and tell him about Grid’s independence.

The moment that Marquis Steim promised to serve Grid.

-We will make Grid a king.

Right now, no big changes could be made if Grid became king. Grid’s kingdom would suffer, surrounded on three sides by the Eternal Kingdom, the Gauss Kingdom and the Saharan Empire. In the worst case, it could quickly fall. But Lael didn’t care. There was only one reason. He wanted to give Grid the title of ‘First King.’

‘I can’t give it to Ares.’

He bet it was a legendary rated title. Lael speculated that the effect would be much better than Kingdom's Hero.

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"Patrian has been taken?"

"It isn't just that. Earl Ashur has committed betrayal and joined Duke Grid."

"T-This..."

The capital of the Eternal Kingdom, Reinhardt. King Aslan never dreamt that Patrian would collapse, and he sat down without any strength. He stared into the air for a moment before asking.

"W-Where is the knight I sent to Earl Ashur?"

"He was killed during the war. He was also defeated by a soldier of Reidan."

Why did he send a knight that was weaker than a soldier as reinforcement? The questioning eyes of the people present stabbed at King Aslan.

Aslan was confused. 'A soldier defeated a solo number knight?'

It couldn't be. The news must be distorted. Aslan was sure of it.

'Duke Grid learned that Nautilus was a Red Knight and took care of it.'

He pretended to be as soldier in order to kill the Red Knight.

'The empire can't reveal that Nautilus is a solo number knight. They can't make a big issue against Grid.'

From the empire's perspective, how could they announce that one of the solo number knights they were so proud of was killed by a soldier? No. In order to avoid embarrassment, Nautilus couldn't be revealed.

'Duke Grid...'

He was scarier and more clever than imagined. That's right. King Aslan could never imagine. Grid wasn't involved in this incident at all. Perhaps it wouldn't be strange for Grid to not participate in future wars. Lael was hoping for Grid's infinite growth. Whether the Overgeared members went to war or a kingdom was established. Lael desired for Grid to focus on solo play.

'Like Agnus.'

Agnus had a guild of necromancer rankers under him. He played solo while his forces gained honor and glory for him. Why couldn't others do the same thing? Lael had a rivalry with Veradin, Agnus' chief of staff. He aimed to give Grid more comfort and glory than Agnus.

It was the beginning of the 'Grid: Emperor of the World' project.

# Chapter 508

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After annihilating Borneo's army and absorbing Patrian. Lauel took control of Borneo and looked at a map of Eternal.

“By conquering Patrian, we have succeeded in completely connecting the north and the west. From now on, we'll use the resources produced in the north to defend against the empire's invasion based on Reidan, the Eternal Kingdom's invasion based on Patrian, and the Gauss Kingdom's invasion based on Borneo.”

Reidan, Patrian, and Borneo were able to form a triangular defense zone. The disadvantage of having to disperse their troops was created, but there was the tremendous advantage of not having to worry about their rear.

‘Looking at the current situation, we'll be able to hold on for the next two years. If we hold on, there's a chance to counterattack.’

The problem was Cork Island, separated from the southern part of the Eternal Kingdom by the sea. It was impossible to protect it. Lauel made a painful decision.

“...Give up Cork Island. Please have all the members residing there return to Reidan.”

Peak Sword fiercely argued against it. “Cork Island is the territory that the Silver Knights Guild won after a fierce battle! We can't give it up so easily!”

Toban spoke carefully. “Cork Island has a high profit as a tourist destination and has 23 mines. It's the territory with the highest value, so it's hard to obediently give it up.”

Lauel replied coolly. “But what can we do? It's impossible to spare resources and forces for Cork Island.”

Lauel also felt regret that they had to give it up. It would be a lingering regret. But he needed to make a realistic decision. He couldn't be emotional like Peak Sword or express an opinion

without a solution like Toban. Lael had the responsibility of being Grid's representative.

"Cork Island won't be able to last long against an offensive from Eternal. It's better to not be obsessed with it and give it up instead of receiving huge damages."

Lael showed an objective judgment, but Peak Sword declared.

"I will go to Cork Island. I'll protect it for as long as I can. Just give me permission to take 10 guild members from the Silver Knights. I'm well aware of the lacking manpower, but please do me this favor. I will make sure that you benefit from this."

"..."

Peak Sword's skills were among the top in Overgeared. He didn't perform well in the National Competition. However, it was inevitable due to the nature of his class. Looking at simple combat ability, he was just below Regas and Pon, and his leadership was better than theirs.

"...If you have the Silver Knights members, you will be able to extend the time it takes for Cork Island to be occupied."

The limit was probably one or two months. The resources and taxes from those two months would certainly be a great help to Overgeared. But Lael thought the damage was larger than the benefits.

"Peak Sword, Cork Island doesn't have any monsters suitable for third advancement classes to hunt. Your growth during your stay there will be stagnant. In the long run, this will be a huge loss of power for Overgeared. Thus, I can't send you..."

"No, I can grow without hunting." Peak Sword interrupted Lael's words with a hoe. No, it was a pickaxe. "I will stay in the mines when I'm not defending the island."

Steady labor would raise his mining skill as well as his stats. He would become stronger little by little. They could also obtain ores

there.

“Cork Island is a special territory for me. It resembles Dokdo. So Lael, please sent me to Cork Island. I will protect it as long as possible.”

He was prepared to die many times. One month, two months. No, he would secure funds for Overgeared by defending Cork Island for three or four months. Lael finally gave up when he saw the flames burning in Peak Sword’s eyes.

“I understand. Your stubbornness is comparable to Grid’s and I can’t break it.”

Were all Korean people like this? Lael laughed at the thought. A gentle smile that couldn’t be seen when confronting the enemy spread across his face.

“Peak Sword, I will believe in you.”

Lael personally liked Peak Sword. A person with persistence and a noble mind, he closely resembled Grid.

"Stay as long as possible on Cork Island."

Peak Sword respectfully rose from his seat and said to Lael.

"I will hold it and collect resources for the guild warehouse."

Peak Sword moved quickly. He left Borneo for Cork Island on that day. He had 10 elite members of the Silver Knights with him. There was a pickaxe in the corner of their inventories.

After that. Lael dispersed the Overgeared members between Reidan, Patrian, and Borneo, telling them their top priorities.

"Always be prepared for war and concentrate on levelling up. Spend all the assets you’ve collected on potions and just keep hunting."

Lael would stay in Reidan. He placed the safety of Duchess Irene and Lord as his top priority.

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“Finally, it’s starting.”

King of Shadows, Kasim. Immediately after Lord was born, Kasim stayed by his side and taught him Lantier’s techniques. Therefore, he heard when Reidan became hostile to the Saharan Empire. He looked at the residents and soldiers of Reidan who were preparing for war.

"Don't be afraid. My shadows will embrace you."

The Nero who had been destroyed by the empire. As the last survivor of the Nero, Kasim’s hatred for the empire was great. Lord spoke to the man who was burning with the desire for vengeance.

"Teacher, control your breathing. Assassins must manage their emotions."

“Hah... Haha, yes. I made a big mistake because I’m still lacking.”

Kasim controlled his heart and was thrilled to see how Lord was growing.

Sururuk.

Kasim disappeared into the darkness.

"Young Nobleman Lord, it’s time to study."

Sticks visited Lord. Lord’s response wasn’t good.

"Are we studying great demons today?"

"Yes, the great demons are the enemies of all species on this earth. It’s natural for you to acquire information about the great demons in advance, since you will be ruling over many humans in the future."

"I don’t like great demons."

Lord, who had advised Kasim just a while ago to manage his emotions, wasn’t controlling his emotions at all. He pouted and

started complaining. Even a continent-level genius couldn't control his emotions when he was still under four years old.

"I hate talking about great demons. It's scary. Let's study something else. Yes~? Teacher?"

Lord's innocent facial features were combined with his begging eyes. The child had a lovely appearance that combined the merits of his mother and father, causing Sticks to feel a strong pain in his heart.

'Ugh... So cute.'

Maybe it was because he almost died from a heart attack previously. Sticks breathed roughly to ease the pain of his heart and stroked Lord's head.

"Young Nobleman Lord, you have to learn it because you hate it."

"..."

It was somewhat philosophical. Grid wouldn't have understood what it meant, but his young son did. He focused his mind on Sticks' lecture.

[You have gained new knowledge. You have acquired the ability to detect weaknesses in some low-grade demonkin.]

[You have gained new knowledge. Dark magic evasion and defense has increased.]

Sticks' vast knowledge was gradually passed down to Lord. The combination of a genius student and a mentor with close to infinite knowledge was producing great results.

\*\*\*

"Why is Bunny Bunny broadcasting with OGC? Where did Park Shinye go?"

After the end of the advertising break. The broadcast of Grid's hunt resumed and the viewers were confused. It was because OGC's announcer, Park Shinye disappeared without a trace. What



happened during the 10 minutes when ads were playing? The viewers questioned it and Park Shinye felt confident.

‘Grid, don’t you know how popular I am?’

As an announcer representing OGC, she had countless fans. After the truth was revealed, her fans would accuse Grid. She was confident that Grid would lose some popularity. Unfortunately, people’s concerns about her didn’t last long. Finally, the final boss of the vampire city appeared. Everyone’s attention focused on Grid and the boss. From the beginning, Park Shinye’s existence was infinitely weak in front of Grid.

『 Kukukuk! I am a true blood kindred! Vampire Viscount Steg! 』

The vampire descended with a bloody energy around him. His force wasn’t a joke. An overwhelming feeling was being emitted by his shining eyes and dark trident. This was like the dignity of a king. He seemed much stronger than the drake that appeared in the National Competition. It seemed impossible for Grid to raid him alone. But Grid was stronger than he was during the National Competition and he had something that made the vampires much weaker than drakes.

Peok! Peok peok peok!

"Heeeeeek!"

The God Hands wielded Mjolnir and caused infinite stiffness! Steg wasn’t able to resist and died, while Grid gave advice to the viewers.

『 A sub-boss can’t resist CC with a short duration like stiffness. It’s simple to raid them after causing infinite stiffness. 』

"..."

No, what did he mean by infinite stiffness? The viewers started to become heated. Grid, Bunny Bunny, and the OGC staff succeeded in leaving the vampire city. At this moment, Grid’s hunting broadcast stopped. Grid reached level 317 and turned to a

new hunting ground.

‘The East Continent.’

He was planning to follow the footsteps of Kraugel, who had held the number one ranking with his overwhelming levelling speed. His ultimate goal was to get ahead.

‘I will make you go after me.’

Grid’s motivation shot up. He always set a new goal so that he wouldn’t become stagnant.

# Chapter 509

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Snore. Snore...

Lord practiced his assassin skills every morning and every night. But nobody knew this fact. Kasim's presence itself was a secret.

"Uhuh! Young Nobleman Lord, are you sleeping in class?"

He didn't know that Lord had been training all of last night and this morning. Sticks smiled bitterly as Lord started dozing off during the second half of the lecture.

'He might be a genius that represents the continent, but he's still a child... He's lacking concentration and stamina.'

Sticks didn't intent to reduce the lecture time, despite knowing this. Sticks wanted to teach Lord more and more.

"Young Nobleman, if you feel tired then let's take a break for an hour before continuing the lessons. Rest your eyes for a moment."

"Uhhh... Yes."

Lord answered sleepily. He headed out into the beautiful garden where petals were swaying in the breeze. It was a garden that existed due to the past activities of the Overgeared members.

"Oh my? Lord, did today's class end early?"

"Kyaaah! I'm happy! We can play a lot today!"

There were dozens of girls waiting for Lord in the garden. They were girls more beautiful than the flowers, each with a different personality.

"Ohh... It isn't over. A quick break. I'm going to sleep."

Lord yawned, headed into a girl's arms, and fell asleep straight away. The girls loved this cute and loveable Lord. "Kukuk, so cute."

"Sleep well and grow up quickly, our Lord."

Some girls poked Lord's cheeks, others kissed him, and some hugged him. There were also girls who stroked his head. They were the Rebecca's Daughters candidates. They were Lord's girlfriends.

"Hah."

Vantner found Lord sleeping in the girls' arms and blinked.

'...I'm envious!'

He never thought that a child of Grid would be so beautiful and have so many pretty girls. Vantner angrily poked Lord in the side with a branch and ran away. After a while, he was caught by the girls chasing after him and beaten up.

"Any actions that threaten Lord are unforgivable, even if you're a member of Overgeared."

"Duke Grid himself asked this of us! We will take good care of Lord!"

"..."

Vantner, who failed in his 103rd blind date a few days ago, was miserable in both mind and body. He was frustrated for a while and belatedly realized something.

'Why are these kids so scary?'

Vantner had overlooked it, but the girls were strong. In the first place, they were taken to be Rebecca's Daughters because they were talented. Then after coming to Reidan, they received Piaro's training. The power of Reidan was much stronger than that of Overgeared.

One of the people who contributed to this rising power was Aura Master Hurent.

'By the way, Piaro didn't come again today?'

One day, Piaro had suddenly disappeared. Hurent had been disguised as an unnamed serf and trained by Piaro for several

months already. He was in a bad mood after Piaro disappeared.

‘Where did that guy suddenly disappear to?’

He wanted to ask people, but felt reluctant. He was worried that he would be thrown out by the Overgeared members if he was discovered. Hurent covered his face even more with the straw hat he received from Piaro and eventually started his field work again.

‘Come back soon. Until then, the fields that you cherish... No, I will defend these training grounds.’

Hurent followed the field work techniques that Piaro taught him in order to become stronger. At first, he thought of Piaro as an enemy. After the great teachings, he truly considered Piaro as a true benefactor and teacher. His desire for vengeance against Grid had disappeared a long time ago.

In the first place, it wasn't Grid's fault that he was disgraced after being defeated by Grid in five seconds. The result occurred because he was weak. He should focus on himself rather than feeling resentment towards Grid. However, if the opportunity came, he wanted to fight against Grid again. He would prove his strength.

It was a pure desire, different from his previous grudges.

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[(Breaking News) Overgeared Guild captured Patrian and Borneo!]

The world was overturned. Patrian and Borneo. Few players knew the names of the territories in small kingdoms. But they were clearly strategically important points when looking at a map. The Overgeared Guild swallowed these territories in two days. The amazing fact was that it occurred when Grid was on air.

『 I didn't know the power of Overgeared was this much. Taking two new territories without Grid... It was only one a few days ago. Isn't the master of Patrian one of the 10 great magicians, Earl Ashur? 』

『 It was possible because there was no Grid. There was a small number of players inside Patrian and Borneo because everyone was busy watching Grid. This meant Overgeared had relatively easy access to the two territories. In other words, it was an important empty fort. 』

『 It's a strategy that Lauel devised. He truly is a genius... It clearly shows the role of Overgeared's brain. 』

『 It isn't just Lauel. There are many famous people in Overgeared. I appreciate Grid's ability to gather so many individuals that are hard to control and managing them. 』

『 I don't think Grid is lacking anything. He has high level combat ability, unique blacksmith skills, raid and hunting ability, the charm to attract talent, and the wisdom to use that talent in the right places. As for the leadership that raised the guild to be the best... Isn't this a perfect human being? 』

『 Having a charm that attracts people means his personality is also good... Actually, he's probably a very kind person. There's a reason why Grid is loved by the world's top beauties like Yura and Jishuka. 』

People's misunderstandings deepened every day. They talked about a perfect person called Grid. And the experts started debating.

『 Grid will probably become the first king. 』

『 It's likely. It is unclear how many territories are owned by third parties, but Overgeared has Reidan, Bairan, Cork, Patrian, and Borneo. The combined size is enormous. Maybe Grid will soon be eligible to be king. 』

Satisfy's opening phase. Players, like NPCs, could become nobles and even royalty. In order to build up wealth, power, honor, and to reach a high status, the players worked tirelessly. As a result, many rankers had succeeded in becoming nobles. However, no one had

yet become qualified to be a king. This was the first time that the media used 'First King' for a particular player.

Of course, the shockwave was large. Many refuted it.

『 Do you think a kingdom can be built just based on territory? The most important thing is the workforce, the workforce. 』

『 The Overgeared members are only in the hundreds. They're lacking the talent to build and manage a country. 』

『 No. Personnel can be filled up with NPCs. 』

『 Are competent NPCs that common? I assure you, the construction of a country for a player is only possible after at least three years. In addition, the player is likely to be someone other than Grid. 』

『 Who is that? 』

『 God of War Ares. He's an unofficial ranker and his activities are limited to wars, so few people know about him... His ability in war and politics will surely overwhelm Grid's. 』

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"You've grown since I last saw you."

Originally, Grid always looked for Irene first when he returned to Reidan. But right now, Lord was a priority. His love for Irene strengthened his love for Lord.

"The more I look, the prettier he is."

All parents said their children were cute, but Lord was really beautiful. He had Irene's white skin, oval-shaped face, and big blue eyes. He resembled Grid in his high nose and sharp eyes.

These features harmoniously intertwined to create a perfect young man.

"Huhuhut... It's like my childhood..." Grid looked at the past and stroked the hair of the sleeping Lord. "Please always continue to

grow up healthy.”

‘Don’t taste misfortune and always be happy. Don’t get upset when meeting someone strong. Become the pride of my love, Irene.’

Grid made a gentle expression and confirmed Lord’s status window out of habit.

Name: Lord Steim

Age: 3 years old Gender: Male

Occupation: Young Nobleman

Title: Grid’s Son

\* The son of a legendary blacksmith. He has inherited most of his father’s abilities.

Title: Genius of the West Continent

\* A genius that represents one continent. He overwhelms national geniuses, and his level and abilities will rise 60% faster than normal. In addition, he can acquire skills in a wide range of fields.

However, there is a limit to the level and abilities that can be raised until he is 15 years old.

Title: One who Will Become a Legend

A person who will leave his name in history. There is an 80% chance of being immune to all status effects and illnesses. When attacked, if his health falls to 1 point, he will enter the immortal state for 2.5 seconds.

Level: 15

Strength: 87 Stamina: 70

Agility: 109 Intelligence: 87

Dexterity: 150 Charm: 100



Dignity: 17 Insight: 80

Skills: Beginner Bow Mastery (F), Beginner Blacksmith Skill (F), Beginner Weapons Mastery (C), Daluka's Methods (A+) Discerning Eyes (S), Overwhelming Charm (S), Lantier's Methods (SS), Famous and Legendary Pedigree (SS).

His mother is the successor of a noble family in the Eternal Kingdom and his father is a legend.

He has inherited all of his parent's strengths, so his potential is outstanding. Teaching him will be inspiring.

Recently, the discipline has been effective and he has learned humility. His heart is being tempered by the love from females.

“Eh...?”

Lantier's Methods. Previously, Grid hadn't know what it was when he discovered it, but now he knew. Lantier. The name of the legendary assassin Grid met in the Behen Archipelago.

‘How does Lord have Lantier's power...?’

No matter how much of a genius Lord was, there was no way he could learn the power of a legend on his own. Someone had to intervene with Lord's teachings. The problem was that person's identity. Who would give Lord such strength, and what were their intentions?

Grid lost his smile as his eyes shone fiercely. He maximized his senses and caught something.

# Chapter 510

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The current Grid was different from the Grid when Lord was born. He honed his control skills in the Behen Archipelago, gained combat experience from the National Competition, strengthened himself through items and raids, and raised his level in the vampire city.

Grid's steady progress maximized the power of his stats, titles, and items, increasing the effectiveness of his five senses. It was enough to feel the presence of the king of shadows, Kasim, on the ceiling!

"Magic Detection!"

Paaaat!

It was so weak that Grid couldn't be certain, making him use magic. The magic was deployed throughout all of Lord's bedroom. He clearly caught Kasim's presence on the ceiling.

"How dare you!?"

Hiding in his son's bedroom! The furious Grid pulled out Iyarugt and Sword Ghost, aiming them at the ceiling. However, he couldn't hit the target.

'Fled?'

Grid was startled. The reaction speed of the person on the ceiling was so fast that he got the creeps.

'Dangerous!'

His sense of alertness deepened. In the first place, the person had been hiding in Lord's room without being noticed by the Overgeared members. It was obvious that the person wasn't ordinary.

"Shit!"

Lord's safety was the number one priority! Grid hurriedly

grabbed the sleeping Lord and aimed Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave, towards the person on the ceiling. Kasim on the ceiling was embarrassed.

‘Attacking without asking any questions!’

At the very least, he might have a chance to introduce himself if Grid had asked who he was. But Grid just struck. He was confident Kasim was an enemy. Kasim was forced to resist in order to avoid death.

‘Shadow Move!’

Supak!

Kasim hid himself in the shadows to hide from the wave of energy hitting the whole ceiling. Then a black sword appeared in front of his eyes as he moved to a new shadow created by the collapsed ceiling debris. Grid used the Slaughterer's Eye Patch to chase after Kasim and fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill.

Kasim was astonished.

‘He has grown in the few months I haven't seen him!’

The stab filled with killing intent that headed towards him! Kasim was about to flee when he was caught by the God Hands.

‘He blocked all the ways to escape?’

It was a skill that accumulated from countless fighting experiences. It was a level that was hard to deal with. Kasim determined that he might die and used his strength.

“Shadow Soldiers!”

Pepepepeok!

All the shadows that existed in the bedroom responded to Kasim's call. The shadows formed large and small bodies and created a barrier around Kasim. Kasim managed to defend against Grid's Kill and the God Hand's attacks and then moved. He aimed for the God Hands, not Grid.

The shadow soldiers all threw shadow spears simultaneously. There were exactly 67.

Teteteteng!

[God Hand (1) has stiffened.]

[God Hand (2) has stiffened.]

[God Hand (3) has stiffened.]

[God Hand (4) has stiffened.]

[God Hand (1) has stiffened.]

[God Hand (2) has stiffened.]

...

...

“Crazy!”

Grid was astonished. The unidentified intruder had a turban wrapped around his whole face and demonstrated an incredible ability to use shadows. All the shadows that existed around him were used for movements, defense and attack, while the defense and attack power were the best. The ability was unmatched compared to Tarma who he met in the National Competition.

Where had this monster suddenly appeared from? A name suddenly popped into Grid’s questioning brain.

‘King of Shadows!’

Kasim!

‘That damn bastard is aiming for me again!’

During the days when Grid was still active in Winston. The assassin called Shay had hired Kasim to kill Grid. He was blocked by Huroi and Euphemina and eventually withdrew.

“Noe! Randy!”

Grid was certain that the opponent was Kasim and used all his

power. Kasim was a named NPC. He had a third advancement when Grid met him a long time ago, so it was highly likely he was at the fourth advancement now. Grid judged it would be difficult to handle Kasim by himself and summoned his pets before using Linked Kill Wave.

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The walls of Lord's room were smashed and all of Reidan Castle shook. It was the overwhelming strength of Linked Kill Wave, which could be called Grid's ultimate attack. However, it was unreasonable to hit Kasim with a non-targeted skill. Kasim avoided the eight strikes of Linked Kill Wave by moving through the shadows and ended up behind Grid.

"Duke Grid, please calm down first and let me spea..."

Kasim attempted a conversation.

"Where are you going?"

Randy copied Grid and threatened Kasim with Link.

"Kyong!"

Noe's mouth opened to swallow Kasim. This was followed by the God Hands wielded Mjolnir. Kasim eventually had to use a hidden technique. It was the manifestation of 'Greed,' a technique that drew all the shadows to one point and swallowed everything around it. It was Kasim's unique skill that he created by combining Daluka's Methods and Lantier's Methods.

Kuoooooh!

"Kyaaack!"

"Nyang! Scary!"

Randy, Noe, the God Hands and the furniture in the room. Everything except for Grid was swallowed by the shadow. It was like a black hole, although it naturally wasn't comparable to the power of the universe. Kasim's Greed could only swallow the

target for 3 seconds before spitting it out. Of course, these 3 seconds exerted absolute force during a battle.

“Duke Grid! I’m not an enemy!”

"Not an enemy?"

Kasim finally got a chance to speak to Grid. Kasim hurriedly shouted, “I want to become your ally!”

"Ally? You?"

Grid asked like he didn’t understand.

“Uhhh...”

Lord who had fallen into a deep sleep after working too hard the past few days. Despite the turmoil of the battle, the child only woke up now. Then he laughed when he saw that Kasim was in front of him.

“Teacher!”

“Teacher?”

Grid was stunned.

“Ah! Father!”

Lord belatedly realized that he was in Grid’s arms and hugged him tightly. Finally, Greed spat out Noe, who shook his tail nervously.

"I suffered needlessly. If only you talked and resolved it from the beginning, nyang..."

It was because he was born in the human world. Noe was gradually losing the instincts of a memphis, the best demonic best of hell that enjoyed combat and slaughter. A pacifist demonic beast.

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“There was a story like this.”

For a long time, Grid heard a lot of stories from Kasim. Kasim's past. The fall of the Nero. Being wanted by the empire. His relationship with Doran. His observation of Grid. The thoughts he had during the observation period. Protecting Irene and Lord and ultimately becoming Lord's teacher, etc. Kasim told Grid all of it.

What was Grid's response?

"Thank you."

Their first meeting was the worst, but that was the past. It was a fact that Kasim protected Irene and Lord, with Lord even testifying directly. Grid wasn't unscrupulous enough not to feel gratitude. He bowed his head deeply and thanked Kasim. Grid was also greedy. Kasim was the most powerful assassin in existence and the only person who knew Lantier's techniques. Grid coveted him. He wanted to make Kasim his own person. He also knew he could have Kasim.

Grid's raised his head and stared straight into Kasim's eyes.

"Kasim, I will fulfill your desire. Starting today, formally serve me."

He was in a position where he needed to be hostile to the Saharan Empire. One of Grid's ultimate goals was to win greater honor and riches, and to destroy the empire for Piaro and Asmophel. However, he knew that it was hard. Maybe it was impossible. But he would challenge it.

"Didn't you see the possibility when you looked at me? So believe in me and serve me."

Kasim had no reason to refuse. In the first place, it was also what he wanted.

"I am grateful." Kasim immediately kneeled and pledged. "I will be your shadow."

[King of Shadows Kasim has become your knight!]

[Kasim has become a member of Reidan!]

[Your charm has increased by 100!]

‘Good!’

This was what he wanted. The thrilled Grid immediately gave Kasim a role.

"I want you to protect my family like you are doing now. In addition, I'd like you to work hard on raising an assassin group. Is it possible?"

"As I said before, there are a number of assassins from the Silver Dragons. They are acquiring Daluka's Methods, so I think it should be sufficient to make an assassins group out of them."

Grid nodded.

"Okay. From now on, your position is leader of the Overgeared Shadows."

"...Yes."

He didn't know what Overgeared meant, but it didn't sound that great. Kasim was troubled, but couldn't go against his lord. He nodded without saying anything. Grid observed him with the Great Lord's Sword.

Name: Kasim

Age: 36 years old. Gender: Male

Occupation: Leader of Overgeared Shadows.

Title: Last of the Nero Clan.

\* The Nero have dark skin, making it easier to assimilate into the darkness. As the only survivor of the Nero, Kasim gains a large bonus effect when using Stealth. However, some of the power of throwing weapons is reduced due to his too long arms.

Title: King of Shadows

\* Maximizes the effects and power of shadow techniques.



Title: Disciple of Lantier

\* Knows the theories of Lantier's techniques. However, he doesn't have the talent to learn it himself.

Level: 401

Strength: 2,107 Stamina: 1,158

Agility: 4,409 Intelligence: 933

Persistence: 3,550

Skills: Trap Installation (A), Daluka's Methods (A+), Evolved Body Techniques (A), Evolving Techniques (A), Evolved Sword Techniques (A), Evolved Throwing Technique (S), Evolved Assassination (S), Nero's Stealth Techniques (S), Ultimate Shadow Technique (S+), Lantier's Methods Knowledge (SS).

It was unfortunate that only one special stat, Persistence, was opened. However, the numerical value of Persistence was unreasonably high. It was much higher than Grid's persistence. Kasim would never give up. In addition, his high strength and agility demonstrated that his combat ability was equivalent to Asmophel.

‘He is equivalent to Piaro in places with a lot of shadows.’

Grid felt like he had won thousands of troops.

# Chapter 511

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The fuss ended.

Grid watched the restoration work of Lord's bedroom and asked Kasim for something. It was an extremely personal favor. Kasim hesitated before nodding.

"Understood."

"Thank you for agreeing."

Grid was satisfied with the answer and summoned Lauel. It was to an office Grid hadn't used for a long time. No, it was an office that he almost never stepped foot in.

"Why don't you take over this room? It's several times larger than your office."

Lauel handled all tasks related to the guild and territory management. Grid suggested it because he wanted to create a better work environment for Lauel.

"I have been given a lot of power as your proxy, but in the end, I am not you. I don't dare sit forever in a place where you will have to sit."

'It's serious.'

Lauel seemed to have become affected by historical dramas. Grid smiled at Lauel, who was immersed in the role of a loyalist. Then he was informed by Lauel about the current situation of Overgeared. Grid's expression distorted.

"I can't understand what Peak Sword is thinking."

As a result of this war, losing Cork Island was inevitable. It was too far away, and both Lauel and Grid were aware that they couldn't defend it. Nevertheless, they pressed on with the war because the benefits were bigger. In fact, Overgeared's growth had increased by lengths and bounds due to absorbing two territories,

Earl Ashur, and the 7,000 Patrian soldiers.

But for Peak Sword, Cork Island was a special territory. He absolutely didn't want to lose it. Grid belatedly understood his heart.

"I will go to Cork Island."

He was already familiar with defending territories as a former soldier of the Korean army. Grid was confident that he could defend Cork Island for months or years.

"It's my land. I must keep it."

Grid felt emotional about leaving the responsibility to just Peak Sword. Lael couldn't accept it. "It isn't possible. If your growth stagnates, the Overgeared Guild will suffer a huge loss."

"But I can't let Peak Sword do it alone."

Among his valued colleagues, Peak Sword was special. A fair person who shouted 'Do you know God Grid?' anywhere and to anyone. He also cheered, trusted, and supported Grid, handing over his guild and territory to Grid. Grid couldn't repay his true heart, but he couldn't ignore Peak Sword when he was in trouble.

"I will go and help Peak Sword. Don't worry about my growth. If I stay on Cork Island and make items for the soldiers, my stats and skill levels will continue to rise. I can be strong no matter where I am."

Of course, the rate of growth was much slower than hunting and raising his level. The moment that Grid was being stubborn.

-God Grid, don't come. It's funny that I am saying this, but Cork Island is just the tip of Overgeared. It's impossible to keep it forever. It's just a waste of time for you to come here.

A whisper came from Peak Sword. It was Lael's doing. Grid continued to insist on going, so Lael sent a whisper to Peak Sword.

-God Grid is the master. I'm just a guild member and the responsibilities I bear can't be compared to yours. Don't lose focus by caring about one guild member. Give priority to what you need to do. Become strong enough to take back Cork Island again at any time.

"..."

Grid didn't insist any longer. He decided to accept Peak Sword's heart because he knew his priorities.

"Then I will go to the East Continent."

Grid was currently level 317. The vampire cities were no longer giving him a lot of experience. The vampire cities not conquered yet were under a direct descendant. Since the direct descendants were at least an earl, the danger was ridiculously high. But he didn't yet have the ability to clear the Behen Archipelago. Grid wasn't strong enough to defeat the legends that had been turned into death knights by Pagma.

It was a stagnant situation. Grid judged it was the proper time to go to the East Continent.

"Take care."

Grid asked the smiling Lael one more time.

"It is really okay without me?"

"Yes, of course. Originally, it was a little dangerous. But things have changed after you brought in Kasim."

In fact, he couldn't assert that it was completely safe. But Lael didn't want to hold on to Grid's ankles. He exaggerated somewhat to make Grid's footsteps lighter.

"Then I'm glad. Okay, I have to say goodbye to Irene and..."

Grid was relieved by the answer and left Lael behind in the office. Grid ran straight to Irene's bedroom. It was the last time he would share love with his wife before he left. Lael looked at his

back and became very excited.

'My Lord, I will give you a surprise soon.'

If Marquis Steim agreed to support Grid, the Overgeared members would be able to expand the scale of their forces at once and Grid would be qualified to be a king. Grid would have the incredible experience of being a king when hunting on the East Continent. Lael wanted to see Grid's shock and delight as soon as possible.

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Before going to see Sticks and heading to the East Continent.

"Irene, this is a gift."

"Oh my... Dear husband, it's refreshing."

After meeting with Irene, they entered the bedroom and Grid gave her pajamas. It was a white one-piece pajama. A legendary rated item.

[Direct Vampire's Pajamas]

It had the effect of revealing the skin when a person wore it. At first, he thought it was a useless effect.

'There's a reason why it's legendary rated!'

Irene looked more alluring than ever when she wore it. The Direct Vampire's Pajamas was a stunning item worthy of the legendary rating.

"Irene!"

"Dear husband."

Grid enjoyed Irene's body, which had become more mature since Lord's birth, and he used his legendary hand techniques. Irene's moans that occurred every time Grid's large and thick fingers moved over her skin became a thrilling melody.

\*\*\*

"It's still dangerous."

Grid got minerals from the guild warehouse and went to visit Sticks. He heard a negative opinion from Sticks.

"It is estimated that most of the top skills currently on the West Continent came from the East Continent. Looking at this, it is obvious that the overall level of the East Continent is above the West Continent."

Grid knew. In fact, Sticks explained that the Supreme Swordsmanship that Piaro used during his period as a great swordsman originated from the East Continent.

"The reason why the people of the East Continent created stronger skills is due to the harsh environment."

It was Sticks' reasoning that the monsters inhabiting the East Continent were much stronger than those on the West Continent. Grid wasn't nervous about this. Rather, he was quite excited.

"I will become stronger quicker if I fight the strong. Sticks, I want to quickly become stronger. So send me to the East Continent."

The biggest reason he wanted to become stronger was because his valued family, friends, and colleagues were depending on him. The second reason was he wanted to surpass Kraugel. It was Grid's dream to break all the records set by Kraugel and to rise to the top. It was a natural desire to have as a game player.

"No. It's wiser to go after you have grown more from the vampire cities. Aren't the vampire cities good hunting grounds?"

One of the few candidates who could cleanse and repair the Contaminated Behen Archipelago. It was Grid. Grid also saved his life and was the father of Lord, his precious disciple. Sticks wanted Grid to behave more reliably. He hoped that Grid wouldn't take unacceptable risks.

"Those blessed or cursed by the gods... Grid, I know that you have more than one life. But that doesn't mean you can overcome

death completely.”

That’s right. It couldn’t be compared to NPCs who only had one life, but players suffered an enormous loss from death. Their experience dropped, there was a chance of losing items, and the potential to fail certain quests. But how could a user play the game if they were afraid of this?

‘I would play CD games if I was afraid of failure. There are many save points.’

Grid asked Sticks.

"Sticks, will you only use addition if it’s hard to learn multiplication?"

" ... "

“No? It’s time for me to challenge new times.”

"...I am convinced.”

It was a low-level example, but he could see Grid’s nature from this remark. Maybe Sticks’ egotism had grown as he became older. He realized that his thinking was too narrow and handed a piece of paper to Grid. It was originally an item that Grid had to purchase directly using points earned in the Behen Archipelago.

[East Continent Movement Portal Scroll]

You can go to the starting village of ‘Pangea’ on the East Continent.

Weight: 0.1

“Okay.”

It was always good to get a freebie! Grid smiled widely as he said goodbye.

“I’m going.”

Flash!

Grid used the scroll immediately and was engulfed in light. Sticks

was startled by the sight and muttered.

“No... You should also take the return scroll for the West Continent...”

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[You have crossed the Dead Sea and arrived on the East Continent.]

[You are the 31st player.]

[The distance from the West Continent is too far. All forms of contact with players from the West Continent will be blocked.]

[The energy flowing is very dark. Mana regeneration rate will increase by 10%.]

[The gravity here is too strong. Strength and agility will decrease by 10%. Health regeneration will slow down.]

[This is forced due to natural influences. It can't be resisted.]

"Isn't this too beneficial for magician type classes?"

Grid didn't have any large complaints since he had many high mana consumption skills.

“Rather, the 31st player...”

Some new people must've stepped on the East Continent.

"Eh?"

The East Continent's starter village, Pangea. Grid looked around and was startled.



# Chapter 512

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‘Why is it so big?’

Grid was surprised due to Pangea’s scale.

‘I thought it would be a small village because it’s a starter village.’

It was the reverse. Pangea was large enough to be called a city. He couldn’t see an end to the wall, no matter how he turned his gaze. It seemed much bigger than Reidan, the second largest city in Eternal, with the population even being higher. Reidan was lacking in people, while everywhere in Pangea was crowded with people.

‘The lord here must have it good...’

He would be earning a lot from all the taxes the citizens were paying. Desert cities, fortified cities, etc. Grid only owned cities that didn’t possess a lot of money, making him feel envious.

“Ah?”

Grid was constantly observing the area when he noticed something.

‘There’s a lot of ethnic variety?’

Grid thought of the East Continent as Oriental. He imagined an Oriental style of living where the people had black hair and black eyes. However, while there were many inhabitants of Pangea who seemed Oriental, others were reminiscent of Westerners and Middle Easterners. The same was true for the architecture lining the streets. Some buildings looked like they came from the Joseon Dynasty of Korea, others looked like cathedrals from Medieval Europe, while mansions in the Middle East were also present.

“Wow. This is very...”

He thought he should eat jjamppong for lunch today. He was

somewhat disappointed since he was hoping for the mysterious old Oriental mood.

‘But this might be an advantage. If a player of another nationality comes, they won’t stand out.’

Pangea was just the starter village. This must be an arrangement for players visiting from the West Continent for the first time.

‘A city or kingdom with the Oriental atmosphere I imagined probably exists somewhere.’

Grid’s reasoning was appropriate. The East Continent was known to be far larger than the West Continent. Grid lingered for a few hours in Pangea. He observed the shops and streets full of people in order to understand their rules, sentiments, and culture. It was an effort to adapt.

He didn’t move without thinking like the old days. It wasn’t irritating if he thought about it as meaningful behavior.

‘There isn’t anything special. It’s the same for the people. I should head to a smithy now.’

Grid determined that he had looked at Pangea enough and was filled with a new curiosity. He was curious as to how the blacksmiths of the continent worked and what type of battle gear they produced. He wanted to study it. Grid didn’t forget his duty as a legendary blacksmith.

"Esteemed elder, excuse me. Can I ask a question?"

Grid called out to a fat old man passing by.

“Where is the smithy?”

The elder NPC called Pao Woo looked over at Grid and asked.

“Is this your first time in Pangea?”

"Yes, I came from far away."

He didn’t say he was from the West Continent. Their perception

towards the West Continent was still unknown, so he had to be as careful as possible. It was very smart of Grid.

"Ahh, I see. There should be one or two smithies over there..."

Pao Woo explained it based on the central square.

"There is the White Hammer smithy on the east road, the Black Anvil smithy on the west road, the Red Tongs smithy on the south road, and the Blue Flames smithy on the north road. They are the most famous smithies in Pangea. If you visit one of them, you will surely be able to buy something that suits you."

"Are there many blacksmiths working there?"

"A moderate amount. At least 100."

The goods produced in a smithy weren't just battle gear. There were also a variety of items needed for everyday life, such as kitchen knives, hammers, farming equipment, etc. Therefore, the production demands for blacksmiths in cities with a large population were much higher. The West Continent set a limit on the number of smithies in each territory in order to keep the local lord in check.

"Thank you."

He politely said goodbye to the kind old man and moved to the White Hammer smithy. He chose it because it was the closest one, a mere five minutes away.

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[You have entered the White Hammer smithy.]

[The blacksmiths of the East Continent have a different viewpoint from those of the West Continent. The effect of Pagma's Descendant won't work.]

"Hrmm."

Originally, Grid was favored by intermediate level blacksmiths and worshipped by advanced level blacksmiths whenever he

visited a smithy. Excellent blacksmiths knew that Grid was a better blacksmith than them just by looking at his body and hands. But not the blacksmiths of the East Continent.

Grid was disappointed. Was it because he wouldn't be treated well? No, it wasn't because of such petty reasons. It was because he thought the skills of the East Continent blacksmiths wouldn't meet his expectations.

‘Their lack of a discerning eye means they lack ability.’

He might not be able to learn any blacksmithing from the East Continent.

‘I should focus on levelling up and new titles acquisition as planned.’

Flinch.

Grid was about to leave the smithy when he suddenly stopped.

Ttaaang!

The sound of the hammer striking iron was so clear? Grid doubted his ears and changed the direction of his footsteps. Then he stared inside the smithy with a spellbound look. There...

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Hwaruruk!

Puok. Puok.

Chiiiik!

10 blacksmiths were working around a large furnace in the center. Someone was sitting in front of the anvil hammering, another person was cooling hot iron, while someone else was constantly working the bellows. Grid was impressed as he instantly grasped their skills.

‘They are blacksmiths who have reached the advanced level of the Blacksmithing skill.’

The reason why the blacksmiths of the East Continent didn't recognize Grid's greatness. It wasn't because they were 'incompetent,' but because they were different. The techniques of the Eastern blacksmiths were different than those of the blacksmiths on the West Continent.

'No, it's ahead.'

In particular, the forging techniques were excellent. They stacked layers of metal together and repeated the process. It was a method that required tremendous physical strength, patience, and delicacy. But the common blacksmiths of the West Continent avoided this task. They chose the easy method most of the time.

'This is clearly a superior professional mindset. Is it a phenomenon caused by the high competition rate of having so many blacksmiths?'

Grid felt a strong sense of curiosity as he looked at their equipment.

'When forging iron, they use an iron hammer. When forging mithril, they use a mithril hammer...'

It was to increase the efficiency of forging while paying attention not to conflict with the nature of the metal. It was an idea that Legendary Blacksmith Grid had never thought of.

'What is that liquid that's released into the water used for quenching?'

There was quite a lot he could learn from here. It happened when Grid was closely observing the work of the blacksmiths.

"Do you want to learn blacksmithing from us?"

Someone came up to Grid. He had dark skin and thick lips like someone from Africa. The muscles around his neck were so developed that they were as thick as Grid's thigh muscles. His name was White. (TL: The spelling of this is more romanized to sound like white in English. Meanwhile, the name of the White

sister is the actual Korean for White, which is spoken in a different way.)

He misunderstood Grid as trying to become a blacksmith and said with a gentle expression.

"Well, it's wonderful that you want to learn, as long as you are prepared to work. But I have many people like you come here every day. I can't accept just anyone. If you want to learn our techniques, you must first prove that you are qualified."

"No, I just want to briefly tour..."

Grid couldn't finish his words. White randomly handed him an axe and a notification window popped up.

Ttiring~

[A quest has been created.]

[Chop Firewood!]

Difficulty: ???

White, the owner of the White Hammer smithy wants to test you.

Bring back two 100 year old White Trees at the forest in the north of Pangea.

Quest Clear Conditions: Cut down two 100 year old White Trees.

Quest Clear Rewards: 12% experience. Get a job as an apprentice at the White Hammer smithy.

Quest Failure Condition: None.

'No, is this a joke? It's outrageous.'

Grid's eyes narrowed. A level 317 user was expected to chop firewood? The reward was also to get a job as an apprentice blacksmith. He never imagined that in this world, there would be someone crazy enough to try and make a legendary blacksmith as an apprentice.

‘Certainly, there are things I can learn. But it isn’t big enough to spend a lot of time here.’

The level of his techniques were far ahead of them. He could learn a variety of ideas here, not technical matters. It wasn’t worth investing time in this quest.

‘In the first place, isn’t this a quest for beginners on the East Continent?’

Grid was about to refuse when he was surprised by something. When he cleared the quest, he would get 12% of his experience?

‘Crazy.’

Based on a level 317 users, it was a amount that he would acquire from defeating 500 lower vampires. He could get a huge amount of experience just for cutting down two trees. He honestly couldn’t believe it, but the system didn’t lie! Grid’s eyes shone like lanterns as he confirmed again.

"Really? I just need to cut down two trees?"

“Yes.” White nodded.

Grid smiled widely.

“Then I will go!”

This was paradise!

‘The East Continent is the best!’

Grid recalled his beginner days as he ran towards the forest carrying the axe. He faded into the distance as he looked at the quest information on the map. White looked after him before someone asked him.

"Do you really think he can cut down a 100 year old White Tree?"

A 100 year old White Tree was as hard as iron and as fierce as an active volcano. A famous woodcutter couldn’t even cause a nick in it and a mighty shaman couldn’t suppress the fire. It wasn’t called

the Daoism Tree for nothing. A perfect flame could be produced if it was used as firewood, but that was impossible. It was common sense for anyone who dreamt of becoming a blacksmith. But the black-eyed young man didn't have that common sense. It was certain that he didn't study anything about blacksmithing.

“There are a lot of rabble coming in recent years.” White shook his head and returned to his spot. He shouted at his men. “Hey you! Focus more! We have to win this year's competition!”



# Chapter 513

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“It’s hard.”

The gravity of the East Continent was much stronger than the West Continent. As a result, Grid’s stamina, strength, and agility received a penalty. The aftermath of this was quite large. From the center of Pangea to the White Tree Forest. He was already exhausted after only one hour of running. He would’ve been fine for another 20 minutes on the West Continent.

‘It would’ve been relatively comfortable if I flew.’

But he didn’t use that method. Something annoying might notice him if he flew.

‘Huhuhut! Now I have become pretty smart!’

Grid was pleased with his development and caught sight of the white forest below the hill. A white forest that existed in the city. The scale wasn’t huge. There were roughly 1,000 trees densely packed together. It was beautiful. Like snow had fallen, the leaves were white and the forest looked like giant cotton from the distance.

‘It goes well with the old Korean-style houses outside the forest.’

It reminded him of a snowy winter landscape seen in historical dramas. At least this place gave him the Oriental feeling he was hoping for.

‘If I sit here eating kimchi...’

It was best with soju. He wanted to take a break to log out and have some kimchi with soju. But playing Satisfy after drinking was a shortcut to defeat. It wasn’t uncommon for people to try enhancing their equipment under the influence of alcohol. Grid had to refrain from drinking if he was aiming for the top.

“I need to use the break time to eat and exercise, raising my

physical strength to play the game...”

Grid controlled his heart and descended the hill into the forest.

‘I have to cut down a 100 year old tree?’

In today's society, there were many ways to measure the age of a tree. They could know the age of the tree without having to cut it down and check the growth rings. It was the same with Satisfy. It was simple using the appraisal system. In particular, Grid had the Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill.

The Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill was unrivalled among the various types of appraisal items and skills in Satisfy. While top rated appraisal items revealed around 6~10 pieces of information, the Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill revealed 10~12.

“Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal.”

It was the nearest tree. Grid laid a hand on the tree that was around 5m high and used the skill.

Ttiring~

[White Phosphorus Tree]

Status: Very healthy

Age: 607 years

It is assumed that the origin of this tree is Shangri-La.

It is often called the Daoism Tree and is the national wood of Hwan Kingdom.

The trunk and branches extend straight towards the sky.

The hardness of this tree, which symbolizes high dignity and elegance, is comparable to dragon iron.

"There's a place on the East Continent called the Hwan Kingdom... What's dragon iron?"

The existence of Shangri-La and daoism weren't surprising. In

the past, Grid became aware there was a class called daoist. But he never heard of dragon iron.

“It seems like the name of a mineral.”

It was a name that he never heard of on the West Continent. Grid found it interesting.

‘Indeed, there are separate materials that only exist on the East Continent.’

The natural environments of the East Continent and West Continent were different. It was expected that there would be things on the East Continent that weren’t present on the West Continent, and vice versa.

‘It’s possible to produce different items.’

Grid was full of expectations as he imagined that his base as a blacksmith would expand in the future.

Lululala~

He started humming as he appraised the other white phosphorous trees around him. Then he learned a surprising fact.

“Aren’t the trees a lot older?”

100 years old? How funny. Most of the white phosphorous trees were older than 500 years. There were some that were over 1,000 years old.

‘Cutting down trees that are hundreds of years old...’

It was quite troubling about the trees, but that was all. It was a very easy quest. Then he could gain 12% experience.

“I have decided on these ones.”

Grid picked a 103 year old and 106 year old white phosphorous tree. He pulled out the axe he received for the quest.

[White’s Axe]

Rating: Normal

Durability: 150/150 Attack Power: 53

An axe made by the owner of the White Hammer smithy, White. It boasts great durability, allowing more trees to be cut down.

It is highly popular among the nearby woodcutters.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 109

There were no options, but the durability was acceptable for an axe. The attack power was also considerable for something with no usage conditions. If White was active on the West Continent, his axe would be sold as a 'weapon' to novice players.

"Similar to Khan..."

White's age seemed to be in the mid-30s. The fact that he was already comparable to Khan was great, considering he was a NPC.

'He isn't even a named NPC.'

It was obvious that the blacksmiths of the East Continent were ahead of those in the West Continent. They seemed to have a lot of special know-how.

'The difference is due to the environment.'

While the West Continent limited the number of blacksmiths in each territory, there was no such restriction on the East Continent. The number of blacksmiths on the East Continent was far greater than the West Continent. This large number meant a bigger competition. The blacksmiths of the East Continent developed steadily while competing with each other. It was understandable that they would be more skilled than the blacksmiths of the West Continent.

"As a result, the soldiers of the East Continent are stronger than the West Continent."

The East Continent soldiers would have better equipment than the Western soldiers, which would lead to a difference in attack

power.

"Well, I guess it won't be better than my soldiers."

The Reidan soldiers under the aegis of the legendary blacksmith were the real overgeared soldiers! Grid was filled with pride as he opened Latina's Power, which was attached to the Rune of Darkness.

"Can you Become the King of the Dead?"

...He called out the skill name in question. Two skeletons popped up to Grid's left and right. They were skeletons holding half moon axes. Overgeared Skeletons One and Two. Grid handed White's Axe to Overgeared Skeleton One. Then he sat down to one side.

"I will recover my stamina while you cut down the tree. You should be able to do this much, no matter how stupid you are."

Clack clack! Clack!

In response, Overgeared Skeleton One struck the white phosphorous tree in front of him as hard as possible with the axe.

Peok!

The moment that Overgeared Skeleton One struck the white phosphorus tree with the axe!

"...!"

The eye sockets of the Overgeared Skeleton One became larger. The bones of the skeleton started to twist.

'What is this?'

Grid blinked at the behavior.

[Overgeared Skeleton One has suffered catastrophic damage!]

[Overgeared Skeleton One has returned to the soil.]

Overgeared Skeleton One crumbled. The white phosphorus tree was fine, without a single scratch. Grid frowned.

“These guys are really...”

They were too useless. It was a skeleton that couldn't even cope with the impact of hitting the tree. He didn't know why. Grid clicked his tongue and spoke to Overgeared Skeleton Two.

“Skeleton Two, I hope you are different from Skeleton One.”

It was at this moment that he decided. He would only invest points in intelligence for the fragile Overgeared Skeleton One, raising it as a skeleton mage. Meanwhile, he would raise Overgeared Skeleton Two as a skeleton warrior. But what was the reality?

Overgeared Skeleton Two was the same as One. Their level and stats were the same.

Kaaang!

Clack! Claack! Clack clack!

Overgeared Skeleton Two struck the white phosphorus tree and was damaged like Overgeared Skeleton One. It soon crumbled.

“This is crazy.”

Grid was stunned when he saw Overgeared Skeleton Two return to the soil. He cursed as he picked up White's Axe left on the ground.

“You useless little bastards!”

They couldn't even cut down a tree! Grid controlled his heart and struck the white phosphorus tree with an axe. Then he had a shocking experience.

Chaaeng!

[The durability of White's Axe has decreased by 37.]

[There is a strong pain from your wrist. You are temporarily paralyzed.]

[You have resisted.]

[Health has decreased by 1,700.]

[You were unable to damage the white phosphorus tree.]

“Ugh!”

It was hard. It was at least the steel grade. Grid was shocked and took one step back.

‘I expected it to be hard since it was compared to dragon iron, but it’s this hard?’

Now he understood. This was why a woodcutting quest gave 12% experience.

‘This quest isn’t easy.’

Grid guessed that the odds of a typical blacksmith not clearing this was 100%. But Grid was a legendary blacksmith. He put away White’s Axe and armed himself with the +9 Failure.

“I didn’t know I would need to cut a tree with a sword.”

Kkuok.

Grid grasped Failure with both hands.

Step.

Among the pure white leaves falling like snowflakes from the white tree, he started a dazzling sword dance. It was Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link. The legendary rated skill was aimed at the white phosphorus door in front of Grid.

“Link!”

Pit!

Pipipipipit!

Dozens of energy blades struck the white phosphorus tree.

[The durability of the +9 Failure has decreased by 4.]

[The durability of the +9 Failure has decreased by 5.]

[The durability of the +9 Failure has decreased....]

[There is a strong pain from your wrist. You are temporarily paralyzed.]

[There is a strong pain from your neck...]

[You have resisted.]

[Resisted...]

[Health has decreased by 1,801.]

[Health has decreased by 1,730...]

[You were unable to damage the white phosphorus tree.]

“Heok?”

The +9 Failure also didn’t do any damage?

‘Shit, how hard is this?’

“Yes! Let’s see who will win!”

He felt sorry for calling the skeletons incompetent. In the beginning, the tree wasn’t an opponent they could go against. Grid apologized to the skeletons and unfolded a new sword dance. He used Pinnacle Kill, which was regarded as one of the strongest skills existing right now.

Seokeok!

The white phosphorus tree was damaged.

“...What?!”

Grid was astonished.

Puaaaaaaaah!

An explosion of light from the cracked white phosphorus tree hit Grid.

[You have done great damage to the white phosphorus tree!]

[The white phosphorus tree has exploded from the shock!]

[You have suffered fatal damage!]



[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Kurururung...

The white forest revolted. The ragged Grid was filled with confusion.

“...Oh my god.”

His immortality passive was activated while cutting down a tree? He never imagined it. It was a different experience. Grid was at a loss for words for a moment before bursting into laughter. It was a laugh of disbelief. At his feet, there were the fragments of the white phosphorus tree. They were the fragments that fell off from Pinnacle Kill just before the explosion.

# Chapter 514

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‘This isn’t the time to lose your mind.’ Then Braham’s voice entered Grid’s ears. ‘Isn’t the duration of the immortal passive only 5 seconds?’

Gold? No, this time was more valuable than a diamond. Grid needed to actively utilize this limited time.

“Thank you.”

Grid recovered thanks to Braham and immediately took action. He needed to confirm it.

‘First of all.’

Jjejeong! Jjang!

The first thing Grid did was to stab and slash at the damaged white phosphorus tree. It was to check if this damn tree was still hard or would explode after the fragment fell off. It was still hard and there was no explosion.

‘Is it correct to say it’s dead? It won’t explode if I throw them in the fire.’

The white phosphorus tree was just hard. If he assumed that it would burn, there wouldn’t be a problem if it was used as firewood.

‘I don’t understand the reasoning behind using this tree as firewood.’

Was there a special effect?

‘Of course there will be.’

What were the effects?

‘Sooner or later, I will find out. I will experiment.’

Step.

Grid kept constantly moving. He fired Kill at the white

phosphorus tree.

Chaaeng!

[The durability of the +9 Failure has decreased by 6.]

[There is a strong pain from your wrist. You are temporarily paralyzed.]

[You have resisted.]

[The immortal state is activated. Health isn't lost.]

[You were unable to damage the white phosphorus tree.]

"Che, Kill doesn't have an effect."

The defensive power of the white phosphorus tree was extraordinary. The fact that he couldn't inflict damage it with Kill meant it was impossible without a skill that ignored defense.

"Then what about this?"

Seokeok!

Grid used Pinnacle this time. Failure moved across the trunk of the white phosphorus tree.

[You have damaged the white phosphorus tree.]

[The bark of the white phosphorus tree has spat out flames!]

Compared to Pinnacle Kill, the attack power of Pinnacle was weak. It didn't 100% ignore defense. Pinnacle didn't cause damage to the white phosphorus tree and it didn't explode after being hit by Pinnacle. Only one fragment dropped.

'This is better...'

Kurururu!

Flames shot towards Grid from the white phosphorus tree. The heat of the flames distorted the area. The flames that hit Grid were sharp and fierce, like fangs. But Grid was invincible in the immortal state. He didn't receive any damage from the flames.

Amidst the glowing flames, he spoke in a somewhat calm tone.

"I can only use Pinnacle."

Pinnacle Kill was too powerful. The explosion of the white phosphorus tree dealt damage in a 4m radius. Even Grid found it difficult to cope. On the other hand, the range of the flames that emerged after Pinnacle was limited. He would be able to avoid it using the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and Quick Movements.

Braham asked, 'Why don't you give Magic Missile a try?'

The duration of the immortality ended. After the flames died, Grid retreated from the white phosphorus tree that fell quiet again.

"Doesn't Magic Missile just penetrate through? Isn't it inappropriate for logging?"

'Aim at the branches. Pinnacle can only cut off one branch at a time, so isn't it faster to use Magic Missile?'

"But the Magic Missile that I shoot is weak."

It was doubtful if Magic Missile could scratch the white phosphorus tree, no matter the ignore defense effect attached to it.

'Why don't you try it instead of whining?'

"Um..."

Grid received Braham's opinion and fired Magic Missile at the thinnest branch on the white phosphorus tree.

Peng!

"..."

Indeed. Grid's Magic Missile didn't even scratch the white phosphorus tree. Grid smacked his lips.

"There really is only Pinnacle."

The cooldown time of Pinnacle was 2 minutes. It meant he could cut off one branch every 2 minutes.

‘It will take all day to gather enough firewood.’

It was too much time to waste just to obtain 12% experience. It wasn't as efficient as hunting in the vampire cities. Grid frowned and was troubled for a moment.

‘Should I use Assimilation?’

Braham's master level Magic Missile could collect the firewood relatively quickly.

‘...But.’

He didn't want to. It was too much to borrow the strength of a legendary great magician for logging.

‘Borrowing your strength just for this...’

Grid didn't want to use Assimilation for a reason. He didn't know what dangers existed in the East Continent, making it too risky to act without his strongest card on hand.

‘Grid, can't I help you? It has been a long time since I got some outside air...’

Braham started to say something but Grid didn't listen.

“Now!”

Grid confirmed that the cooldown time of Pinnacle had returned and used it again.

Seokeok!

Hwaruruk!

Flames were fired the moment a branch was cut off. Grid borrowed the power of the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and read the path. The problem was that the speed of the flames was too fast.

‘Shit.’

Grid knew that he couldn't completely avoid it and escaped using Quick Movements.

“Phew...”

Grid picked up the branch of the white phosphorus tree. He gritted his teeth. A legendary blacksmith and duke of a kingdom was struggling to cut firewood. It was enough to make his tears flow down.

“Damn, this quest is completely twisted. That damn White person... Eh? Wait.”

Grid suddenly had an idea.

“The White Hammer smithies used an iron hammer for iron and a mithril hammer for mithril?”

Something came to mind.

‘Diamond.’

A diamond was needed to process a diamond. There were many things in the world that could destroy a diamond, but only a diamond could cut another diamond.

‘Maybe the white phosphorus tree...’

It had a property that made it hard to destroy. What if the white phosphorus tree was similar to a diamond? Grid reached this idea and didn’t hesitate. He gathered the scattered pieces of the white phosphorus tree and started to observe them with the perspective of a blacksmith.

‘Forging and tempering them is possible. But refining? Isn’t a process necessary?’

Grid thought about it. He dreamed of a bigger growth and focused without becoming nervous. Then after a while.

“...Okay, I will try it once.”

Grid smiled and entered the ‘axe’ category of his list of production methods. The pattern he pulled out was the Woodcutting Axe.

[Woodcutting Axe]

Rating: Normal ~ Legendary

An axe optimized for cutting trees.

It is an axe that any woodcutter dreams of having.

Conditions of Use: Woodcutter Level 100 or more. Beginner Woodcutting Technique level 7.

It was a matter of pride now. As a legendary blacksmith, he couldn't be beaten by firewood. Grid burned with motivation as he took out a portable furnace. Then Braham advised, 'No matter what you do, try summoning the Overgeared Skeletons as often as you can.'

"Why those guys?"

'By observing you, they may learn new skills or magic.'

Grid was startled.

"Eh? The skeletons have learning abilities?"

Then wasn't a necromancer a true scam? Braham explained to Grid.

'No, common skeletons aren't capable of learning. But the Overgeared Skeletons have intelligence. They are recognized as a unique entity and can be summoned again after being destroyed. They are like death knights and lich.'

"Their intelligence is in the single digits..."

'Well, you should try it. Maybe they can learn low level magic or skills.'

"Hmmm... Yes, it isn't very difficult to follow your words. The Overgeared Skeletons might be trash, but I can use them depending on the situation if they acquire skills."

Grid had overlooked one thing. Braham considered most of the abilities in the world as inferior.

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"Shit! This won't work! I need a stronger fire!"

The White Hammer Smithy. White and his nine blacksmiths were irritated. Pangea's lord held a blacksmithing competition every year. It was the goal of the White Hammer Smithy to win the competition and supply the battle gear of the army for one year, but reality wasn't so kind. The battle gear created by the White Hammer Smithy was somewhat lacking compared to the level of the other large smithies.

"Looking at the status of the final product, the championship has disappeared this year..."

"We haven't won the competition for five years since Master died..."

The mentor of the White Hammer blacksmiths was White's father, Dawhite. The White Hammer smithy had gone downhill since he died five years ago. There were people who said that the White Hammer smithy had lost their qualifications to be one of the four great smithies.

This was despite White's efforts.

White trembled.

'It's all my fault. I didn't listen to Father's words and neglected the bellows.'

White believed that forging was what created the quality. As the successor of the White Hammer smithy, he focused on the hammer and tended to neglect the bellows. In his youth, he didn't realize that the difference of only 1 degree in the temperature of the flame could create a significant difference with the performance of the item.

"The flames... If I can make them hotter..."

White and the blacksmiths bowed their heads. Then an



unfamiliar voice was heard.

“I have come to deliver firewood.”

"Firewood?"

All the blacksmiths apart from White felt confused.

"Didn't we already acquire the firewood at dawn today? Then what is this delivery?"

In the first place, the black-haired young man who said he came to delivery firewood was unfamiliar. He wasn't one of the usual woodcutters they traded with. As the blacksmiths were looking at the young man...

“Firewood... You brought it?”

White was more flustered than when his wife was having an affair.

# Chapter 515

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[Daoist Woodcutting Axe]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 1,000/1,000 Attack Power: 310

\* Emits strong flames every time durability is lost.

\* Easily cuts the white phosphorus tree.

\* Influences the flames of the white phosphorus tree.

An axe resembling those used by the daoists in Shangri-La.

It originally is something that can't exist in the human world, but Legendary Blacksmith Grid broke the rules by producing it. There was no malice, nor was it a fluke. This is the result of Grid devising the ideal form and is purely from his abilities.

The Daoist Axe produced by Grid has a much better effect than usual daoist axes.

Conditions of Use: Daoist

Weight: 410

[An legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

[There is a beneficial effect from producing the highest quality. The good luck stat has increased by 5.]

It must be a special legendary item that he made for the system to attach a 'beneficial effect' to it. Grid felt lacking in his intelligence and good luck stat, so this made him happy enough to fly. He felt like rain had come after a drought.

"16 good luck! Nice!"

Good luck was more difficult to raise than any other special stat. It was impossible to distribute stat points to it, and the act of

bringing out a 'beneficial effect' was unconditionally random, so training it was difficult and even the title effects weren't applied to it. Now his good luck stat increased by 15 points at once, making it 16.

"Amazing... This is really amazing."

What if his good luck stat kept rising like this?

'There will be a day when there is a 100% chance of making a legendary item!'

It was like saying he would always win the first prize when purchasing a lotto ticket. Grid was counting the chickens before they hatched. He was in a good mood and put on his best smile as he touched the axe.

"This is really, very well made."

An axe made of white wood from the handle to the end of the blade. He had hesitated for a moment about making the handle with the white phosphorus wood, but it was a good choice.

'I learned a lot as soon as I came to the East Continent.'

He learned how to make use of the properties of minerals from the White Hammer smithy and was able to grasp the existence and characteristics of the white phosphorus tree through the quest given by White. In retrospect, White was a good person, not a bad one.

'He was giving me a trial. Perhaps he instinctively knew my skills from the beginning.'

He was ashamed of himself for blaming White the whole day.

'Indeed, there are no blacksmiths who are bad people. Isn't he as nice as Khan?'

Whatever happened, the result was good. During this process, Grid's dislike for White had turned into liking. It was the aftermath of obtaining a good result.

Lululala~

Grid hummed happily as he finished chopping the firewood and returned to the White Hammer smithy. Then he shouted to White and the other blacksmiths.

“I have come to deliver firewood.”

Why was Grid so excited?

[A special thing has happened after making the 20th legendary item!]

This short phrase had come to mind the moment he produced the white phosphorus axe. It was the biggest factor behind Grid's good mood.

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‘Who?’

The black-haired man who delivered firewood. White also initially failed to recognize who he was. He was the owner of one of the four great smithies in Pangea and couldn't remember all the rabble.

‘When did I see him?’

The wild eyes that were intense like a hawk. White remembered seeing them somewhere before.

‘Ah!’

White gazed at the black-haired Grid silently before becoming surprised. Early this morning. Someone who dreamt about becoming a blacksmith but didn't have any knowledge, he had left to cut down the white phosphorus tree. This young man was that very person.

‘What?’

Surely he didn't really cut the white phosphorus tree? The confused White burst out laughing.

‘That is impossible.’

The white phosphorus tree was as hard as dragon iron. Cutting it? It was impossible unless the best people in the Hwan Kingdom came. There weren’t one thousand year old white phosphorus trees for nothing.

"You are the friend from this morning. You’re aware that I don’t want ordinary firewood, right?"

"Of course. I am well aware. This is very remarkable firewood."

Grid was beaming. White thought it was ridiculous.

"Yes, it isn’t a firewood that anyone can obtain."

Saying that he came to deliver firewood?

‘Did this person paint oak wood white?’

White wouldn’t be deceived by such a cheap trick. Grid grinned at White and raised a thumb.

"Amazing. Did you see my skills with one glance and gave me a hard task? You knew it from the beginning. I’m able to chop down the white phosphorus tree."

"...?"

White couldn’t understand this nonsense. They were talking face-to-face, but a conversation couldn’t be established. White was in the shade so only his dark skin was visible. Grid pulled out the white phosphorus wood.

"I studied many things thanks to you. Here. It’s what you requested."

‘This isn’t an ordinary trickster.’

This was one of the typical characteristics of a scammer. It was to use ambiguous or distracting words to make a person less vigilant.

‘Hrmm, it won’t work on me.’

White never trusted anyone since being betrayed by his wife. He

was convinced that Grid was a scammer and started to look at the firewood with distrustful eyes.

‘Trying to trick me by painting oak wood white... Heok? Heooooook!!’

White’s face became darker. He looked at the firewood with a disbelieving expression and started looking through them. Then he became more and more shocked.

‘T-This is really white phosphorus wood?’

He was certain. There was no doubt. Thus, White was confused.

‘H-He really cut down the white phosphorus tree?’

The white phosphorus tree wasn’t hard to cut down just because of its hardness. It was the nature of the white phosphorus tree to emit flames as soon as it was hurt. Even if a person managed to cut down the white phosphorus tree, death was waiting for them.

It was impossible to obtain firewood from a living white phosphorus tree. But this black-haired youth in front of White. To be honest, White didn’t catch his name, yet this unknown young man had cut down the white phosphorus tree.

‘...It can’t be!’

The astonished White came to a conclusion. Maybe this man in front of him...

‘A legendary woodcutter!’

Handling gold and silver axes!

‘Once a person reaches the peak in one field, they will become a daoist! Is this a daoist who is about to leave for Shangri-La?’

Yes, it was White’s own mistake when he thought this young man was interested in becoming an apprentice blacksmith. In fact, he wasn’t a blacksmith, but a great woodcutter.

‘Ahh...! Who knew that my smithy would have such a person

helping them?’

Perhaps his father had made a deal with this person to help the White Hammer smithy. He must’ve thought about the old ties with the White Hammer smithy and ran over.

“Thank you! I really appreciate it!”

White was caught in a big misunderstanding and bowed to Grid. Bowing all of a sudden? Grid’s expression stiffened.

“...Thanking me like this, does that mean you didn’t expect it? Don’t tell me that you’re trying to decrease the value?”

Grid’s eyes changed the moment he spoke these words. He also lowered his voice. It was to express a threat about what would happen if White took away some rewards.

‘Ohh! This pressure!’ White felt a big thrill as he looked at Grid. ‘This is really a daoist. In fact, he doesn’t need a reward. But I will feel burdened if he helps me without receiving anything in return.’

The heart was like a sea. White felt really thrilled.

“No way. Of course I will give the appropriate rewards.”

Ttiring~

Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[The quest difficulty of ‘Chop Firewood!’ has been revealed.]

[The quest difficulty of ‘Chop Firewood!’ is SS+.]

[The clearance compensation for Chop Firewood! has changed.]

[The character experience and experience of all skills will increase by 40%.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith’s Breath is now Lv. 7.]

[Blacksmith’s Rage is now Lv. 7.]

[The level of Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link, is now Lv. 8.]

[The level of Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill, is now Lv. 7.]

[The level of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave, is now Lv. 6.]

[The level of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle, is now Lv. 6.]

[The level of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Restraint, is now Lv. 4.]

[The level of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcend, is now Lv. 4.]

[The affinity with White, the master of the White Hammer smithy, has reached the peak!]

[In the future, you can buy all items in the White Hammer smithy at a 20% cheaper price. The goods you sell will be bought for a 20% higher price.]

“...Wow.”

The quest was really difficult. He was convinced when he saw it was an SS+ quest.

‘No, what constitutes an SSS quest?’

Grid thought he was probably the only player able to clear the white phosphorus tree logging quest. It was a quest that only one out of two billion users could clear. Considering the difficulty, he felt like 40% character experience and skills experience was actually less than he deserved. At the very least, he should've gained one level for each. Grid felt regret.

Then White looked at him and asked carefully.

“Perhaps... What is your name?”

“...” This man didn't even know his name? “Grid.”

Grid replied with an absurd expression and White grabbed both his hands.

“Do you know the famous battlegear production competition of Pangea?”

‘Battlegear production competition?’

Grid didn't know. He couldn't answer as White shouted towards him.



“Grid! Please come to watch the competition! In order to repay your hard work, the White Hammer smithy will definitely win this year!”

“Oh...”

Grid’s mouth curved upwards. He couldn’t resist an opportunity to see the skills of the blacksmiths of the East Continent.

“When is the competition?”

"In three days."

‘Okay’

He could spend three days adjusting to the hunting grounds near Pangea and return with loot to sell. Grid made a decision and nodded.

“I understand. I will expect to see something good in three days.”

# Chapter 516

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“Then I’m going.”

The first thing Grid did after leaving the smithy was to set an alarm. It was an alarm so that he would return in time for the battlegear production competition held in three days.

“I’m anticipating it...”

Grid definitely had to watch the competition.

White said that the skills of the blacksmiths participation in the competition were great.

‘The Black Anvil smithy specializes in tanning, the Red Tongs smithy in quenching, and the Blue Flames smithy in the furnace processes?’

It was just like the blacksmiths of the White Hammer smithy being exceptional in forging.

‘This will be a good study.’

Grid had inherited Pagma’s techniques, but his overall experience and knowledge tended to be lacking. The blacksmiths of the East Continent had built up their know-how for many years. Just like with the White Hammer smithy, Grid was expected to be able to learn new things from the competition.

‘I can’t be conceited despite being a legendary blacksmith!’

The proud Grid wanted to learn from less talented blacksmiths in order to reach a higher ground. He puffed up his chest and walked in a dignified manner through the streets.

“Hmm?”

Grid received information that a monster community existed to the north of Pangea and headed to the north gate. He suddenly stopped walking. It was because he heard a familiar name in his ears.

“Try it once! Just one bite of our orc cream pie will have your juices flowing! The combination of the fragrant orc fat and the refreshing cream is perfect! It’s a dish that Pangea’s little hero, Kraugel, admired for being delicious!”

‘Kraugel? Pangea’s little hero?’

The chef was talking about the same Kraugel that Grid knew?

‘Of course.’

Kraugel was the 1st ranked user and created a sensation wherever he went. Not only was he strong and fast at levelling up, he was also famous for his understanding of the quests.

"Kraugel’s name resonates through all the villages and cities that he visits..."

It wasn’t something just spoken between players. Grid smiled bitterly and approached the middle-aged chef.

“One orc cream pie please.”

He was curious to taste the dish that Kraugel praised. In addition, he wanted to know what types of activities Kraugel did here.

‘Why is he called the little hero?’

Grid wasn’t suspicious because he didn’t believe that the word ‘orc’ in front of the name meant the monster orc. He paid 1 silver to pay for drinks service and looked at the pie with anticipation. At first glance, the pie was an orange cream pie. The outside pastry looked crisp and the inside looked moist.

“Ohu.”

Grid thought that 1 silver wasn’t a high price as he took a bite of the pie. His face distorted.

‘Not even a dog would eat this.’

It was cream without the freshness of fruit and was sour like vinegar. It wasn’t smooth and stuck to the tongue. The mean

inside was too tough and chewy. The pie looked crisp on the outside and moist on the inside? More like it was burnt on the outside and poison on the inside.

‘How can this be called food?’

Rather than the ingredients used for this dish, the oxygen consumed by the chef was a waste. The chef approached the angry Grid and asked.

“How is it? Delicious?”

"..."

He was asking sincerely? Grid closed his mouth and the chef, Idan, spoke unabashedly. "Did you know that Kraugel ate four of these pies? They are really delicious!"

“Is this true?”

"Yes, hundreds of people saw it."

“Crazy...”

Grid felt sympathy towards Kraugel. What type of tasteless food did he grow up with that he would praise this garbage pie? Grid hurriedly asked Idan a question. He had lost 1 silver, so he intended to get as much as possible from stepping foot in this restaurant.

“Who is Kraugel? What did he do that made him be called a little hero?”

“Ah, you are an outsider. I noticed that you didn’t know the taste of my pie.”

‘I know.’

Grid barely suppressed the words that tried to come out.

"Pangea was originally a rich and peaceful city for hundreds of years. But two years ago, that peace suddenly ended. Our great lord suffered an illness and his aide, Arube, was appointed as temporary lord."

“Then Arube was a bad person and Kraugel defeated him?”

“Hat... Hum hum, it’s similar but different. Excuse me, this person. Please listen to everything I have to say first. I want to talk.”

It felt like Idan had a lot of say.

"Anyway, the story is as you predicted until the middle. Arube, who was famous for his good behavior, became a tyrant after being appointed as the lord. He came out from time to time to harass women, took away land from farmers using all types of excuses, and raised the taxes.”

It was too obvious. Grid’s ears pricked with interest as Idan’s story entered a new phase.

“One day, monsters started to infest the areas near Pangea. Pangea, where monsters have never showed up for hundreds of years!”

“Is it the monster habitat in the north?”

“Right, right. They were really frightening. The monsters moved systematically like an army and dealt tremendous damage to Pangea. People grumbled and hated the monsters that seemed to fall from the sky. We couldn’t resist them and were trampled on helplessly.”

“Then Kraugel appeared?”

"Yes! Our little hero appeared! As if he fell from the sky, he appeared and took down one or two monsters.”

'One or two? The sky above the sky?'

Grid thought that it would be something amazing, but it was surprisingly simple.

‘Usually stories are exaggerated when talking about heroism... Ah.’

Grid realized.

‘The monsters on the East Continent are extremely strong.’

The monsters that invaded Pangea. Even Kraugel could barely deal with one or two. That’s what the chef said.

“Despite Kraugel’s presence, Pangea couldn’t escape from the crisis. The monsters were too strong. The cavalry and strategies that Pangea are proud of didn’t work... Yes, it was like someone was directing them to attack Pangea.”

"Was that person Arube?"

“Huh?” Idan couldn’t help feeling admiration. "How are you able to infer the story so easily and accurately? Are you perhaps a detective? Can you find the puppy that disappeared from my house?"

"..."

It was a tiring style. Grid remained silent and Idan went back to the main point.

"Yes, the monsters were controlled by Arube. More than 2,000 monsters were controlled by one person. Isn’t it truly amazing? Arube was just an ordinary civilian before this!"

“Wow, amazing.”

The story was so obvious that it wasn’t anything special. Grid felt irritated because he had to eat unpleasant food and thought this was a waste of time.

"In fact, there was a reversal here. Arube wasn’t Arube. It was a wicked demon who killed Arube, disguised himself, and then tried to destroy Pangea.”

‘This is the true story.’

Anyway, things had become clear. The daoist priests of the East Continent were completely different from the magicians of the West Continent.

‘A legendary great magician wouldn’t be able to control 2,000

monsters like limbs, right?’

‘Right. It is impossible even for a taming master. Not all of them are strong, but it’s better to be on the lookout.’

‘Yes, let’s go.’

Grid rose from his seat after Braham’s answer when Idan blocked him.

“That’s why. Find traces of the great hero who helped kill the evil daoist priest that the little hero Kraugel couldn’t defeat alone.”

Was this a quest? Why else would it go back to the true story? Grid had just come to a conclusion when a quest window appeared in front of him.

[Find the Traces of the Great Hero!]

Difficulty: A

The evil daoist priest revealed his identity. The small hero Kraugel fought with him and tasted despair. Pangea seemed to be on the verge of destruction.

But then a mysterious hero appeared. Later, the people of Pangea praised him as the great hero. The hero instantly defeated the evil daoist priest and saved Pangea from the crisis, but he didn’t disclose his identity and left. This made the residents of Pangea feel sorry. They have a strong desire to find the great hero and give thanks.

In particular, chef Idan has a duty to find the great hero. It is to regain the frying pan that was passed down through the family’s chefs for generations.

Quest Clear Conditions: Find the frying pan somewhere in the monster community.

Quest Clear Reward: Free lifetime use of Idan’s restaurant. 30% character experience.

Quest Failure: Idan, who is famous for his mouth, will talk about

your faults all over Pangea.

“The place where the great hero was last seen was the north! But it has long been famous for the wild beasts and since the monsters arrived, it’s hard for me to head there directly. Please find the great hero’s trail and get my frying pan back!”

“...Ah.”

It certainly wasn’t a bad quest. Grid planned to hunt in the north anyway, so he was in a position to look for the frying pan. If he could find the frying pan, he would receive 30% experience for free. The only disagreeable thing was the free lifetime pass to Idan’s restaurant.

‘...Well, I don’t have to eat there, so there’s no reason to refuse.’

Grid made a decision and nodded.

“I understand. It’s very hard, dangerous, and troublesome, but I will do my best. But I have one question. What is the correlation between the great hero and the frying pan?”

Idan gritted his teeth.

"When he appeared, the evil daoist priest... I was cooking in the kitchen and ran out onto the street with my frying pan. Then I bumped into the damn hero. He took my frying pan and beat the evil daoist priest with it?"

“...He beat the daoist priest with a frying pan?”

“Yes! It was great when the hero hit him with my frying pan! Wonderful and invigorating! But what? He left without returning the item he borrowed! He left with my frying pan!”

"..."

“For a chef, a frying pan is like the soul! It’s like that hero stole my soul! Then he threw it away somewhere without a thought!”

There were really too many words. Just listening to the high voice was tiring. Grid quickly left the restaurant. Then he



immediately left by the north gate.

# Chapter 517

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“Magic Detection.”

Magic Detection (Enhanced) Lv. 2 had a casting time of 5 seconds and a cooldown time of 8 minutes. It was significantly shortened compared to the Lv. 1 Magic Detection.

“Magic Detection.”

After leaving the north gate.

Grid used Magic Detection every time the cooldown was over on the way to the monster community. Thanks to the reduced skill cooldown time option attached to Braham's Boots, Grid was able to use Magic Detection every 5 minutes and 30 seconds.

Why did he keep using Magic Detection? It was to increase the level of Magic Detection while preparing for any unknown danger.

“Magic Detection.”

The East Continent was a suitable environment for raising the level of Magic Detection. Originally, Magic Detection consumed 2,000 mana with every use, making it difficult to use often. However, the environment of the East Continent increased mana regeneration. The Ring of Absurdity reduced the mana consumption by half, and then the East Continent increased the amount of mana regeneration. He predicted that it would be possible to use Magic Detection repeatedly during hunting.

"This ring is really too good."

The Ring of Absurdity obtained from Black. It was much more valuable than a bunch of equipment item. By default, an accessory with a special option attached had low basic abilities. The Ring of Absurdity was an accessory at the peak of all accessories.

‘It would be nice if I could also make accessories...’

Of course, Grid could create simple ‘wearable’ accessories. But

what was the reason for the existence of accessories? It was to satisfy the sense of aesthetics and to give special options that couldn't be implemented on equipment items. The accessories that Grid made weren't worthy because their completeness was poor, they had no options, and they weren't pretty. It was a waste of time, materials, and manpower to make them. Just like Idan's cooking.

“Ugh... I still feel sick. It's amazing that the poor chef's restaurant is still surviving.”

He was sincerely curious about why it wasn't ruined.

'It must not be bankrupt for a reason. Is there a special secret apart from the taste of the dishes?'

The road in the north hadn't been maintained, since it was occupied with monsters. Grid's expression was serious as he moved along the dangerous road filled with weeds and cracks. It was an unknown land where he didn't have the basic information. Grid realized once again that it was an area where he wouldn't receive any help.

'I am ahead of them.'

Grid always felt like he was lagging behind because he compared himself to Kraugel. It felt like he was following the path that Kraugel pioneered. But looking at it objectively, Grid was a leader comparable to Kraugel.

'Soon, I will be able to go ahead of Kraugel.'

The present Grid was much stronger and more versatile than the Kraugel who visited the East Continent. Grid was confident that he could get ahead of Kraugel, giving him a high pride.

'The rankers that I spend a year looking at from a distance...'

Now he was heading for the top. Those who he felt envy and longing towards were now mostly under him.

‘This game is truly rewarding!’

Every human had the natural desire to accomplish something, and the culture that now dominated the world was Satisfy. Being the best here meant being the best in the world. Grid trembled with excitement. Come on! Grid felt like shouting in a loud voice.

The East Continent. Grid felt a sense of liberation as he saw the place where there were only NPCs and no players. It felt like falling onto a rich desert island! The game was much more enjoyable when Grid didn’t have to worry about his dignity as leader of Overgeared. He ran towards the pine forest in the distance with a loud laugh. Hahaha! His laugh was like the crazy person who was present in every city.

‘But it’s amazing.’

Grid was abruptly running around like a dog in heat. Braham was amazed as he watched the pathetic Grid. Despite Grid acting like a fool, he still maintained the appropriate tension.

‘Being cautious even when his heart is excited?’

In other words, there was no gap.

‘There are many things that are lacking because he is still growing, but he already has the minimum requirements to be a legend.’

Looking at the current Grid, someone might see a gap and try an attack.

‘They would die.’

The moment Braham thought this.

Step.

The moment Grid entered the pine forest full of pine needles.

Kyaaaaaoh!

A giant beast appeared and roared at Grid. Yes, it was a beast. Not

a monster. It was a tiger that ran away from the monster community and hid in the forest.

"Die tiger, and leave behind your skin!"

Grid had picked up the tiger's presence with Magic Detection (Enhanced) and had been waiting for it. He cut down the tiger without any hesitation and obtained its leather.

"It's very quiet. Why isn't there a single monster despite the monster community being beyond this forest?"

'It isn't accessible. Don't use your demonic power here.'

"Ah, is it because of this?"

Grid looked at the notification window that popped up the moment he entered the forest.

[This is a forest filled with a refreshing energy. Health and mana regeneration rate will increase by 20%.]

"If I ever experience a dangerous situation when hunting in the monster community, I can escape here."

'It is a big step that you are capable of thinking similar to dogs or cats. It will be fine if you continue to develop steadily in the future.'

Grid wasn't offended by the rough words that Braham spoke. He could feel the emotions from Braham's soul and they weren't negative emotions. Rather, they were full of liking. But Grid also had a nasty personality. He didn't let it pass nicely.

"Tsk tsk, look at the way you are speaking. There's a reason you were betrayed by your only friend."

'...'

Braham was shocked. He was betrayed and killed by his only friend, and now his current friend was teasing him, it was really very sad. However, the legendary great magician wasn't easily shaken by words. He tried to remain calm.

‘H-He, friend... He...wasn’t.’

" ..."

Grid heard the quivering in Braham’s voice and belatedly felt sorry. He coughed with shame and quickly left the forest. The pine forest was small so he could escape quickly. Beyond the forest, the large community of monsters entered his eyes. There were arched tents installed everywhere in the community. There was approximately 500 of them. Assuming that there were two monsters per tent, that was at least 1,000 monsters.

"There are tents and living tools. Doesn’t it seem like the monsters living in this habitat are quite intelligent? Are they lizardmen type monsters?"

Grid consulted Braham’s opinion, but Braham was silent. He was still in a numb, shocked state. As a legendary great magician, he was originally very strong in spirit and his basic tendencies were cruel. But ironically, he was weak towards those he liked.

Grid clicked his tongue at Braham. "How long will you stay like this? You’re not a kid. Aren’t you hundreds of years old?"

In fact, Grid didn’t have any friends except the Overgeared members. His personality wasn’t good enough to make friends and he didn’t notice. In other words, Grid and Braham were in a similar category. He stopped trying to make fun of Braham and quickly understood the characteristics of the monster community.

‘Is it a monster housing complex?’

The 500 tents in the community were separated by 50 meters each and each area was separated by each other by a low fence. Personal space seemed to be important to these monsters.

‘Looking at the tools, they are humanoid monsters, not lizardmen. They like living together.’

A humanoid monster with high standards of living and strong independence. What was it? Grid remained confused no matter

how much he thought about it, and then he realized.

‘Yes, this is the East Continent.’

It was futile to analyze this based on common sense and information from the West Continent.

‘I have to directly see and experience it myself.’

Sururuk.

Grid’s figure disappeared. It was due to the Hooded Zip Up. He secretly moved towards the monster community and approached the nearest tent.

‘There are no signs?’

Was this really a monster community? Did he come to the wrong place? The community was too quiet. Every tent showed no signs of life.

‘Did they all leave?’

However, there would be traces if 1,000 monsters moved somewhere.

‘Don’t tell me...’

Was it nap time? It was nonsense that 1,000 monsters would be napping at the same time. Grid suppressed this ridiculous thought and looked inside the tent. Then he was startled. A rat. No, it was similar to a hamster. A big hamster couple was sleeping inside the tent.

‘The monster is cute?’

No, the cuteness was secondary. It seemed like a monster with the basic ‘hide’ passive. It was difficult to read the information even when looking at it.

‘Isn’t this a scam?’

The moment Grid was confused.

“Muong?”

Kung kung. The hamster couple's noses twitched and they got up. Then they looked around and pinpointed Grid's exact location.

"Kyaak!"

The hamsters opened their mouths widely! The cute couple transformed into monsters in an instant.

"Kuk!"

Grid was stunned as he saw the hundreds of sharp teeth in the hamsters' large mouths. Hundreds of sawtooth-like teeth were deeply embedded in their mouths. It was so gruesome and unhygienic that it was creepy.

"Wow! Braham, do you see this? There is rotten food sandwiched between the teeth... Ugh!"

Grid frowned and blocked his nose.

Hamster. To be precise, the monster called the 'big poisonous rat' gave off a horrible stench when it opened its mouth. The stench was terrible enough to cause confusion and poisoning. He resisted thanks to the legendary status resistance passive, but the discomfort was significant.

"Human! Muong! Kill! Muong!"

The big poisonous rats became agitated by the intruder and started to wield their tridents. Their cute appearance was nowhere to be seen. The black eyes had turned red and the front protruding teeth dripped black poisonous liquid that threatened Grid.

'Fast!'

The attack speed of the big poisonous rats was equivalent to the true blood vampires. Sometimes their tails would accurately strike at Grid's weak points.

Peeng!

The moment he was caught by the hamsters, Grid had switched from the Hooded Zip Up to Lantier's Cloak. The ground where he



had just been standing was hit by the big poisonous rat's trident and exploded. The big poisonous rats caused players to become confused and poisoned just by opening their mouths, then used their quick and strong attacks to kill the player. They were similar to the 'senior monsters' on the West Continent.

Then Grid? He felt excited instead of panicked. He already expected the monsters of the East Continent to be strong. The stronger they were, the more experience they would give.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill!”

This was a somewhat large tent for a human. Grid used the footwork of his sword dance to evade and then linked the attack.

Chaaeng!

Kill accurately struck the hamster couple at the same time. A stunning notification window popped up in front of Grid as he killed them instantly.

[You have defeated a big poisonous rat.]

[35,970,411 experience has been acquired.]

“Kek.”

It was huge. It was far beyond his expectations.

# Chapter 518

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[You have defeated a big poisonous rat.]

[35,970,411 experience has been acquired.]

[A big poisonous rat's gallbladder has been acquired.]

[The big poisonous rat's leather has been acquired.]

[You have defeated a male big poisonous rat.]

[21,899,050 experience has been acquired.]

The hamsters were monsters present near the 'starter' village. They were likely to be located on the lowest level of the East Continent food chain. Nevertheless, they gave excellent experience. The female hamster gave seven times more experience than junior vampires, five times more experience than intermediate vampires and three times more experience than the senior vampires.

'Only the males clearly have a gender label and give less experience. Does this meant it is a matriarchal monster community?'

In fact, it was funny to say that the males gave less experience. The males alone gave two times more experience than the senior vampires.

'By the way, it's really great..'

Grid roughly guessed that Kraugel came to the East Continent before his third advancement. He could hunt monsters like this, even if it was slowly? If the hamster didn't have the poisoning and confusion ability, Grid would simply admire it as being Kraugel. No matter how strong the hamsters, Kraugel would be able to overcome their physical abilities.

'But how did he cope with the abnormal states?'

The cooldown time of the detoxification potion was 10 seconds

and there were no potions to recover from confusion. On the other hand, the hamsters constantly caused poisoning and confusion by opening their mouths throughout the battle.

‘It would be possible if Kraugel had accessories to resist poison and confusion...’

However, it was questionable if he would have status resistance accessories at the time.

‘No way, did he just block his nose?’

Satisfy’s system considered realism, so Grid directly blocked his nose. But it was impossible to block out the stench.

“Oof.”

Grid felt nauseous and left the tent. Braham watched the pathetic Grid and finally opened his mouth.

‘Did you forget what the chef of Pangea said? The monster community formed here after Pangea was invaded.’

The hamsters were likely to be one of the monsters defeated in the Pangea invasion and settled here afterwards.

‘They weren’t born near the village, so they might be a powerful monster species. Don’t assume that the big poisonous rats are the weakest monster on the East Continent.’

“Well... Indeed.”

The East Continent was very difficult. Since Satisfy’s opening, 31 people had visited the East Continent in three years. The East Continent was sure to have overwhelmingly higher content than the West Continent. But Satisfy was a game that considered balance. Since there was the possibility of exchanges between the two continents in the future, the gap between the continents couldn’t be too large.

‘That’s right. No matter how difficult the content of the East Continent, the hamsters can’t be the weakest monster here.’

Assuming that the hamsters were the weakest monsters, it meant that the soldiers of the East Continent had at least the strength of a hamster, which didn't make sense.

"Well, whatever. I just have to beat them. That's why I came here."

There was no need to complicate it unnecessarily. Grid checked the information of the loot he picked up.

[Big Poisonous Rat's Gallbladder]

A gallbladder filled with poison.

Upon taking it, you will become poisoned for 10 minutes and receive all types of conditions.

However, poisoning and confusion tolerance will permanently increase by 0.03% afterwards.

Weight: 1

[Big Poisonous Rat's Leather]

Smelly and tough leather.

It is difficult to use in real life because the odor doesn't disappear.

Weight: 30

"Wow."

Grid's eyes widened. This was the first time he saw an item that increased the resistance to an abnormal state.

'A lot of rich people will invest money to buy things like this gallbladder.'

Grid had the status conditions resistance passive, so items that increased resistance to abnormal statuses were useless to him. But there were those who weren't legends. For two billion users, status conditions were a challenge that must always be overcome. Everyone thought it was important to increase their resistance.

'This would be pretty expensive!'

The value would be at least one million won. But Grid didn't have any thoughts about registering the gallbladder in the auction house. It was because it would hurt him if others increased their resistance to status conditions.

'Don't put it on the auction house. Gather more and sell them to the guild members.'

Grid didn't intend to give it for free. He closed his inventory and approached another tent. He looked inside and saw a pair of sleeping hamsters.

"Another couple?"

Grid felt complex and subtle emotions.

'Do I have to hunt a couple every time?'

Wasn't he destroying a family? Grid hesitated before shaking his head. Setting aside NPCs, there would be no limit if he started feeling empathy for monsters. Grid controlled his mind and separated the +7 Sword Ghost into the long sword and short sword form. He used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcend, and swung his weapons continuously.

Peng!

Pepepepeong!

The energy blades fired from the long sword were powerful and destructive, while the short sword was small and relatively stealthy. Grid bombarded the hamsters in the tent without causing much disturbance, and the sleeping hamsters in the surrounding tents didn't wake up.

"Muong! It hurts!"

"Human! Kill! Muong!"

The hamsters were furious about being beaten in the middle of their sweet nap. It worsened as they watched their nest being torn apart. They grabbed their tridents and rushed towards Grid. But

they couldn't reach him. The God Hands wielded Mjolnir and defended Grid.

Peok!

Peok peok peok!

“Muong! Muong! Muong!”

There was nothing strange with the Mjolnirs. The hamster couple fell into an infinite stiffness. As the golden hammers moved from left to right and alternated attacks, the hamsters lost a lot of health. Grid finished them off, receiving a lot of experience and another gallbladder.

"Isn't the drop rate surprisingly high?"

No, it was nonsense that an item that permanently increased resistance to abnormal statues would have a high drop rate. Grid interpreted it differently.

"That's right, the drop rate isn't high. It is purely because of my good luck stat!"

He had 16 points in his good luck stat! Grid put a big significance on it. However, 16 points in a stat actually had no meaning. Looking at it, didn't Jude have 20 intelligence? It was just 16 points in good luck. But Grid felt infinitely positive. It was the good luck stat that he got after living unhappily most of his life.

"Hunting is relatively easy. Hit them with the God Hands while they're sleeping and then finish them off. Simple."

The large distance between the tents was helping Grid. It didn't seem dangerous unless he made a lot of noise. Grid smiled with satisfaction as he moved next door to slaughter the couple. The couple in the next tent and the couple in the tent after that...

‘Dammit.’

Grid shook as he watched the dying hamsters hold each other. This hunting was too terrible. It wouldn't be strange if he obtained

the title 'Couple Slaughterer.' Braham scoffed. 'Are you feeling compassion for creatures? That is a severe weakness.'

"No, doesn't it look cute? Loving each other like that. It doesn't matter if they're monsters."

He didn't know why he had to hunt couples. Making a player slaughter couples in Satisfy, there was probably a psychopath on the development team.

"Okay. I have cleaned up the outskirts."

There were 500 tents filled with hamsters. He took care of the tents on the outskirts in order, then headed a little deeper. Due to the nature of the circular formation, the closer he got to the center, the narrower the distance between tents became. If he made a mistake then he would have to fight at least four hamsters.

"Well, it isn't bad."

The experience of the hamsters was similar to the true blood vampires. But their overall strength was less than the true blood vampires. Of course, the true blood vampires were also different in level. Grid was looking at the average ones. The true blood vampires weren't a problem for Grid, so hunting several vampires at once wasn't an issue.

"I should reduce their numbers as much as possible before nap time ends. Now I will begin in earnest."

Suuuk.

Four golden hands rose behind Grid. Grid grasped that the mana regeneration rate was 1.5 times faster than normal and commanded the God Hands.

"Shoot!"

Pepepepeok!

The Magic Missile bombardment fell on the hamsters.

Taack!

Grid rushed with the God Hands and raided the hamsters. The hamsters tried to defend or counterattack, but the combination of the God Hands and Mjolnirs was perfect.

“Revolve.”

Jjeejeeong!

While fighting in the vampire cities, Grid had become more efficient in using the God Hands in combat. Rather than defending against the enemy’s attacks with the God Hands, Grid handled them directly while the God Hands swung Mjolnir during that time. Once the target was stiffened?

“Linked Kill.”

Puok! Puk! Puk puk!

He would finish them off.

"Good.”

Two pairs of couples... No, four hamsters died and Grid leisurely picked up the items they dropped.

“...Eh?”

On one side of the tent. He was something that was very familiar to modern people. It was a frying pan. Grid was surprised and checked its information.

“Unbelievable...”



# Chapter 519

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[Big Poisonous Rat's Frying Pan]

Durability: 5/9 Attack Power: 2

\* When equipped, Beginner Cooking skill Lv.1 will be generated.

A favorite cooking tool for the big poisonous rats.

The big poisonous rats cook all types of food in this frying pan and use it as tableware at the same time.

It is a frying pan made with coarse technology, but it's better than nothing.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 70

"...How did this happen?"

He thought it was Idan's frying pan. But it turned out to be the hamster's frying pan. Grid was baffled.

"No, this is ridiculous. Where in the world is there a hamster that cooks with a frying pan?"

Of course, he knew that the intelligence of the big poisonous rats was very high because he experienced it himself. Looking at the language skills and living standards, they seemed much better than orcs or goblins. But in order to create tools, the concept itself was actually needed.

In the end, the big poisonous rats were monsters. They were bound to be faithful to their survival instincts. This meant they understood that tools were needed to catch prey, producing weapons. But frankly, it was amazing that they even thought about cooking.

"They normally eat raw meat. It's funny that monsters have a desire for gourmet food."

Would they also be interested in cleanliness? However, they had bad breath. They should've made a toothbrush as well as a frying pan. Grid threw the frying pan to one side and left the tent.

'The hamsters came up with the idea of making a frying pan from somewhere.'

Maybe it was because Idan's frying pan was abandoned here?

'To clarify. They would've been influenced after finding Idan's frying pan. Then things will fall into place.'

Tak.

The tent was in tatters from the aftermath of the battle. Grid lightly moved to the center of the big poisonous rats' community. An exceptionally large tent appeared. It was 10 times bigger than a typical tent.

'Over here.'

It was the location of the boss of the big poisonous rats.

'There's a high possibility that Idan's frying pan is inside there.'

The problem was reaching there. Should he break through one point, or keep methodically getting rid of the tents on the edges?

'It would be nice if I could go straight.'

The gap between tents was really large. He would need to smash the tents in front of it, but that wasn't a problem. Just.

'If I reach the boss with most of the tents untouched...'

The risk was too big. It would be annoying if the boss had a skill to call its surrounding allies. He might be swarmed by tens or hundreds in an instant, leading to death.

'I will move forward from the outskirts. That will be easiest.'

In any case, there were no players on the East Continent. He didn't need to worry about anyone stealing his prey.

"Right. There's no need to fret."

It felt like having a whole server to himself! Grid decided to eat comfortably and moved with slow but sure steps. He moved steadily from the outer tents towards the center of the community, killing the hamsters. The result.

[You have defeated a big poisonous rat.]

[36,445,900 experience has been acquired.]

[A big poisonous rat's gallbladder has been acquired.]

[You have defeated a male big poi...]

[Your level has risen!]

[As someone with a second class, you will receive a level up bonus. 12 stat points have been acquired.]

[Six points have been forcibly invested into intelligence due to the influence of the second class, Legendary Great Magician.]

[Your intelligence is over 1,300.]

[A new magic spell can now be learned!]

It was already his second level up since arriving at the monster community. By destroying hundreds of peaceful homes, Grid reached level 319 and surpassed 1,300 intelligence. But Grid felt ashamed rather than happy.

"I... I am a homewrecker."

The big poisonous rats were very loving. The couples were sleeping in the beds and before their death, they gazed at each other gently.

'Is this a new form of torture?'

A hunting system that made players feel guilty. It left a bad taste. Grid felt increasingly sure there was a psychopath in the Satisfy development team. Braham prompted the agonized Grid.

'Rejoice! You get to experience my strength which is different from the inferior people in the world!'

The greatest power in the world? It was his magic. Braham was confident about it. He wanted to remind Grid of his greatness. On the other hand, Grid became excited.

‘New magic!’

It was the second time since he got this second class. Apart from Magic Missile that he acquired by default, he had only learned Magic Detection. The reason was his low intelligence. Despite having the class ‘legendary great magician,’ it was very sad because he could only use Magic Missile and Magic Detection.

But now wasn’t the time to be sad. The opportunity to acquire legendary magic would come as he increased his intelligence! Grid was filled with tremendous excitement and anticipation.

"Now I can use Fireball!"

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

Ttiring~

[A new magic spell can now be learned.]

[Alarm (Enhanced) Lv. 1]

A spell developed by the legendary great magician who has completely overturned the activation formula.

You can set all types of alarm sounds at the desired timing and location.

As the level rises, the diversity of the sounds and the range will increase.

Resource Consumption: 500 Mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 minute.

-If you use this spell three times in Great Magician mode, you will learn it.

“...?”

Grid was stunned after verifying the notification window. He

couldn't understand the situation properly as Braham's laughter rang in his ears.

‘Huhuhut. This alarm...’

"Noisy... No, be quiet."

‘...?’

“Please be quiet.”

Grid wanted to be alone. It was common knowledge that the lowest level magic included Alarm, but he never dreamt that Alarm would be acquired after Magic Missile and Magic Detection.

‘Isn't it a spell that should be learned by default like Magic Missile?’

What garbage spell needed 1,300 intelligence to learn? Grid was stunned as his expectations were shattered. He was so frustrated that killing intent slowly filled his eyes. The anger boiling in his heart needed an outlet.

“Kill...”

Kkuok.

He tightly gripped the Sword Ghost. Grid gritted his teeth and walked into the nearest tent. It was the beginning of the fierce but stealthy slaughter. Grid didn't have any hesitation about killing the loving hamster couple. He couldn't afford to care about other people's circumstances right now.

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“Hah... Hah... I can now live a little.”

The large community of tents filled with big poisonous mice. All of their tents were burned, torn, or collapsed. It was the result of Grid's massacre that took half a day. There was only one thing still intact in front of him. The large tent in the center of the community. It was the place with the hamster boss and where Idan's frying pan should be located.

The level 320 Grid used Magic Detection. It was to gauge the existence of the boss and to roughly guess the level.

[Magic Detection (Enhanced) has been used.]

[Magic Detection (Enhanced) has risen from Lv.2 to Lv.3!]

[The power of Magic Detection (Enhanced) has increased! Magic Detection can now identify the target's stats!]

Name: Strong Male Rat

Level: ???

Class: ???

Stats: ???

Species: Big Poisonous Rat

Status: Monster

Name: Queen Rat

Level: ???

Class: ???

Stats: ???

Species: Big Poisonous Rat

Status: Monster

"Two here as well..."

The boss didn't even enjoy a harem and was a single-minded couple!

"Truly principled rats!"

Grid had felt expectant when the level of Magic Detection rose. Now he was once again angry. It was because the status windows showed question marks, making him feel betrayed by Magic Detection.

'My Magic Detection is a great magic. The only thing lacking is

your intelligence.'

"Haha! That's right! Blame me! It's my fault that Alarm magic was created! Shit!"

Why would a legendary magician use Alarm? The moment he became upset at Braham. Grid unwittingly raised his voice and it was transmitted to the hamsters inside the tent.

"Muong? Why is a human here?"

"You will pay the price for impeding our happy nap time. Muong."

The queen hamster wearing a crude crown and cloak was huge. She was twice as big as Grid. The hamster queen showed off her white chest fur proudly and pulled out a paw from her red cloak. She pointed the paw at Grid.

"Muong. Humans are nasty because they have no fur. So disgusting. Muong, I'll kill you right away."

The queen hamster also used a trident as a weapon.

Swaeek!

The queen's trident was fast and seemed like it would skewer Grid. Grid hurriedly avoided it while Braham spoke.

'Leave it to me. I will show you how to use Alarm.'

"..."

How to use Alarm? Grid didn't expect much. But he couldn't ignore Braham's words.

'The Alarm spell can be used during a battle?'

Magic used by a legendary great magician. It wasn't trivial if he thought about it calmly.

"Okay."

Sururuk.

Grid’s hair turned white.



# Chapter 520

---

[Assimilation has been used.]

[You have become one with Braham's soul. Control of your body has been given to Braham.]

[Your class will be changed from Pagma's Descendant to Legendary Great Magician.]

[Braham is searching for intelligence related items.]

[Malacus' Cloak has been equipped.]

[The Holy Light Crown has been equipped.]

[There are no wearable items.]

Sururuk.

The moment that Grid used Assimilation. The angular jaw full of muscular beauty became thinner and the muscled shoulders and forearms changed.

“Kukukuk!”

White hair flowed down underneath the crown. The white skin contrasted with the ruby eyes, creating a mysterious atmosphere. It was the emergence of the legendary great magician Braham, who was once a vampire.

“I never thought this body would be used to get rid of rats. It's refreshing.”

Braham laughed with an arrogant attitude. Grid prompted him three seconds after Assimilation started.

‘Come on, use magic! Don't waste Assimilation again and be vigilant!’

“You're a legend. Don't feel worried like the other lowly people.”

Braham clicked his tongue and waved his hand. Then a master level Magic Missile (Enhanced) was created and circled around

him. Grid was startled.

‘How are you doing that?’

Magic Missile was the type of magic that launched after specifying the target. It immediately flew to the target as soon as it was used. There was no way to stop it in place. That was common sense.

Pajik!

Pachichik!

A ball of mana, which contained explosion power, was thrown up beside Braham. Braham gave an amazing answer to Grid.

"It's Alarm."

‘What? Alarm?’

“Alarm is something that rings with no limit and isn't simply noise.”

‘...?’

"The Alarm spell is meant to ring in specified situations and times. Therefore, Alarm is inherently a timer magic. Then I strengthened that timer magic.”

‘I don't understand what you're saying. What does that have to do with stopping Magic Missile?’

“Before using the magic, I entered the command ‘act when the alarm rings.’ It is like the ticking time bomb that dwarves make.”

‘Ticking time bomb?’

Braham's clear example helped Grid understand. At that moment.

“Muong! Human! You dare invade the queen's castle! Myong!”

The intermediate boss of the monster community, the Strong Male Rat, shouted. He only targeted the white-haired Grid, Braham. Braham revolved mana around him and didn't care. It

was either bravery or ignorance. The big poisonous rats were a clever species, but they were a physical species and couldn't use magic. The proof was that there were no magicians or shamans in the rat community.

“Muong!”

The wild-eyed Strong Male Rat reached Braham and stabbed with his trident. Braham precisely matched the timing.

Didididi!

There was a beeping sound from the Magic Missile hanging around Braham.

Peeeeeeong!

“...!”

The male rat was hit by the Magic Missile and fell back without even screaming.

“Watch.”

A few steps away from the male rat, Braham cast a total of six Magic Missiles simultaneously. It was the multi-spellcasting that could be achieved as a result of combining the master level Magic Missile and the legendary great magician passive.

Pa-ang!

Paang! Pang! Papapapang!

‘Wow...’

Grid admired it. The white mana balls looked like moonlight around Braham. They were like illusions, but also beautiful. Grid had no artistic sense and even he could tell. He switched to the observer's viewpoint and captured the current scene with a screenshot.

‘I should set it as my phone wallpaper.’

He was the only one who had even seen the wallpaper for his

phone.

“M-Muong...! Cowardly human!”

How could the Strong Male Hamster be humiliated by a human with the Queen Rat watching? The male rat was ashamed and angry, and once again rushed towards Braham. His speed wasn't lacking compared to Grid and the trident overwhelmed Grid's strength.

‘At least level 400?’

The intermediate boss was incredibly strong. It was unknown how strong the Queen Rat would be. A chill went down Grid's spine.

Didididi!

Didididididi!

The six Magic Missiles around Braham all sounded an alarm. And.

Peng!

Pepepepeng!

“...!”

One pierced the male rat's chest, two in the side, one in the elbow of both hands, and the last one in a vital spot. The Magic Missile accurately pierced between his eyes. The male rat once again couldn't scream as he shed blood, while Braham made a ridiculing sound.

“This is one of the ways to use the Alarm spell. Predict when and how the enemy will move, set the time, and assign it to an attack spell. Then your attack spell will smash the enemy at the correct timing. With a minimum of magic, you can exert the same power as the God Hands.”

‘...’

Grid understood what Braham was saying. But anticipating the opponent's action in real time during a battle, setting the time for the Alarm spell, as well as the attack magic trajectory? Wasn't it impossible unless it was Braham? Braham assured the embarrassed Grid.

"There is an easier way of using it."

Tak!

Braham kicked the male rat that was trying to rise and withdrew back. Then he summoned another six Magic Missiles. Four Magic Missiles flew simultaneously towards the charging male rat.

"I won't take it anymore! Myong!"

The male rat swung its trident in a line.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The powerful force struck the four Magic Missiles and destroyed them.

Ssik!

The male rat smiled with satisfaction. As soon as he swung the trident at the four Magic Missiles, the other two Magic Missiles and another six summoned by Braham had already hit him.

Pepepepeng!

"Muoong!"

The male rat flew after he was beaten by eight Magic Missiles. Braham shrugged.

"It's much easier to take advantage of attacks like this and the effect isn't bad. Alarm magic will be a big help."

The level of Grid's Magic Missile was still low. The cooldown was slower than the master level Magic Missile, so it was impossible to use two or more at the same time. But what if he used the Alarm spell? Grid could summon multiple Magic Missiles in sequence.

‘Keep in mind that Alarm can only be attached to magic itself. The distance is also limited. In particular, the Lv.1 Alarm is much more restricted. Well, you will soon know if you use it.’

‘Doesn’t the description say I can use it anywhere?’

“That is a description of the magic itself. Once learned, the level specific explanations will be more detailed.”

‘Um...’

Could he really use it? Braham gave encouragement to Grid who wasn’t confident.

"In fact, it’s easy to take advantage of Alarm.”

“Myooooong!”

The ragged male rat jumped up. Braham looked at the beaten up rat and raised a finger. Then he snapped it. And...

Wiiiiiiing!

“Kyaaaak!”

There was an annoying ringing sound from right next to the male rat’s ear. At that moment, the male rat’s eardrum burst and he sank down, his nose bleeding. It was the ‘forced balance loss’ state that couldn’t be resisted.

‘Making the alarm ring from his body...?’

Wasn’t this a complete scam? It was a perfect disruption. Even a legendary’s passive resistance couldn’t resist it. Braham spoke with consternation as Grid felt admiration.

"Well, to be honest, this can only be done at the master level for Alarm. Lv.1 Alarm should be like this.”

Clack!

Braham snapped his finger again.

Pipipipipi!

The alarm started to ring loudly beside the male rat's 'ear.' Braham fired Magic Missile at the completely wide-open male rat and grinned, revealing his white teeth.

“Does this look good enough for you?”

Braham was filled with pride about the enhanced magic he created. Grid didn't deny him.

‘Amazing... The best.’

It was huge. A legendary rated magic. A notification window popped up in front of the shaking Grid.

[You have destroyed the Strong Male Rat!]

[205,700,890 experience has been acquired.]

[The Strong Male Rat's Gallbladder has been acquired.]

[The Strong Male Rat's Heart has been acquired.]

[5 blessed weapon enhancement stones have been acquired.]

[4 blessed armor enhancement stones have been acquired.]

[Congratulations! You have learned Alarm (Enhanced)!]

[The duration of Assimilation is over.]

[You have regained control of your flesh.]

[Braham's soul has temporarily dimmed.]

“...Eh?”

It was already three minutes? When he was in school, he used to fall asleep in less than a minute and only focused on class for three minutes. Grid was very upset as his black hair returned. But it was only for a moment. He suddenly realized reality and was overwhelmed with despair.

The Queen Rat. The real boss of the big poisonous rat community didn't have a single scratch on her.

“Human. You killed my husband. Myang.”

“...Ah.”

Damn Braham. Couldn't he have killed the queen rat first? Grid confirmed that his mana was depleted and summoned the God Hands to keep the queen rat in check. Then he ran away. First of all, he needed to buy enough time to take two mana potions.



# Chapter 521

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[You have taken a high grade mana potion.]

“Shit.”

The alchemy facility in Reidan produced the superior mana potion. If he could take it, Grid would've filled up all his mana with only one potion. But the high grade potion only filled half his mana.

‘That Rabbit...’

Before going to the East Continent. When Grid had requested the potion, Rabbit couldn't raise his head.

‘The potions we have built up over the last few months has been depleted because they were supplied to the Overgeared members who participated in the war. I'm sorry.’

Damn alchemy! He had questioned the value of the facility ever since the ‘coolness’ option was attached to Iyarugt. Reidan's economy had recovered and was growing, but Rabbit still had an obsession with alchemy.

‘There is little effectiveness and it's just wasting money.’

However, the higher the level of alchemy, the more types of options that could be attached to the item. It was also possible to produce enhancement stones themselves in the future. Grid had poured a huge amount of gold into the alchemy facility. He couldn't stop supporting alchemy now. Therefore, he could only hope that it would become useful in the future.

“Myaang! My husband's enemy is laughing!”

The outraged Queen Rat kept chasing him. Grid ran with all his strength, but the Queen Rat gradually narrowed the distance. Grid stopped thinking and summoned the God Hands.

“Buy me some time.”

The level difference between the hamster couples was generally around 20 levels. The female rats were always at least 20 levels higher than the male rats. Based on the assumption that the Queen Rat was at least level 420, Grid didn't dare face the Queen Rat head on. He planned to use the newly acquired Alarm spell to create a favorable situation for himself.

Kung!

Kung kung!

The ground shook every time the Queen Rat took a step. He didn't know how she carried her weight despite her wrists and ankles being thinner than Grid's.

‘This monster!’

There was the possibility that Grid could be overwhelmed and commanded the God Hands to attack. First of all, he had the God Hand swing the Ultimate Enhanced Mjolnir at the Queen Rat. It was the precursor of infinite stiffness. The Ultimate Enhanced Mjolnir boasted a 100% accuracy rate and struck the Queen Rat's head hard.

Peeok!

[The Ultimate Enhanced Mjolnir has caused the target to stiffen for 0.15 seconds.]

‘What...?’

Originally, the Ultimate Enhanced Mjolnir caused 0.3 seconds of stiffness. Then what was this 0.15 seconds?

‘Is it a 50% resistance to status conditions? Or is it due to the level difference?’

A chill went down Grid's spine. The Queen Rat quickly recovered from the stiff and blocked the strikes of the other God Hands with her trident. Then her red eyes glowed as she hit the God Hands.

[God Hand (1) has received a strong shock and has become stiff.]

'Dammit!'

0.15 seconds was too short. It seemed impossible to cause infinite stiffness to the Queen Rat because she could recover before the other God Hands would link their attacks.

“Myaang!”

The Queen Rat caused all the God Hands to stiffen and threw her trident at Grid.

Kuwaaaaaang!

It was like a fighter jet was flying. The trident rushed through the atmosphere like a missile. Grid responded instantly.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

He had to run while waiting for the cooldown time of the potion to be over. How could he take advantage of Alarm to knock down that monster? He actively used his brain and coped with the thrown trident by using Revolve.

Peeeeeeong!

The rotated light and trident hit each other.

Puook!

[You have dealt 190,300 damage to the target.]

The trident was turned around by Revolve and stabbed at the chest of the Queen Rat. The Queen Rat suffered 200,000 damage in one blow, but didn’t slow down at all.

“Muong!”

She pulled the trident out and chased after Grid again with the trident. Grid was able to figure out one feature of the Queen Rat.

‘She will unconditionally use a throwing attack once we’re a certain distance apart?’

If he knew it in advance, it wasn’t difficult to cope with.

Kuwoooooh!

The trident made a loud sound like an animal's roar. Grid confirmed that the cooldown time of the mana potion returned, drank it, and used Blackening and Quick Movements.

Peeng!

Grid disappeared just before the trident reached him. The only thing left in his place were the remains of demonic power.

“Muong?”

The Queen Rat started to explore the area to find Grid. But he wasn't easy to find. It was because Grid wore the Hooded Zip Up the moment he had escaped. It was only a matter of seconds before the Queen Rat could find Grid, so Grid needed to catch her during this time.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship.”

Grid appeared in the space where there was nothing. His position was above the Queen Rat's head.

“Muoong!

The Queen Rat grasped Grid's position immediately using her excellent sense of hearing. She showed a ridiculous reaction rate. She avoided Grid's Pinnacle and prepared to counterattack. However, the Queen Rat hesitated before attacking. It was due to the God Hands. The God Hands had recovered from the stiffness and aimed at the Queen Rat with Mjolnir.

'It's the end if I kill that human! Myong!'

Then Queen Rat made a decision quickly. She hesitated for only a moment. She ignored the attacks of the God Hands and waved her tail at the enemy human who killed her husband.

Peeok!

Like a bee's stinger, the sharp tail hit Grid's face. In return, the Queen Rat allowed a hit from the Mjolnirs and became stiff for a

total of 0.3 seconds. At this time.

Sururuk.

Grid flew back after being hit by the tail and changed into Randy.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

The voice of the ‘real’ Grid was heard behind the stiffened Queen Rat.

“...Myong!”

It was a fake? The Queen Rat’s eyes widened with surprise. She looked just like a hamster! Honestly, the expression was cute. But Grid wasn’t deceived by the outward appearance and connected the skill to the end.

“Linked Kill!”

“Myaang!”

It was too late. 0.3 seconds of stiffness was too short. The Queen Rat was released from the stiffness and avoided the God Hands’ next attacks. She intended to counter the human’s attack. However...

“Muong?”

The Queen Rat was stunned. Didn’t she clearly hear the voice of the human using a skill behind her? Why was there nothing when she turned back? The moment that the Queen Rat was feeling confused.

“Linked Kill Wave.”

Grid’s voice was heard from the sky. That’s right. The real Grid was in the sky. Grid’s voice that the Queen Rat heard behind her was merely a fake recorded with the Alarm spell. As soon as he learned new magic, Grid applied it properly in practice.

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The bombardment of black energy blades!

"Kyaaaaang!"

The Queen Rat screamed from the pain. In the interim, the God Hands continued to attack the Queen Rat and Grid took another mana potion. He accumulated Magic Missiles.

‘Magic Missile. Magic Missile. Magic Missile.’

Magic Missile (Enhanced) Lv. 3 could be used once per second. He summoned it every time the cooldown returned and attached the Alarm spell to it. The result.

Kuoooooh.

Right now, Grid was as splendid as the sun as he floated in the sky. There were lumps of white mana around him.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

“Uhh!”

By now, the Queen Rat had learned the name of Grid’s skills. In the midst of the bombardment of energy blades and Mjolnir, she caught Grid speaking the name of a skill. She used the ‘Maintain Dignity’ skill that was the privilege of the queen who led the big poisonous rats.

Paaaang!

Maintain Dignity was a one-time override threat skill that a few leaders of a species had. The effect was absolute. The energy pouring from the Queen Rat caused the God Hands to stiffen and the Queen Rat rushed forward.

“Myaang!”

The angry Queen Rat’s voice was heard to Grid’s right. This time, it was an attack where she intended to kill her husband’s enemy. But once again, the Queen Rat went hungry. The real Grid was in the sky while Grid’s voice that she heard was a fake caused by the Alarm spell.

"This magic is a scam. Right?"

Ssik!

The Grid in the sky laughed and ridiculed the Queen Rat. The moment that the Queen Rat's anger soared into the sky.

"Where are you looking, nyang?"

Noe suddenly appeared behind the Queen Rat and swallowed her. It was the activation of Soul Ingestion. The Queen Rat's highest stat was weakened. The crisis of the Queen Rat started from here.

"Sublime Sword."

The Queen Rat appeared again with fur wet with saliva. A demon stood in front of her confused self. It was a white-haired old demon.

Sakak-!

"Myaang!"

A swordsman who had even threatened a great demon. The Sublime Sword struck the Queen Rat's chest. The Queen Rat screamed as she suffered a great deal of damage and Grid in the sky pounced. He fired 50 Magic Missiles as well as Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle Kill. Then...

Kuwaaaaaaaang!

The past 2 years. The center of the monster community that made the people of Pangea tremble was ruined. It was an extraordinary accomplishment created by a single man passing by the East Continent.

# Chapter 522

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[The +8 Holy Light Gloves's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated!]

[The +9 Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated!]

[The +9 Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill 'Bisect' to be used!]

[Pinnacle Kill has completely ignored the target's attack!]

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title 'Death in One Shot!' has been activated, adding 30% critical damage!]

[The weak spot has been attacked! Further damage will be dealt!!]

[Magic Missile has pierced the target.]

[Magic Missile has pierced the target.]

[Magic Missile...]

...

...

[You have dealt 23,230,470 damage to the target.]

[You have renewed the highest damage record!]

[The effectiveness of the title: 'Death in One Shot' has increased. Critical damage will increase by 10%!]

[You are establishing unparalleled damage achievements. The protection of War God Zeratul has slightly increased attack power, defense, and penetration power.]

[The blessings of God Dominion and War God Zeratul have combined to give the hidden passive skill 'God's Command.']

[God's Command]



Rating: SSS

The strongest passive attack power skill related to domain and ruling ability.

When using an attack skill, there is a 50% chance to reset the cooldown. Reuse of a reset skill within 3 seconds won't consume resources.

“Ugh...!”

The mass of notification windows was confusing. Grid dimly grasped that the notification windows contained positive contents. But he didn't have time to verify the details. The situation was desperate.

'Shit!'

40 minutes. He had been moving through the community for a long time. Then he consumed his stamina avoiding the Queen Rat's attacks while tying Alarm to Magic Missile. He freely took advantage of Alarm magic. But the result was the worst.

‘What is this crazy health?’

He had been uneasy since he saw that the stat Noe took from the Queen Rat was stamina. The Queen Rat was a perfect tank-type boss monster and didn't die even after suffering heavy damage from Grid. She still had two-thirds of her health left. She was a monster with ridiculously high health.

“Pant... Pant... What the hell should I do against this rat?”

His stamina gauge was flashing. It was a warning that if he didn't take a break right now, he would fall into a state of incapacity. But the monster. How could he rest when a boss monster was right in front of him?

"Noe, can you carry me and bring me away?"

“Nyahahat! I am the best demonic beast of hell! But I am too small to carry Master... Nyang.”

“Kuk.”

The best demonic beast of hell, a memphis. Grid had never once felt envious of other players since acquiring him. But at this moment, he felt envious.

‘I would’ve been able to run away if I had a wyvern.’

The Queen Rat couldn’t fly. If he had a bit more stamina remaining, Grid would be able to get away with Fly.

‘Mana isn’t a problem.’

His mana could be replenished by taking potions, but stamina could only recover naturally.

‘I still lack the ability to manage my stamina.’

There was never an end to learning. While Grid was thinking about his own shortcomings.

“Muoong... Hu...man... The enemy of my clan...”

The Queen Rat on the ground twitched and started to get up. The smooth and beautiful fur was now dirty with sweat, blood, and dust. However, her momentum was stronger than before. Her eyes were filled with the desire to tear Grid apart.

“Human...! You are weakened! Myaang!”

Thump thump thump thump.

Grid’s face became darker as the Queen Rat charged.

‘It’s difficult to avoid. I have no choice but to fight in the immortal state.’

But this wasn’t an opponent that could be beaten in 5 seconds. He couldn’t see any chance of victory. However.

Kkuok!

Grid tightened his grip on Failure. In addition, he summoned Magic Missile and Alarm. The raid might fail, but he was determined to fight his best to the last minute. Who cared if he

failed? He just wanted to become stronger. Grid planned to gather as much information about the Queen Rat as possible and use it as a springboard for the future.

‘If today’s raid fails, it will be different next time!’

It was the moment when Grid’s unique commitment appeared.

[The Legendary Blacksmith’s Patience skill has been activated.]

[Concentration, stamina, and defense will rise to the extremes for one hour.]

A skill with terrible activation conditions. Since becoming Pagma’s Descendant, he’d experienced the effect less than 10 times. There was a low probability of it activating when he was focused on making items, and then all his fatigue would disappear. The Legendary Blacksmith’s Patience filled up Grid’s flashing stamina gauge.

“Ah, really...”

A dark smile appeared on Grid’s face as he felt the lightening of his body.

“This feels like fate. Go, God Hands.”

It felt like he was born with the mission to destroy the big poisonous rats. It felt like he became the protagonist of the world at this moment. Grid aimed precisely at a gap in the Queen Rat, who lost her momentum because she was beaten by Mjolnir. He moved in the steps of a sword dance.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship!”

“Myaang!”

“Linked Kill!”

Jjejeong!

Jjeejeeong!

The Queen Rat had planned to crush Grid. The moment she was

about to strike Grid's head, Grid responded with a series of intense attacks.

[The hidden passive 'God's Command' has reset the cooldown of Linked Kill.]

“...Eh? Hidden passive?”

Grid realized that it was a skill he acquired a while ago that he hadn't been able to look at! He was confused by it, but didn't waste any time. He once again used Linked Kill on the Queen Rat who was floundering from the pain.

Jjeejeeong!

"Muaaaaang!"

Linked Kill didn't have the effect of ignoring defense, but it boasted explosive damage. Unless the target had extremely high defense, it was expected that the damage of Linked Kill would be higher than Pinnacle Kill. This strong attack struck twice in a row. The Queen Rat's momentum was broken.

“This male is so strong!”

The Queen Rat was dismayed to realized that Grid had hidden his power. The God Hands were constantly acting. They repeatedly caused stiffness in order to prevent any damage to Grid.

“Myaaaaaang!”

Peeng!

The Queen Rat broke through the sword and hammer bombardment. A powerful shock wave scattered Grid and the God Hands all over the place.

“Shit...! Don't be fooled by the cute little monster!”

The God Hands and Grid were separated. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that his defense had weakened by at least two times without the protection of the God Hands. The Queen Rat narrowed the distance and brandished the trident at Grid.

Chaaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

Grid swapped to Sword Ghost and desperately defended against the onslaught. However, the basic difference in levels made it impossible for him to defend against properly.

Puok!

He could no longer endure the force and was stabbed in the side.

Pepeok!

He missed the unusual trajectory of the tail and was hit in the cheek. There was a flashy kick that hit him on the chin, forcing his head back.

"Ku...ack!"

In the end, Grid allowed successive attacks and his health was exhausted, making him fall into the immortal state. Grid had only 5 seconds left. The worst result would happen if he couldn't get rid of the Queen Rat in that time. Grid didn't assume that the worst outcome would happen. It was the reason why he didn't recall the God Hands in the distance.

[You have succeeded in combining the +9 Failure and the +9 Iyarugt!]

Mjolnir was a hammer and the God Hands were blacksmith's hands. The blacksmith's hands held the hammer and completed Item Combination in front of the portable furnace and anvil.

Peeok!

Pakak!

In the immortal state, Grid ignored the Queen Rat's attacks and looked at the finished product on the anvil. He avoided the trident of the Queen Rat and commanded the God Hands.

"Throw Mjolnir! Item Transformation! Lifael's Spear."

Pepepepeok!

There was the additional acceleration effect of throwing Mjolnir, damaging the Queen Rat. Grid used this time to run to the portable furnace and grab the combined weapon.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid used Blacksmith's Rage and started a sword dance. Beside him, 20 Magic Missiles and the four God Hands that transformed into Lifael’s Spear (Reproduction) aimed at the Queen Rat.

“Linked Kill Wave.”

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The blue and red energy blades, the 20 white flashes, and four golden spears shot at the Queen Rat. It wasn’t over.

[The hidden passive ‘God's Command’ has reset the cooldown of Linked Kill Wave.]

“Linked Kill Wave.”

A new rain of energy blades was unleashed.

"Muaaaaang!”

The Queen Rat tried to resist, but was too late. The 0.3 seconds of stiffness caused by the thrown Mjolnir earlier was fatal.

Kuwaaaaang!

The central part of the monster community was caught up in an explosion.

[The ruler of the big poisonous rat community, the Queen Rat, has been defeated!]

[The first gateway in the north of Pangea has been dealt with!]

[The title ‘Pangea’s New Star’ has been acquired!]

[The Queen Rat’s Walnut has been acquired.]

[The Queen Rat’s Fur has been acquired.]

[5 blessed weapon enhancement orders have been acquired.]

[4 blessed armor enhancement orders have been acquired.]

[Idan's Frying Pan has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen!]

“Pant... Pant...”

He improved in the second half of the raid and was able to succeed. All his stamina was consumed in an instant and he couldn't bear it anymore, flopping down on the ground. The struggle was over, so he checked the titles and rewards that he had acquired. Joy appeared on his face.

# Chapter 523

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“Huh??”

Grid had question marks as he checked the information of the hidden passive skill God's Command. A bell rang. It was truly shocking.

“I-It is good but...”

This was why the cooldown of Linked Kill and Linked Kill Wave was reset.

‘Amazing!’

It truly had the best value. It was comparable to the time when he obtained Pagma's Descendant and the Legendary Great Magician classes.

‘I never thought Dominion's blessing would be such a big help.’

During the Pope Drevigo episode, he obtained blessings from Rebecca, Judar, and Dominion. All three blessings were on the pavranium and buffed Grid. Rebecca's Blessing increased the speed of health recovery by 300%, Dominion's Blessing increased attack power by 15%, and Judar's Blessing increased defense by 15%. At this point, Grid could make one guess.

‘Dominion's Blessing is one of the three major passive attack power buffs...’

Judar's Blessing was one of the three major passive defense buff and Rebecca's Blessing was one of the three major recovery buffs?

‘Isn't there little odds of getting all of them?’

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the acquisition requirements for God's Command were ridiculous. With God Dominion's blessing, he could gain unique damage achievements and receive Zeratul's favor? How many of the two billion users would meet these requirements? It was difficult to imagine the



other passive skills that could be acquired from Judar and Rebecca's blessings.

'It's the same with domain and ruling ability.'

Grid had many unlucky experiences, so the effect of domain and ruling ability was far more fraudulent than God's Command.

'In the future, my enemies will acquire the domain and ruling ability. No, maybe they have already learned it.'

It was an obvious part of someone's repertoire. This damn world wouldn't let him off so easily.

'Will I later die from the domain and ruling ability?'

Of course, he didn't intend to let it happen so easily.

'From now on, I am invincible.'

Why? He had the good luck stat!

"Kuhuhuhut! I will show you the combination of God's Command and good luck!"

God's Command had a 50% chance of resetting the cooldown. What if the good luck stat affected it?

'There will be a higher than 50% chance of resetting the cooldown!'

Yes, just like a little while ago. There was a low probability of the skill cooldown being reset continuously. Grid believed in the good luck stat and aimed at the wrecked tent in front of him. He took a deep breath and fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave. It was to confirm the effect of God's Command. But the effect that he expected didn't activate.

Grid was very confused, but reacted calmly.

"Hu... Hut! Well, it isn't a 100% chance. It can fail once in a while."

The good luck stat might be in bad condition. Grid controlled his

heart. Then he fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link. The result? The effect of God's Command wasn't activated and the cooldown wasn't reset. It was the same when he used Kill and Pinnacle.

"Pant pant. This is really rotten."

There was a sense of instability. In retrospect, the 5 Joint Attacks skill attached to the Holy Light Gloves and Failure had also barely been seen in the last few months. Unfortunately, Grid's bad luck was so high that it exceeded his low good luck stat.

"No... Why? Why do I keep getting skills like this?"

A less fraudulent skill. He wanted to get a definite skill that didn't rely on luck.

Flop!

Grid's happiness turned to frustration. No matter how much he thought about it, he had trouble believing in God's Command. Grid came to a conclusion.

"I don't need to be aware of this skill."

He would just receive setbacks if he fought with the assumption that God's Command would activate. He would rather fight as usual and thank the gods if God's Command activated.

"Yes... God's Command isn't the only thing I got. I don't need to be obsessed with it."

There was the title of Pangea's New Star.

'I hope it's a title that increases my good luck.'

It was unfortunate because he felt like his luck would be bad forever. He desperately needed the good luck stat. Grid confirmed the information of the title.

[Pangea's New Star 1st Stage]

Stage 1: It is relatively easy to obtain information from the residents of Pangea.

\* Every time you destroy a monster community formed in the north, the level and effectiveness of the title will increase.

“...”

It was really less than expected. Maybe he felt more disappointed after seeing the hidden passive God's Command.

“Hah...”

Grid sighed deeply and checked the items he received in turn.

[Blessed Weapon Enhancement Scroll]

A scroll used to enhance weapons.

The successful enhancement of a weapon will increase the enhancement value by +1.

If the enhancement fails, the strength of the weapon won't fall.

[Blessed Armor Enhancement Scroll]

A scroll used to enhance armor.

The successful enhancement of an armor will increase the enhancement value by +1.

If the enhancement fails, the strength of the armor won't fall.

“...?”

So far, Grid had thought of blessed enhanced scrolls as enhancement stones. Unlike the West Continent, the East Continent didn't use an ore for enhancement. It was an item with the same effect, but had a different name and appearance. But that wasn't it at all. The blessed enhancement scrolls weren't as strong in enhancement. However, they had tremendous stability.

'Wow, wouldn't conglomerates buy this for a huge price?'

The success rate of enhancing items was in the decimals. A person could try 100 times and fail 100 times. But the burden on players when enhancement failed wasn't just a loss in money. The enhancement value of the item would drop every time it failed.

That was the biggest problem. But this scroll had the effect of protecting the enhancement value. Wouldn't the chaebols be willing to spend billions on the blessed enhancement scroll to reach +10?

'They can't afford to miss this.'

Wouldn't it sell for at least 10 million won per scroll?

'What 10 million? I might sell in the billions.'

The scroll was like a talisman. A language similar to Chinese characters was written on the centre and it could only be obtained on the East Continent.

'An item that hasn't been released on the market yet. Its value will be absurd.'

It wasn't necessary to dispose of the item right away, since Grid gained stability after becoming a landlord. He could watch the trends of the auction house and sell it at the price he wanted, or he could use it himself. Grid checked the next item. It was an item dropped by the Strong Male Rat.

[Strong Male Rat's Gallbladder]

A very big and bitter gallbladder.

You can fall into shock if you take too much.

However, if it is endured, resistance to poisoning and confusion will permanently increase by 0.5%.

Weight: 4

[Strong Male Rat's Heart]

A heart filled with the natural strength of the Strong Male Rat.

It is why the Strong Male Rat is so strong.

Once consumed, strength will permanently increase by 5.

Weight: 2

"Mini elixir!"

He hadn't obtained any elixirs despite killing so many vampires. The effect was halved compared to normal elixirs, but he would gladly eat it to permanently increase his strength stat. Grid took the heart without hesitation and packed the gallbladder into the inventory. The phrase 'the possibility of shock' was annoying, but he was planning to sell it to the Overgeared members.

'The items dropped by the intermediate boss are great. It should be the same with the Queen Rat's items.'

Lululala~

Grid hummed in anticipation. He checked the items dropped by the Queen Rat without hesitation.

[The Queen Rat's Walnut]

A walnut that the Queen Rat stored for a quick meal.

Weight: 1

"...?"

It was very embarrassing. Grid was stunned for a moment before using the Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill.

Ttiring~

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

"Shit."

A walnut soaked in saliva. It stunk like the hamsters' saliva, so Grid threw it away. It was absurd that a boss dropped a junk item. The angry Grid appraised the next item.

[Queen Rat's Fur]

The Queen Rat's fur is called the best fur and has a very high value.

But the Queen Rat is a fierce and powerful monster.

Obtaining the fur of the Queen Rat is like picking a star from the sky.

Weight: 120

[This item has a hidden function.]

[It is rumored that the lord is looking for the fur of the Queen Rat!]

“...This is better.”

It was obvious that it could be sold for an expensive price because it was one of the finest leather materials. But Grid wanted to use it himself rather than sell it.

‘Let’s make a legendary leather armor.’

He didn’t have much interest in the quest. It was too much to waste this precious material on a quest.

‘Obviously, it is a quest that requires a rare item, so the rewards are likely to be enormous.’

But there was a chance that the rewards wouldn’t benefit him, so it was better for him to use it directly. Grid already feel deeply betrayed by the odds of God's Command activating and the walnut. Finally, he was amazed by Idan’s Frying Pan.

“This is real?”

The chef who couldn’t cook, Idan. To be honest, Grid didn’t recognize this quest as important. He coveted the 30% experience, but it was faster to hunt monsters to level up than to waste time searching for the frying pan. The experience given by the monsters of the East Continent was enormous.

But now that idea had changed. Grid placed tremendous significance on Idan’s quest.

‘The experience is just a side benefit.’

He had to increase his affinity with Idan. The enlightened Grid

rushed back to Pangea.

# Chapter 524

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Players no longer discussed the Seven Guilds.

One force was stronger than the Seven Guilds combined. From that time on, the Seven Guilds lost their majesty. Far from getting the title of the strongest, the Seven Guilds gradually declined. They were more inundated with requests to leave than to join.

“We will remove ourselves from the alliance.”

The French representative, Bondre.

Until he met Grid in the National Competition, he was the 1st ranked ice mystic with the nickname of ‘undefeated.’ He was also the master of the strongest magician group, Ice Flower. Now he expressed his intention to withdraw from the alliance.

The leaders of the guilds in the Seven Guilds didn’t stop him. However, Bondre’s declaration of withdrawal became an ignition point. The other guild masters also declared their intentions to leave the alliance. It wasn’t necessary to obsess over the alliance that had become obsolete.

Zibal, the leader of the alliance, was the same.

“I won’t stop them.”

Zibal had changed since the 2nd National Competition. In raids and hunting, he didn’t doubt that he was the best. However, he changed his perception after being beaten by Grid. He wasn’t the best. He wasn’t qualified to be self-confident and to force others.

Zibal was no longer obsessed with the Seven Guilds. He chose to grow in order to regain his past glory. Now he was about to step foot in the Behen Archipelago. After confirming that the guilds had withdrawn from the alliance, he laughed and entered the Behen Archipelago.

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“What will happen to us now?”

The Ice Flower Guild was somewhat uneasy. Ice Flower. They were an elite group of magicians and there were only 30 of them. It was obvious that many uncomfortable things would happen if they left the alliance. They had complicated relationships with some people due to disputes, and the guild had no production players, so item trading was disadvantageous for them.

Bondre reassured the worried guild members.

"We will go to the god of war. This will make our lives much better than before and we will be guaranteed a brilliant future."

“God of war?”

"Who is it?"

Bondre explained to the bewildered guild members. "Ares. An unofficial ranker with a unique ability. He's equivalent to Grid."

“Wow...”

How strong was he that their master Bondre would compare him to Grid? The Ice Flower Guild members were incredulous.

“Then why is he unknown?”

“Yes. This is the first time I've heard of him.”

“Satisfy is wide. Do you know all the people in every field in the world in reality? It's unknown how many of them there actually are. In that sense, Satisfy is like reality.”

In fact, Bondre also had no idea who Ares was not long ago. However, Scott contacted him three days ago and told him about Ares. Bondre had been shocked the moment he saw the information.

"The world is wide and there's a lot of chaos."

Bondre heard a strange voice as he thought about joining Ares' guild.

"Yes, the world is wide. But you're all under my feet."

"Who?"

The Ice Flower Guild instantly became alert. They were embarrassed by the dozens of skeletons blocking the way back to their territory. The voice of the unfamiliar man was heard again as they perceived the danger and started to cast spells.

"Bondre, become a sacrifice of the king."

Chill.

Bondre and the Ice Flower Guild members got chills at the same time. The madness in the voice of the unidentified man made them feel an instinctive fear.

'Entering a fear state just from speaking?'

Boss monster?

'A boss appeared on the road where thousands of people travelled every day?'

It was ridiculous.

"Reveal yourself!"

Bondre finished casting the level 8 Ice Cutter and fired the magic. It was a strike aimed directly at the location of the voice.

Jeeeong!

The sharp ice blade flying through the air stopped. Then it shattered. It was due to the curtain of darkness that was instantly created.

'My magic was so easily blocked?'

Swaaah.

In the wreckage of the sparkling ice crystals.

"Agnus?"

Chwaaaak!

Bondre was shocked as he saw the man who appeared from the dark curtain.

Agnus. After the top ranked players like Kraugel, Zibal, and Yura disappeared from the rankings, he had risen to 3rd place. In addition, he was the rumored psychopath that even Kraugel avoided.

“Kikikik!”

His eyes shone gold as he looked at Bondre like a frightened rat.

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"The hunting grounds are far from the city. I should prepare a return scroll next time I go."

Originally, Grid planned to return to Pangea when it was time for the smithy competition. But his plans changed the moment he found Idan's Frying Pan and he returned to Pangea. It was imperative to raise affinity with Idan. The reason was the information of the frying pan.

[Idan's Frying Pan]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 35/260 Attack Power: 89

\* When used, Intermediate Cooking Lv. 2 will be created.

The moment it is used, the person will become a seasoned chef!

It is the frying pan that has been used for centuries by the Idan family, who has a philosophy of cooking.

It is optimized to draw out a unique taste from the ingredients.

In addition, special events sometimes occur because the frying pan contains the desires of the elders of cooking.

When an Idan family member cooks with this frying pan, there is a high probability that food with a buffing ability will be created and a low probability that food that increases stats will be created.

However, the premise is that you eat all the food without leaving anything behind.

Conditions of use: Beginner cooking master. A special effect will occur only when an Idan family member uses it.

Weight: 40

'I don't know about the taste, but this is why Kraugel ate it four times.'

Idan. He was a golden goose who would give birth to elixirs. The chef might make bad food, but his value was astronomical. A one in a million talented person.

Grid decided. He would leave here with Idan as his personal chef!

"Idan!"

Pangea's North Street. Grid ran to Idan's restaurant and immediately asked the waitress working there.

"Where is Idan?"

"The boss went out to obtain ingredients."

"Can't he get the ingredients delivered?"

"Yes, there's no contractor who will deliver a rotten liver from a jiangshi."

"Jiangshi rotten liver?"

A chill went down Grid's spine. Idan's Frying Pan was optimized to draw out the taste of ingredients. What if he cooked a jiangshi rotten liver?

'...Really a mess.'

It was crazy. His eyes darkened.

'This is crazy... Why is he cooking rotten liver?'

Even...

'It's the body of a jiangshi?'

If he took Idan as a full time chef, would he have to eat such ridiculous dishes every time?

‘...No, that’s impossible.’

Idan couldn’t make strange dishes every time. He had to make some ordinary dishes.

‘I have to eat. If not, I’ll ask him to make it for me.’

Grid couldn’t believe it and asked the employee again.

“Where is the jiangshi?”

“If you go out the south gate and head north, a cemetery will appear. There’s an infestation there.”

"Okay, Idan is there?"

The moment Grid verified the information and was about to leave the restaurant.

“Umm? You are?”

Idan returned to the restaurant. There was a basket filled with something black in his hands. Grid ignored the rotten smell and handed the frying pan to Idan.

“Here’s what I promised you.”

"Hrmm."

It was the hard to regain family heirloom. Did he not expect it to be found in just two days? Idan looked at the frying pan with a questionable expression before cheering.

“Oh...! Ohh! Ohhhh! Unbelievable! You found my family’s heirloom so quickly!”

Idan was genuinely pleased. The moment he held the frying pan, a notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[The quest Find the Traces of the Great Hero! has been completed.]

[30% character experience has been paid as compensation.]

[Affinity with Idan has increased by 10.]

“Eh?”

Affinity +10? Affinity only increased by 10 despite returning a family heirloom? Grid thought it was unexpected.

‘Shouldn’t it increase by at least 50?’

Idan guided the confused Grid to a table.

"Have you not eaten yet? Now, sit down. I will treat the person who brought back my family’s heirloom to a wonderful dinner.”

“Ah, yes.”

Hopefully, this was a chance to eat food that increased his stats. Grid hesitantly sat down and belatedly said something.

"Please note that I have a liver allergy.”

In other words, don’t bring out a dish made with jiangshi liver! Idan’s expression became as cold as ice.

“Y...es? Is that so?”

Idan clicked his tongue and headed to the kitchen. His unfriendly demeanor made Grid think the worst.

'Don’t tell me that my affinity just fell?’

It was likely that Idan was a NPC who only liked people who ate his dishes.

‘It is almost certain.’

It was the reason why returning Idan’s Frying Pan only raised affinity by 10. On the first day they met, Grid left behind a lot of the orc cream pie and his affinity must’ve fallen.

‘This truly sucks.’

In order to recruit Idan as a full time chef, a high affinity was required. How could he increase his affinity without having to eat

the food that Idan made? The moment Grid was feeling frustrated.

“This is my signature dish that I cooked just for you, japchae.”

“...”

Idan handed a dish of japchae to Grid. Japchae. It was a favorite dish for South Koreans, and clearly Grid as well.

‘Phew, thank goodness. It isn’t hard to make japchae delicious.’

Vegetables, meat, and japchae noodles. Grid grasped a fair amount with his chopsticks and shoved it into his mouth without hesitation. Then he spat it out as soon as he ate it. The vegetables tasted of soil and were really crunchy. The slightly cooked pork was cold and hard. The noodles were chewy. There wasn’t even any strange ingredients in it. The original tastes of the ingredients were very strong and didn’t mix together.

“No, this...”

He was supposed to eat this? Grid was about to curse reflexively when he stopped. It was because Idan’s eyes were glaring at the japchae that he had spat out.

“Did you spit it out because it didn’t fit your tastes?”

“Nope. It’s delicious. I was so surprised by the delicious taste that I spat it out a little bit.”

Endure. Grid blocked his nose. Then he shoved all of the japchae in his mouth at once.

Chew chew.

Grid chewed the japchae with a pale face while Idan asked.

“Why are you blocking your nose while eating?”

“It’s my eating habit.”

“Huh, really? What an unusual eating habit.”

‘Your dishes are more unusual...’

Grid sweated as he barely endured it.

[The effect of eating Idan's dish has permanently increased intelligence by 1.]

“Ah!”

It was the moment when Grid's sorrow was larger than his joy.



# Chapter 525

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‘I was wondering why there wasn’t a function to turn off taste every time I drank a bitter potion...’

The bitter taste of potions was one of the barriers of entry in Satisfy. In particular, a few people tried to turn off their taste function because they disliked the bitter taste. But the S.A. Group didn’t accept their request. The sense of taste was one of Satisfy’s best features that created a sense of reality. They didn’t want to give the players the authority to lower their immersion. But at this moment, Grid interpreted it differently.

‘I can’t turn off the taste function and have to suffer from eating the food that Idan made... In other words, it sucks.’

There was a pervert among the Satisfy crew. Grid was sure of it and asked the employee for a cup of tea. He needed something to get rid of the subtle sensation of dirt on his tongue.

“Water... No, I don’t think that will work. Give me the cheapest herbal tea.”

"The cheapest herbal tea?"

“Yes.”

“You don’t care about the smell or the taste? If you want to order tea based on the price, I recommend our citron tea. That’s the cheapest. It’s also delicious.”

“Hoh?”

Grid belatedly noticed the employee that he hadn’t paid much attention to. The girl was a considerable beauty whose emotions were hard to read, but she was only an A cup. It meant that Grid didn’t recognize her as a woman. But Grid had a great sense of liking towards her.

‘She’s an NPC with considerable intelligence.’

It was uncommon for NPCs in hospitality to know exactly what the customer wanted. Satisfy's artificial intelligence was perfect, but there was a big difference between NPCs. Store employee NPCs usually had slightly better intelligence than Jude. Given these points, the female waitress working in Idan's restaurant was a very interesting NPC.

‘Could she be a pearl in the mud?’

If Grid was a regular player, he wouldn't have noticed Yang Fei's unusual point. But unlike usual players, Grid concentrated heavily on NPCs. That's why he knew.

"Yes, a cup of citron tea please."

"Yes."

Yang Fei and Idan's attention dispersed after Grid ordered the tea.

Clink.

Grid took out the Great Lord's Sword from the inventory and used Character Observation.

Ttiring~

Name: Yang Fei

Age: 17 Gender: Female

Occupation: Restaurant Employee

Title: Quick-witted Person

A commoner born in an ordinary household with 1 son and 14 daughters.

As the 7th daughter among 14, Yang Fei had to take care of her sisters.

Since she was born and raised in a home where there was a struggle over just one bean, her survival skills are remarkable.

Level: 53

Strength: 22/99 Stamina: 92/510

Agility: 65/250 Intelligence: 204/1,090

Dexterity: 139/650 Charm: 53/150

Skills: Hospitality (A), Housework (A), Adaptability (S), Making a Living Detection (SS)

"..."

Even talented knights rarely had S-grade skills. It was like a bean growing in the middle of a drought. However, Yang Fei had an S-grade and SS-grade skill. She was a mere employee. Were all the NPCs on the East Continent like this? Don't speak nonsense. Yang Fei was just special.

'I have to bring her with me when I return to the West Continent.'

It would be best to leave her as a maid for Irene and Lord, but it was a waste because her intelligence was very high for a mere maid.

'In particular, there is the Making a Living Detection skill.'

Grid decided.

'Yes, I will make her Rabbit's deputy.'

Changing sand to a special remedy and selling it, or only paying Piaro 73 silver. For Rabbit, who was eagerly searching for ways to make a living, Yang Fei's Making a Living Detection skill was a great talent.

'It's like giving him wings!'

A huge smile. Grid was happy about finding new talents. He washed away the memory of eating poisonous food and laughed widely. Idan saw it and misunderstood.

'This friend...'

Had there ever been anyone who laughed while eating his food?

This was the first time since the little hero Kraugel.

‘I had a good feeling since the first time we met.’

Grid had no status in the East Continent. He was just a traveller. However, Grid had a high dignity and charm stat. It was easy to gain affinity with NPCs, even if he acted tactless. This was the reason why the famous Idan was talkative since he first met Grid.

That’s right. Originally, it wasn’t easy to receive quests from Idan. But Grid wasn’t aware of this fact. Only 31 players had gone to the East Continent. There was no information available about it.

“Hrmm... You.”

“Huh?”

Grid jumped with surprise as Yang Fei put the tea in front of him. He was worried about Idan misunderstanding again.

‘Will he wonder why I am rinsing my mouth after eating?’

There was no mistake. The affinity dropped again.

‘Shit, I’m lacking subtlety.’

Surprising, Grid realized that it was one of his problems. He smiled nervously as Idan spoke.

“Smiling so happily after eating the meal I made. You are a true gourmet and you are polite to the chef.”

‘What is this nonsense?’

The chef should be polite to their customers.

‘You can’t make food at all.’

Grid wanted to say, but he maintained his smile. It was in an effort to get Idan’s liking. His effort succeeded.

“You are a foreigner... Do you plan to stay in Pangea for a few days? If you don’t mind, I’d like to provide you with three meals a day. It’s in return for recovering my frying pan.”

“Ah...”

This was what he really wanted. Grid’s goal was to accumulate a lasting relationship with Idan and consume his food. At this moment, Idan was making a promise to cook for Grid. The situation was better than he expected. But Grid...

‘...Why aren’t I happy?’

Grid got goosebumps at having to eat Idan’s food three times a day. He stared into the air for a moment. Then he spoke with a grin.

"Yes, I will be honored."

“Ohh! Indeed! I knew you would appreciate it!”

"...Ah, for reference, I like chicken, beef, and eggs."

They were ingredients that couldn’t be tasteless no matter how bad the chef. Idan readily agreed to Grid’s words.

“Um, okay. I will prepare your three meals a day using these ingredients.”

"It’s appreciated!"

Grid was finally able to truly laugh.

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During this time with Idan, Grid paid attention to his relationship with Yang Fei. He tried to build up affinity with her using glances and words.

The result.

"Goodbye."

Yang Fei said goodbye to Grid at the entrance of the restaurant. Grid smiled as nicely as possible.

“Yes, thank you. I’ll come again in the evening.”

The first friend in Grid’s life was an NPC. Even his wife and

friends were NPCs. It meant he was an expert when dealing with NPCs. He was confident that he could quickly raise his affinity with Yang Fei. But in reality, it was only half right. It was true that Yang Fei was started to like Grid better, but it wasn't for the reason he thought.

She had the Making a Living Detection skill. She was aware of Grid's nature.

'A customer who orders without looking at the menu.'

Grid had ordered the cheapest tea. He never asked for the menu. Yang Fei had a chance to deceive him. In fact, it wasn't the cheapest tea, but the second cheapest.

'Selling citron tea every time he comes in...'

It seemed she would barely be able to receive this month's salary. She didn't have to let her thoughtless sisters and brother starve.

'Sigh.' Grid sighed as he watched Yang Fei. 'I am lacking impact. It's time to deepen this relationship.'

Grid released the power of his hands.

"Yang Fei, I think that your shoulders are too tense. Come here."

"...?"

All of a sudden, touching her shoulders? Yang Fei tilted her head with confusion. Grid exerted his legendary hand techniques. He approached Yang Fei in an instant, aiming precisely at her shoulders and pressing firmly. Yang Fei's expressionless face changed for the first time.

"Ahak!"

Grid saw Yang Fei as a young girl, but based on Satisfy, she was at an age to marry. However, Yang Fei wasn't in a position to dream about marriage. Her sisters had to marry and leave the house first. In this case, it was likely that she would miss her prime age to marry. Yang Fei thought she would never feel the happiness of a

woman for her whole life. But right now...

‘Ahh, this feeling must be...!’

She had to feed her family, not think about romance. She only knew theories about relationships with men. Now, she finally experienced it in reality. Every time Grid’s fingertips touched her skin, she could feel the same sensation she got when reading books. Yes, this feeling...

Omitted.

“Hah... Hah...”

The expressionless face was gone. Only joy filled Yang Fei’s face as she flushed and gasped for breath. Her moist and trembling eyes stared at Grid.

“How is it? Did your fatigue go away?”

“...Yes.”

"I'm glad. I'll do it whenever we meet."

“...!”

It was a massage for Grid, but Yang Fei thought differently.

‘Doing this naughty act every time we meet...?’

It was embarrassing. But she couldn’t refuse.

‘Ah, I have become corrupt.’

Yang Fei was feeling confused.

On the other hand, Grid headed for the White Hammer smithy. He didn’t ask for any accommodations. For him, the smithy was the best place to stay and work.

‘There are 15 hours left until the blacksmith competition. I will trim the Queen Rat’s Fur and eat Idan’s dishes.’

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“Did you see the system message from two days ago?”

"Of course. Wasn't there the message about the 31st visitor?"

"That's right. He's alone."

"He must have little information about the East Continent, which is why he dared come alone."

"How foolish. Kukuk, I don't know who he is, but it's good. We can eat properly."

A pub in Pangea. Players were sitting in a corner and laughing wickedly.



# Chapter 526

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The means of moving from the West Continent to the East Continent was estimated to be very diverse. But to date, the only clear method was to use the Behen Archipelago.

This was a difficult task.

How many people had used the Behen Archipelago to cross over to the East Continent? Over the past three years, there had been only 30. This was 30 out of two billion users. Behen Archipelago was a one player instant dungeon. It was an area difficult to break through, making a person feel pride just from reaching the 10th island.

In other words, the players who made it to the East Continent were great. Of course, there were some exceptions. There were a few ‘lucky’ enough to meet Fog Island early on and managed to cross over to the East Continent.

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‘I was the strongest on the West Continent.’

‘Who would’ve imagined that I couldn’t even leave the starter village?’

‘Shit, my bad luck. If I knew the East Continent was this type of place, I would’ve never come.’

‘I thought I was lucky to meet Fog Island earlier than others...’

A shabby tavern on Pangea’s North Street. There were some men who were lamenting. The four people sitting down at a table and drinking were all players. They were level 310 ‘beginners’ who arrived on the East Continent a month ago, but hadn’t yet escaped Pangea.

“That damn Kraugel.”

The ultimate goal they had when they quickly crossed to the East

Continent. It wasn't just levelling. By clearing new content first, they would monopolize all types of titles, skills, and hidden items. This was the goal they pursued on the East Continent. But it was too late by the time they arrived on the East Continent.

Pangea, the starter village in the East Continent, had already been swept away by Kraugel. Pangea entered a new episode in the aftermath and the difficulty rose exponentially.

“The moment that a player comes from the West Continent, Pangea will experience a crisis. That player will become a hero by repelling the monsters that invaded Pangea...”

Once again, the first person had the advantage. It was clear that as the first visitor to Pangea, Kraugel received a huge benefit. Due to that, they became the dogs chasing after the chicken.

‘How rotten... I’ve been in Pangea for a month and never once received a special quest. Kraugel alone obtained all the crucial quests.’

‘It would be best to leave Pangea and advance into a new territory, but...’

The monsters in the north had been growing steadily since being defeated by Kraugel. Now they were too strong.

‘With our skills, it will be hard to move north...’

‘Ah, that asshole Kraugel.’

They couldn't achieve their original purpose in the present Pangea. Kraugel had cleared most of the hidden quests and the environment became too difficult. Anyway, moving to a new area was the best way. The problem was that it was impossible to move outside Pangea. They had to move north, but it wasn't possible because the big and powerful hamsters were spread out in the north.

“There are quests to run errands in the neighborhood and also to catch monsters near here, so the levelling up is quite good.”

"Yes, we're definitely growing. We're much better than when we first came here. The renowned Seven Guilds and rankers of Overgeared are probably weaker than us."

"The East Continent is great. But we'll just die in front of the Queen Rat. We can't catch the Queen Rat."

But.

"If we take advantage of the new arrival on the East Continent, we'll be able to break through the monster community while the Queen Rat is distracted."

They hadn't just been playing around during the past month. They completed all types of miscellaneous quests in order to discover the weakness of the Queen Rat. Then they achieved results. The Queen Rat was partial to the 'golden walnut.'

"Did you obtained the promised number of golden walnuts?"

"Yes, I have 10."

"It adds up to 40... This should be sufficient."

"Damn, what type of walnut is so expensive? I went broke from buying this."

"I also spent all my money playing this game."

As the name suggested, the golden walnut shone gold. The taste and nutritional value was comparable to ordinary walnuts, but the effect was enormous. When it was eaten, it increased all stats by 10% for an hour and had an average chance of permanently increasing a stat by 5 points. It was the strongest buff potion, while also demonstrating half the efficiency of an elixir. It was a fantastic thing that any player would want to have.

But the price was ridiculously expensive. The quantity was too limited because it was difficult to obtain. It was also a snack enjoyed by the nobles and royalty of all kingdoms on the East Continent. The price? A huge 160,000 gold. It was 160,000 gold for

one! When converted to won, this small walnut cost at least 2 million won for one.

No matter how great, the ‘elixir’ effect wasn’t guaranteed. Unless a person was rich or a gambling addiction, they would never buy the golden walnut.

“Hah... We have to give such an expensive item to a monster.”

"Stop it. We have to consider it a worthy investment."

"Those who left Pangea clearly used this walnut."

We will be able to achieve our desired goal if we can get beyond Pangea, obtaining a land of gold. It was worth investing the money if they could obtain one good item, title, or skill. If they got stronger and returned to the West Continent, they would soon become rich. The players were filled with anticipation.

Then someone came up to them.

"Eh? Are you users?"

It was a black-haired man with a sturdy body. He was around 181cm tall. The wide shoulders, flat chest, and muscles made it an ideal body. Of course, this man was also a player. However, his ID was covered. It was because the man had covered up more than half his face with a black mask.

‘This guy is the newbie who just came to the East Continent.’

‘Our target came to find us, isn’t this big?’

The players were excited, but tried not to show it. They greeted the man with a polite attitude.

"I’m surprised. I didn’t expect to meet another player like us on the East Continent."

"You came all the way to the East Continent, so you must have a considerably high level? It’s nice to meet you."

"But what is with that mask?"

“Is it an item for decoration? It’s nice that it looks somewhat threatening. But isn’t it uncomfortable to cover your vision...?”

There were greetings and questions. The man scratched his head in an awkward manner.

“I was called a sexual molester by the guards and chased, so I have to wear the mask for a while. I’m sorry, but please pretend to be my companions for a while.”

“????”

Introducing himself as a molester at the beginning of the conversation? It wasn’t exactly sexual harassment but a ‘molester.’ Was there any thief who would admit that he was a thief? No. The fact that he wore the mask and was being chased by guards meant he really was a molester.

The players were embarrassed.

‘I’ve heard rumors that there are players who molest NPCs in the game, but I never expected to meet such a trash person.’

The man who was a trash molester wore a bizarre laughing mask that covered half his face. That man was currently very upset. It happened after he gave Yang Fei a massage at the entrance of Idan’s restaurant. He was chased by guards while heading to the smithy? He was framed as a molester who harassed women in public.

‘Shit... What is this?’

His legendary dexterity. It was incredibly useful depending on the use, but the risk was also great. Grid realized that he should seal the use of his hands in public. He avoided the guards by entering the tavern and came across four players.

‘Lane, Mook, Evan, and Oshihoz.’

The four players were strange. Since they crossed to the East Continent, they must at least have their third advancement. But

their IDs and faces were unfamiliar, so they must be unofficial rankers.

‘I met them by chance, but I should obtain some information from them.’

The Grid of the past would’ve tried to take advantage of them. But now Grid could have moderately good human relations like an ordinary person.

"Do you know any good hunting grounds? Sit at the bar and unburden your hearts."

‘Oh.’

The eyes of the four players sparkled. It was a very nice situation because the prey approached by himself.

‘It’s tough since we don’t know his identity.’

Maybe he was on guard and concealed his identity from the beginning. The players suppressed their curiosity in order to trap the man in the mask.

"Yes, we got a huge jackpot today."

"Ever since coming to the East Continent, it feels like being in heaven every day. We made a huge amount of money and experience."

"We know a lot of good hunting grounds. Well, since you’re a skilled player who made it to the East Continent, your ability to find hunting grounds should be excellent."

Grid’s eyes shone from behind the mast.

‘Incredibly good hunting ground!’

Grid’s ultimate goal behind coming to the East Continent was to level up. Grid had no choice but to be interested in these words.

‘In fact, I have been on the East Continent for less than three days and don’t know that much...’

If the players knew this truth, they might not let him in. Grid made a bluff. He couldn't expose his current situation. He needed to act with the dignity of the leader of Overgeared.

"Of course I know a few good hunting grounds. Do you want to share information with each other?"

'What would he know?'

The players knew when the masked man arrived on the East Continent. This newbie was trying to trick them without knowing he was the one being deceived.

"Ah, should we? It would be good for both of us. Okay. Players in a strange land should help each other out."

"That's right, that's right. The hunting grounds are very large and there won't be any damage from adding one more person."

The players smiled widely and spoke to Grid.

"We happened to finish our food and drinks while talking. We'll be happy to lead you to a hunting ground."

Grid readily accepted. "That sounds good. Later, I will share information about hunting grounds with you."

The players grinned wickedly at Grid. They left the tavern and headed northwards towards the community of big poisonous rats.

Grid was astonished.

'Ah, what? This is the good hunting ground?'

Certainly, the community of big poisonous rats was 'good.' But not after the Queen Rat was killed. After the Queen Rat died, the respawned big poisonous rats were much weaker. Their average level fell by 30 and they didn't give as much experience.

'I wanted a place other than here.'

Grid clicked his tongue.

'Heok? What the?'

‘Why are the hamsters so weak?’

‘It’s so exhilarating. I don’t know what changed with the hamsters, but it is likely that the Queen Rat is still strong. Has the illusion magic been used on the walnut?’

‘Yes, there is no way for that guy to tell that this is a golden walnut. Even a top rated appraisal item will only display it as a simple walnut.’

It was good that a newbie who could become bait had appeared in front of them. The players believed their plan would be successful. Of course, it was a misunderstanding. A misunderstanding that was likely to be good for Grid.



# Chapter 527

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Mook had considered himself a lucky person. He had felt confident about this since encountering Fog Island on the 7th island of the Behen Archipelago. However, that idea had changed since coming to the East Continent. It was a environment different from what he expected. The difficulty was beyond imagination. Due to this, Mook was isolated in Pangea for a month.

‘Ah, I really have no luck.’

He crossed over to the East Continent just to run errands for the NPCs and take care of easy mobs? The situation was different from what he imagined. It would have been better if he hadn’t come here. The days when he was a high ranking player on the West Continent were much more interesting.

It was bad luck, not good luck, that he encountered Fog Island. This damn East Continent, he wanted to get away from it. But it wasn’t a decision that could be easily made. Mook only had two East Continent Portal Scrolls. It was a phenomenon caused by lacking points because he encountered Fog Island too soon.

Mook spent his days in Pangea feeling frustration. Then that thought once again changed today.

‘I am really lucky!’

Why had the hamsters weakened overnight?

‘Heaven is helping me!’

The hamster hunt was very easy. Before, there were dangerous moments because he had to fight two every time. Then he would have to rest for a few minutes after hunting four or five. Even if he didn’t manage his stamina or mana, the hamsters were so weak that he could hunt for 30 minutes without stopping.

Of course, the amount of experience that they gave was lower. However, the number of hamsters that could be hunted at the

same time was greatly increased. In the process of advancing to the center of the monster community, they steadily gained experience. The gallbladders also dropped constantly, so he could probably achieve a 30% poison and confusion resistance.

‘Should I just stay here and hunt? If I could increase my poison resistance to 30%, I will be able to catch the poisonous trolls on the West Continent that I couldn’t before.’

Honestly, the golden walnuts were too valuable to be wasted like this.

‘It’s better to save the golden walnuts... Isn’t this better?’

Even spoke as Mook started to feel conflicted. "We can raise our level on the West Continent. And the gallbladder of the big poisonous rats can be collected later. Don’t forget our purpose. Our real purpose is to gain titles, skills, and items first."

Lane agreed. "Evan is correct. Mook, don’t get bogged down by the immediate benefits. We have an obligation to escape from Pangea."

"It’s important to act quickly to monopolize various benefits first. The gap with the front runners can’t become bigger. We might be chasing after them forever."

Oshihoz' words broke Mook’s conflicted thoughts.

"That's right. Your words are correct."

The newbie who came to the East Continent with good timing a.k.a. the masked man. It was time to use him to leave Pangea. Mook controlled his mind again and checked the party window.

Lane - Level 311

Class: ???

Mook - Level 310

Class: ???

Evan-Level 312

Class: ???

Oshihoz - Level 310

Class: ???

??? - Level 320

Class: ???

Lane, Mook, Evan and Oshihoz got to know each other on the East Continent. They might be in the same position, but the time to get to know and trust each other was too short. They only occasionally established a party in order to challenge the big poisonous rat community. But even if they were in a party, they set their class to private like now. That's why the classes were just question marks.

However, Mook judged there was no need to be so vigilant.

‘The PvP gap isn’t that big between combat classes. The balance is right.’

It was disconcerting that the masked man was level 320. The skills that could be learned at level 320 were famous for being powerful. But there were four of them and he was alone. Even if the plan failed and their intentions were revealed, he wouldn’t be able to face them...

‘There is nothing dangerous!’

Mook concealed a wicked smile with his hand.

"Everybody, please wait."

They were close to the center of the community. It was night and the moon wasn’t out. In the distance, the large tent of the Queen Rat could be seen.

"Half-face."

‘Me?’

Was he called Half-face because of the half mask?

‘This naming sense...’

If he was going to have a nickname based on the mask, he would prefer something like Mask Man. Grid felt regret as he replied.

“Yes.”

"Do you see that big tent over there?"

“Yes.”

"The leader of the community lives there.”

‘I killed her.’

The respawn time for a field boss was approximately three days. In particular, the Queen Rat that Grid killed earlier was likely a named boss. As soon as the Queen Rat died, the big poisonous rats were weakened overall. It was likely that the future Queen Rat would be very weak.

It was unfortunate. Mook wasn't aware that the Queen Rat had already been hunted. He'd never dreamt of it.

"It's impossible to catch the leader with the number of people we have in our party. In particular, the Queen Rat is strong. How strong... Um, yes. Do you know the big name players like Kraugel, Zibal, and Grid? They wouldn't be able to hunt it even if they formed a party.”

‘Why is my name at the end?’

His ego was pricked by his name being after Kraugel's. Grid snapped out, "So?"

“Unfortunately, it's our duty to defeat the leader. Why? It's necessary to enter the fantasy hunting grounds much better than this.”

'If that fantasy hunting ground is the next monster community... I can just go since the queen is already dead.'

He didn't bother speaking his thoughts. It would be annoying if he had to explain how he killed the Queen Rat.

'In the first place, I wonder how they were planning to defeat the Queen Rat.'

Grid was feeling interested when Mook handed him a small pouch.

"What's this?"

Mook let out a laugh at the question.

"Open it. It's just walnuts."

"Walnuts?"

"All of the big poisonous rats, including the Queen Rat, are partial to walnuts. It will lure them."

"Hmmm."

Grid opened the bag and saw that it really contained walnuts. They were walnuts in a perfect condition before being peeled. They were big with an extraordinarily smooth surface.

"Starting from now, set the walnuts at 2 meter intervals leading up to the entrance of the Queen Rat's tent. The Queen Rat will be attracted by the smell of the walnut and will be led away."

"You will leave the community during this gap?"

Grid's eyes flashed behind the mask.

'What? At this moment, he seems like an entirely different person...'

His eyes were fierce. It was like he was looking down at them with arrogance. To exaggerate it a little bit, he was like a king of heaven. The eyes behind the mask were similar to a raptor contemplating its prey. It was a force that felt difficult to resist. It happened because Grid was born with naturally sharp eyes and a high dignity stat.

“Haha...” Mook forgot to breathe in front of those eyes. Then he responded calmly without losing his smile. “What are you saying? No. We naturally won’t leave without you.”

Grid’s eyes returned to normal.

“Oh, what is this? Won’t I become the target of the Queen Rat if I place the walnut at the entrance to the tent? Are you going to run away while I’m attacked?”

“No. The Queen Rat is only attracted to walnuts and won’t notice you.”

“How can I believe that? Why won’t you play this role?”

“Haha, didn’t I tell you? We know a lot of good hunting grounds. We always use this method to move to another fantasy hunting ground. Putting walnuts at the entrance to the Queen Rat’s tent is something we do all the time. We want to give you this role so that you can experience what it is like to move to another hunting ground.”

‘Isn’t this strange?’

It was impossible for it to be the truth. But Grid was filled with kindness. In the first place, the Queen Rat wasn’t present. There was no danger and no reason to refuse, so Grid nodded.

“I understand. I will trust you and do my part.”

"Good choice."

Mook looked at Grid with relief, while also having a nasty grin on his face.

‘The Queen Rat does like walnuts. But she likes the flesh of humans more. She will try to taste you before the walnuts.’

Be the scapegoat as planned. In that gap, they would leave this place and say goodbye to Pangea! The blissful Mook’s party left Grid behind. Grid looked at them in the distance and pulled out a walnut from the pouch.

"There's no need to scatter this on the ground for the Queen Rat."

It was better to eat the walnuts while moving to the next hunting ground. He had close to 3,000 strength. The hard walnut shell was useless in front of Grid's strong fingers. He easily exposed the insides. It was amazing that the husk was completely powdered while the insides were fine. This was the result of Grid's legendary dexterity.

"Yum."

Grid placed the walnut in his mouth. At that moment.

'Delicious!'

Grid's eyes widened. As soon as the walnut was placed in his mouth, a unique nutty flavor exploded? Then sweetness spread as he chewed. It was so much better than Idan's food that Grid was in tears.

"I have to eat more... Eh?"

Grid swallowed one walnut and was placing his hand in the pouch when he stopped. He was completely stiff, like a stone statue. He was amazed at the incredible effects.

[You have eaten a golden walnut.]

[All stats will rise by 10% for one hour.]

[The kernel of the golden walnut is perfect without any damage. It provides a complete supply of nutrients.]

[Intelligence has risen permanently by 5.]

"...Eh?"

Grid couldn't understand the situation.

"Ah..."

Grid was filled with emotions. It was better than joy.

"Those people... They are big pushovers."

They mistook this amazing walnut for common walnuts and tried to feed them to monsters? How pathetic. They couldn't even take care of their own rice bowls.

"Aigoo, tsk tsk. I don't think they're scammers."

Grid clicked his tongue and placed the walnut pouch to one side of the inventory. Of course, there was no way he would return the walnuts to Mook.



# Chapter 528

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“Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal.”

The walnut pouch in the corner of his inventory. Grid pulled out a single walnut from it and used his appraisal skill to determine the true identity.

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[6th grade illusion magic has been detected.]

[The illusion is useless in front of your eyes and scattered like a mirage.]

[The information about the walnut has been updated!]

[Golden Walnut]

Also called the blessing of nature.

It is a snack and remedy enjoyed by all nobles and royalty on the East Continent.

All stats will rise by 10% for one hour.

In addition, there is a very low probability of permanently increasing one stat by 5 points.

Weight: 0.1

[You have discovered a hidden feature!]

[Golden Walnut]

Also called the blessing of nature.

It is a snack and remedy enjoyed by all nobles and royalty on the East Continent.

Somewhere on the East Continent, there are creatures whose main food is this walnut.

All stats will rise by 10% for one hour.

In addition, there is a very low probability of permanently increasing one stat by 5 points. The better you shell the walnut, the more likely it is that your stats will permanently increase.

Weight: 0.1

This was huge. Grid's mouth widened. He shook with joy at the huge value of this walnut. Grid smiled and shook his head.

"The more I think about it, the poorer they are."

The golden walnuts were covered by illusion magic. They probably never knew. If they knew, they wouldn't have considered feeding it to a monster.

Grid pledged. 'They are pitiful pushovers. I should be nice to them.'

Grid was projecting his past self onto Mook's party. He felt a great sense of sympathy when he thought about what they suffered on the East Continent. Then he thought about himself.

'Who would've thought I would be so nice to people I met for the first time today? I am really too nice.'

Well, if he wasn't nice then he wouldn't sponsor X University 3,300 won a month. Grid truly believed he was nice.

'I'm not good enough to return the walnuts, but I'm still an angel.'

Grid was proud in his heart. He refrained from eating another golden walnut.

'Eat it sparingly. Before it's an elixir, it is the strongest buff potion.'

Bufs that raised stats usually had a duration of 1~10 minutes. On the other hand, the golden walnut had a buff duration of one hour. In addition, Grid knew of only one other buff potion that raised 'all stats' apart from the golden walnut. That's right, the Sweet Candy.

A buff potion that could only be purchased five times per account from the Reputation Store, it was a fraudulent item that raised all stats by 30%.

‘It’s too precious to eat, unless I encounter a dragon. This walnut is the best buff potion. Therefore, eat it sparingly.’

Dragon! The strongest creature created by the S.A. Group that players couldn’t hunt yet. Grid didn’t want to encounter a dragon til his dying day. He planned to avoid it at all costs. But the world was still unknown. In particular, Grid had no luck. One day, Minerals Detector Minor might suddenly declare as he was searching around Reidan.

"I have found the best minerals in a dragon lair!"

"Then I can’t go to that place..."

Please don’t let that happen.

“Hmm?”

Grid was praying when he thought of something. Was there a way to secure a large amount of golden walnuts? His face suddenly darkened as he was thinking of a new plan. Before he knew it, the time for breakfast was approaching.

‘Ah, XX.’

Grid had improved greatly since he started exercising. In Satisfy, the maximum stamina would be temporarily lowered if a player didn’t eat three meals a day. They shouldn’t skip meals. But Grid wanted to skip today’s meals. His eyes were dark at the thought of eating Idan’s dishes.

‘No... Today will be different.’

He made it clear yesterday. He liked beef, chicken, and eggs. They would food ingredients that were delicious even when not cooked well. Grid planned to use these ingredients so that Idan could make a dish that was better than dog food.

‘Hurry. I will eat and then go watch the competition.’

Still, he was slightly concerned about Mook’s party.

‘Well, there’s no Queen Rat left in the community.’

Step.

Grid turned and left for Pangea.

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Darkness encroached on the big poisonous rat community. Dawn started to reveal its grand scale. Mook’s group felt disturbed from where they were hiding like dead mice.

"This is the time that the hamsters will wake up."

"What should we do? We’ll be isolated."

"What else? We can’t run away anymore, so we can only wait."

It had been 15 minutes since the masked man left. Soon, it would be time for the man to place the last walnut in front of the Queen Rat’s tent.

“One minute. Wait one more minute.”

"The moment that the masked man places the last golden walnut in front of the tent, the Queen Rat will wake up."

"All the big poisonous rats will chase after him."

The big poisonous rats had a funny habit. They had the ability to detect when the Queen Rat was in danger, even if they were far from her tent, and would chase after the intruder. That’s right. Mook’s group planned to escape while the Queen Rat and all the big poisonous rats were chasing Grid. Grid was the sacrificial lamb. However...

“Isn’t it strange?”

“Why is it so quiet?”

The expected time had passed and the big poisonous rats were

still quiet. The health gauge of the masked man in the party window was still full. It meant the Queen Rat hadn't appeared and the masked man didn't fulfill his role properly.

"No, is he stupid enough to not place the walnuts properly?"

"Don't tell me... He figured out the value of the golden walnuts and ran away?"

"Don't speak such nonsense!"

"It's impossible. My illusion magic might last for only an hour, but it can block the best appraisal skills. It boasts a tremendous sophistication."

"Then what is this situation? Why are the big poisonous rats so quiet?"

If the masked man succeeded in attracting the Queen Rat as scheduled, all the big poisonous rats should've popped out by now. But the rats were dead silent. Surely the masked man hadn't noticed their trap and ran away? Mook's group came up with the worst situation and became nervous. They started to talk in the party chat.

-Excuse me... Half-face?

-Where are you?

-What happened to the walnuts?

-Don't you need to lure the Queen Rat?

The person called Half-face! Grid belatedly replied to them.

-There is no Queen Rat, so you can move freely. I'm going to get some breakfast. Then I'm going.

[??? has left the party.]

"...??"

Mook's party was stunned. They couldn't understand Grid's words.

‘There is no Queen Rat?’

‘He withdrew from the party to eat breakfast?’

First of all, it didn’t make sense that there was no Queen Rat. It was only possible if she had been raided in the past three days. The Queen Rat was raided? It was impossible. None of the players currently remaining in Pangea had the ability to catch the Queen Rat. There were four players still stuck in Pangea, which was Mook’s group.

Oh, there was the masked man who joined a while ago. However, it was impossible for him to raid the Queen Rat alone.

‘Dammit... What happened to the walnuts?’

It was extremely rare for a player to leave the party to eat food. Most of them cooked food and ate at the hunting ground. But this person withdrew from the party to eat breakfast. The situation was clear.

‘We’ve been tricked!’

They were ruined. The masked man deceived them. They tried to strike him in the back of the head, only to be struck themselves.

“That guy... He knew our ulterior motives from the beginning!”

He pretended to be deceived and acted at the crucial timing to hit them in the back of the head. Evil and smart.

“Shit...! Shit!”

They were completely abandoned. The golden walnuts they spend all their money buying had disappeared. In a nutshell, they were ruined. Everyone was feeling frustrated when Mook gave them hope.

"Hey, wake up. No matter how clever he is, it’s impossible for him to figure out the identity of the walnuts.”

“That’s right! He might think that the golden walnuts are ordinary walnuts and abandon them on the side of the road!”

“Okay! We’ll search for the golden walnuts from now on! We will get revenge after getting back the walnuts!”

“Ohhh!”

They regained their hope and morale, but it was only for a moment.

“...By the way, how many walnuts are there in this large community?”

“This is the time when the big poisonous rats are the most active... How can we deal with them if they leave the tent in a group? They might be weakened, but it will be hard to deal with a large number of them.”

“Above all, the biggest problem is the Queen Rat. She often wanders around the tents in the morning. We will die if we meet her.”

“...”

It was a continuous cycle of frustration. What should they do? Mook thought about it and found an answer.

“We... We’ll hide and wait until it is their nap time.”

They had to hide for 10 hours until it was time for the rats to nap. They couldn’t move a single finger.

“Once they go to sleep, we’ll start the walnut search operation.”

They could find the golden walnuts if they repeated this for around four days. Mook’s group breathed slowly as the hamsters left the tents one by one. There were tears in their eyes. It was the day they remembered that people shouldn’t do bad things.

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“Right now, they should’ve passed on safely to the next hunting ground?”

Who would’ve known his raid of the Queen Rat would be a big

help to Mook's group? It was something he had never thought about.

"This connection is strange... Huhut."

Grid was glad to help the poor people. He arrived at Pangea that was bustling for the festival and took off his mask. Then he was startled.



# Chapter 529

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" ... "

Grid was surprised because the bustling crowd on the street all sat down. Tens of thousands of people. The festive atmosphere became as silent as a dead mouse. It was an unbelievable and unrealistic thing to experience.

‘Pagma?’

The cause of the sudden silence! Grid got goosebumps as he watched the group of people that appeared in the center of the street. The group walked past the bowing crowd. They wore blue daoist robes and had long black hair tied up. It was exactly the same appearance as the Pagma that Randy copied in the Mysterious Forest.

‘These people are?’

The men in robes boasted a beautiful appearance. Why did they look so much like Pagma, and why did people bow before them? Someone poked Grid’s side. It was a regular NPC. His head was bowed and he was shaking. It seemed like he was afraid to be noticed by the robed men.

"Not bowing before the yangban, are you crazy? Do you have 10 lives?" ([Wiki Link](#)) "Yangban?"

"The residents of the Hwan Kingdom!"

‘The Hwan Kingdom...’

The kingdom that used the white phosphorous tree as their national tree. Grid bowed his head and asked the NPC.

"Is Pangea part of the Hwan Kingdom?"

“Tsk tsk. I should’ve known you were stupid the moment you didn’t bow in front of the yangban.”

" ... "

“Pangea is part of the Cho Kingdom.

“Then why are you bowing to the yangban of the Hwan Kingdom?”

“What are you saying? Isn’t it natural to bow to people who serve their kingdom? Do you not know this because you’re stupid?

“...?”

Did the Hwan Kingdom have the concept of a common kingdom?

‘It seems like Pagma was born in the Hwan Kingdom...’

He was gradually finding out information. Grid decided not to fret about it.

“Hrmm.”

At this moment, a yangban in blue robes passed by Grid and gave him a meaningful smile. Grid felt awe the moment he looked into the yangban’s eyes. There was an unknown aura and overwhelming majesty that made his heart race.

[You have an urge to bow.]

[You have resisted.]

This was just because Grid met his eyes?

‘Don’t tell me...’

Grid gulped.

‘The power of a legend?’

Grid was confused.

“Huhut.”

There was coy laughter as the yangban left Grid’s field of view.

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Idan's restaurant.

“Would you like me to prepare the citron tea in advance?”

A beautiful girl reminiscent of a cat. The employee Yang Fei asked the question with an impassive expression. But Grid didn't answer. He was still thinking about the yangban that he encountered on the street.

‘I'm certain. That's a legend-grade presence.’

When Grid first lent his body to Braham. Grid had been shocked and thrilled when seeing Braham gather all the mana. The yangban's presence matched Braham of that time.

‘But... None of the legends were described as originating from the East Continent? It's just my guess that Pagma came from the East Continent.’

In the first place, there were nine legends. But the number of yangbans he saw today was over 10.

‘Don't tell me that separate legends exist for the East Continent?’

Separate from the nine legends of the West Continent.

‘...Ah, it's natural.’

The West and East Continents were isolated from each other. It stood to reason that they wouldn't share legends. It was right for them to be separate.

‘Look at Lord.’

He was called a genius that represented the West Continent.

‘Hey... This is really...’

The world became bigger. The powerhouses that couldn't be seen on the West Continent and in Hell overflowed in the East Continent. But Grid didn't feel frustrated. Rather, he found it interesting.

‘In the future, I will be stronger.’

Even if he became stronger than he was now, he wouldn't be criticized for destroying the balance. In other words, it meant Grid

had the confidence to be strong.

‘I am a legend.’

He was always trying hard. Yes, like right now!

“Now! Sorry to keep you waiting!”

"..."

Idan cooked eggs for Grid's breakfast. The yolk was cooked to the point of being burnt, while the whites were raw.

“Crazy. It's hard to deliberately make this.”

Grid couldn't help spitting out. Fortunately, Idan took it as a compliment.

“It took a lot more work than normal egg rolls. After separating the yolk and egg whites, I cooked only the yolk and poured the whites, using the concept of them as a sauce.”

"...Don't you think you should cook them normally?"

“Aish, this person. How can you eat ordinary egg yolk and egg whites?”

"You can cook moderately..."

"I made this dish with a chef's heart of wanting to feed my guest the best egg. Using the soft egg whites to cover the hard yolk, isn't this new and ingenious?"

'You could start off with soft-boiled.'

It was surprisingly a dish not made out of malice. Grid really didn't want to eat it, but he closed his eyes and poured the eggs into his mouth. The feeling of the egg whites wrapping around his teeth every time he chews made him feel bad. The smell of the egg spreading in his mouth made it hard to breathe and the unique flavour of the yolk disappeared after it was cooked too much, giving a feeling of chewing dry stone.

Gulp!

Grid wanted to spit it out but barely managed to swallow it, tasting sweet fruit at the end.

[You have received food poisoning from eating uncooked food.]

[You have resisted.]

[Stamina has risen permanently by 1.]

‘The food wasn’t cooked properly...’

But Idan was the serious problem. It was clear that Idan didn’t have a talent for cooking.

“Hah.”

Then Grid asked him.

“Why didn’t you use salt?”

It would’ve been a bit easier to eat. Idan felt and replied to Grid.

"Salt is bad for your health!"

‘You will die if you eat ramyun.’

“Here.”

Yang Fei served the citron tea to the grumbling Grid. She prepared it beforehand. Grid lit up at the thought of rinsing his mouth with the tea. Grid looked at Yang Fei like she was an angel.

“Thank you.”

Gulp gulp.

Grid tried to get rid of the egg taste with the fragrant tea. Yang Fei spoke meaningfully as Grid’s face recovered its color.

"That... My legs are sore today."

Yang Fei lifted her skirt slightly and exposed her white calves. It was a stimulating sight. But Grid wasn’t stimulated. For any woman under the age of 20. Grid didn’t recognize them as a woman unless they had a D cup.

"Yes, I will massage it with sincerity today."

"..."

Grid spoke carelessly while Yang Fei's face became like a carrot. She already had a body that couldn't live without Grid's hands.

\*\*\*

"You came!"

A large stadium to the north of Pangea's Castle. Grid visited the waiting room of the stadium that reminded him of the Coliseum and White of the White Hammer smithy welcomed him. White grabbed Grid's hands tightly.

"Mr. Woodcutter, thanks to you, we can now create flames of the desired temperature with the white phosphorus wood. It will be your achievement if the White Hammer smithy wins the competition this year."

'Woodcutter?'

Grid thought it was strange but didn't question it.

"What is the theme of the competition?"

Grid was interested from the perspective of a blacksmith and White replied.

"It's the same as last year. It is to reproduce Pangea's treasure that was lost in the war two years ago."

"What's the treasure?"

"Red Phoenix Bow. It's a bow."

"Red Phoenix...Bow!"

Grid felt a strong interest. Red Phoenix Bow. Based on the name, a red phoenix... Then the bow would have powerful fire properties. It was highly likely that Jishuka would have a high compatibility with it.

'This is a treasure of the East Continent, so the base attack power won't be a joke. It would be nice to obtain the production design.'

It was virtually impossible to get a production design just by seeing the item being made. One in 10,000 blacksmiths couldn't do it. But Grid was a legendary blacksmith, not an ordinary one. He could try it.

‘Of course, the probability of success is low.’

He would do his best as always. The excited Grid suddenly felt doubts.

"Why is the theme of the competition the same as last year?"

"Last year, the blacksmiths failed to reproduce the Red Phoenix Bow. The lord probably intends to keep the same theme until a perfect masterpiece is reproduced."

"What type of bow is the original Red Phoenix Bow? Do you have the design of the Red Phoenix Bow?"

"It is a bow based on one of the four patrons, the blue dragon, the white tiger, the black tortoise, and the red phoenix. It's a bow that shows the amazing destructive power of fire. Of course, there's no design. It has been lost since ancient times. We can only use our imagination to create it."

"Hmmm..."

If it was a bow with the fire attribute, was a fire stone used as material?

'Melting down the fire stone and using it with iron... The iron bow originally boasts great destructive power... No, wait.'

This was the East Continent. He couldn't think about it with the perspective of a West Continent blacksmith.

‘There might be another specialized material on the East Continent with the fire attribute... Ah!’

A sudden thought passed through Grid's head.

‘The white phosphorus wood!’

Grid was convinced.

‘I am the only one who can make the Red Phoenix Bow.’

Why? He was the only blacksmith in the world who could cut down the white phosphorus tree! Grid’s eyes flashed.

“What benefits will be received from winning the competition?”

Greed was within Grid’s shining eyes. A powerful greed that wanted to devour everything in the world! But White was blinded to Grid’s nature.

‘Oh, look at those passionate eyes!’

White misunderstood and explained the situation.



# Chapter 530

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“What benefits will be received from winning the competition?”

“We will be able to exclusively deliver battle gear to the lord for a year. We will also be featured in the recommendation to tourists and will earn a huge amount of revenue as a result.”

Pangea was twice as big as Reidan, the second largest city in the Eternal Kingdom. Unlike Reidan, it was constantly full and had a high floating population. The smithy that won this competition could indeed amass a large amount of wealth. They would be honored as the best blacksmiths of Pangea, so winning the blacksmith competition was the dream of all blacksmiths in Pangea. But that wasn't White's only purpose.

“And... We become qualified to enter the dungeon of the lord's castle.”

“The dungeon of the lord's castle?”

In fact, there were castles that contained dungeons. Chris' territory was an example. Chris was famous for having a vampire boss that appeared in his castle's underground dungeon and accumulating elixirs. As it happened, Grid's territories didn't have a private dungeon.

‘I heard that a castle's dungeon is also a good place to collect rare items...’

Lauel's strengthening Overgeared plan included the occupation of all such castles on the West Continent and monopolizing the dungeons.

‘It isn't feasible.’

Grid's eyes recovered from their greed. At the same time, they sharpened.

“What's in Pangea's dungeon?”

“Armored needle...”

“Armored needle?”

“The enemy who murdered my father, the monster that produces the ‘Silver Thread’ that all blacksmiths dream about.”

‘Thread made of silver?’

The silver thread sounded ordinary. But if it was simple silver thread, the blacksmiths of Pangea wouldn’t dream about obtaining it.

“It isn’t like normal silver thread?”

“It is silver thread obtained by the silver armor worn by the armored needles melting from their rotten blood. This silver thread is hardened by this process, repeating for many years. It’s said to never break and exerts mysterious effects.”

“Your father being killed by the armored needles...”

“It’s as you expect. My father won the competition several years ago, entered the dungeon to obtain the silver thread, and was killed by an armored needle.”

White’s father got into trouble when he entered the dungeon with the lord’s troops who regularly entered the dungeon. White was afraid that he would step on the same path as his father, but he was angrier and greedier than he was fearful.

“I will surely recreate the Red Phoenix Bow, win the competition, gain access to the dungeon, and gain resources from the lord. I will sweep away the armored needles and use the silver thread to make the White Hammer Smithy the best smithy. That was my father’s dream.”

“...Hmmm.”

Grid’s eyes changed once again as he looked at White. There was warmth in his eyes. Based on the humanitarian ideology of Pagma’s Descendant, Blacksmith’s Affection was expressed.

‘A blacksmith with dreams looks good.’

It was at that moment.

Ttiring~

[A quest has been created.]

[Win the Smithy Competition!]

Difficulty: SSS

You are the successor of Pagma’s techniques and will! You have Pagma’s humanitarian ideology of using ‘blacksmithing to benefit other people.’

You are impressed with White, who is trying to make the White Hammer smithy the best smithy in Pangea for his father. Help White win the smithy competition!

The moment that the White Hammer smithy is crowned the best smithy in Pangea, you will have an absolute ally in Pangea.

Quest Clear Conditions: A unique or higher rated Restored Red Phoenix Bow.

Quest Reward: White’s affinity will be MAX. The lord’s affinity will rise by 30~80 points. Different compensation will be obtained depending on your affinity with the lord. The right to enter the dungeon of Pangea’s castle. Your level will rise by one.

Quest Failure: Affinity with White will decline. Your reputation in Pangea will drop.

‘Good.’

Grid’s desire to participate in the competition grew. He had a reason and would even receive compensation, so there was no reason for Grid to refuse.

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

There were only two options in the notification window. YES or NO. Grid chose YES without hesitation.

“Now, Grid.”

White responded after the quest was accepted.

"In fact, I'm not confident about handling the white phosphorus wood properly. I am able to get better firepower than before thanks to it, but I can't completely control it. But as a legendary woodcutter, don't you also specialize in firewood? That... I'm asking despite the shame. Will you participate in this competition as a member of my smithy?"

"..."

A legendary blacksmith was mistaken for a woodcutter? Grid was embarrassed because the development was different than what he expected, but he nodded.

“I understand. I will help you.”

“Ohh...! Ohh! Thank you! I really appreciate it!”

Of course, the legendary blacksmith was also good with the bellows. It wasn't difficult for Grid to handle fire.

‘I just need to participate in the competition, no matter the manner.’

Once the competition began.

‘I will take the lead.’

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“Umm.”

Han Seokbong. He was the descendant of a fallen noble family and had a poor childhood. But thanks to his wise mother, he was able to become a civil servant and rise in the ranks. Han Seokbong was appointed to help the king of the Cho Kingdom. It was said that the policies developed by Han Seokbong made the Cho Kingdom strong.

He was the genius who was appointed as lord of Pangea at the age

of 50. The hero who raised his family name, a role model to the common people, and a national treasure, he had been troubled in recent years. It was because of the loss of Pangea's treasure, the Red Phoenix Bow.

"In the end, the yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom moved!"

The four treasures that contained the power of a god.

The Blue Dragon Dao in the eastern Kaya Kingdom. The White Tiger Spear in the western Pa Kingdom. The Red Phoenix Bow in the southern Cho Kingdom. The Black Tortoise Jewel in the northern Xing Kingdom.

The Hwan Kingdom gave these four treasures to each kingdom and ordered them to protect them well. Now the Cho Kingdom had lost the Red Phoenix Bow. It was when Han Seokbong was the lord of Pangea.

'The yangban said they would give me half a year...'

If he couldn't regain the Red Phoenix Bow in half a year, Han Seokbong's safety wasn't the only problem. The Cho Kingdom had a lot of exchanges with the Hwan Kingdom, so it was likely the Hwan Kingdom would place severe restrictions for a few years. It was a situation where the status of the kingdom would plummet and become paralyzed.

"Hah!"

Han Seokbong felt resentment. Three years ago, an unidentified evil daoist priest invaded Pangea and stole the Red Phoenix Bow. Why did the Cho Kingdom have to be driven to a corner? 'If the Cho Kingdom is weakened, the northern Xing will obtain the greatest profit... However, it was unlikely that Xing would've caused this incident since they knew the importance of the four divine treasures.'

Maybe the enemy was within. There were only a few candidates who would benefit if the power of the Cho King weakened.

'Seok Hyungong.'

The king's younger brother.

'But he isn't bold and his support base is weak.'

In the worst case...

'Maybe someone knew the meaning of the Red Phoenix Bow and desired it...'

In this case, they might also go after the Blue Dragon Dao, the White Tiger Spear, and the Black Tortoise Jewel. It was dangerous. The entire continent might fall into chaos.

'No, this isn't an issue I should worry about now.'

If the situation became serious, then the people of the Hwan Kingdom would come to solve it. Perhaps.

'I just need to concentrate on regaining the Red Phoenix Bow.'

But he didn't know where the Red Phoenix Bow was. Due to the monster community in the north, communication with the outside was limited. It was more realistic to create a new treasure that would replace the Red Phoenix Bow, so Han Seokbong placed hope in the blacksmiths of Pangea.

"Please... I hope you will recreate the Red Phoenix Bow this year."

A tombstone made of white jade. The voice of an old woman entered his ears as he looked at the place where the Red Phoenix Bow would've been.

"Your face is becoming more anxious the more days that pass. Won't it be more toxic if you feel meaningless anxiety?"

"Mother!"

Han Seokbong grasped the owner of the voice and rose from his seat. He was worried for his mother, who was 80 years old. She shouldn't be coming all the way down here.

"Your knees will be sore if you keep going up and down the stairs."

Han Seokbong ran to his mother, helping her up as she handed him a writing brush.

"Your mother is still fine, so don't be worried. Don't forget that you must always be calm. Train your mind and body. Sigh."

Han Seokbong's mother blew out the candles placed around the white jade tombstone. Then she sat down in the darkened room.

"From now on, I will slice some rice cakes, so calm yourself."

"Yes...! I understand, Mother!"

His mother had always been by his side since childhood. She appeared whenever he was feeling confused and anxious.

'Once I start writing things down, my head always clears and my mind calms down.'

Han Seokbong smiled cheerfully and started doing calligraphy. Writing in darkness was a new development. It was natural for the handwriting to be poor.

"Ahat!"

Han Seokbong's mother cut her finger while slicing the rice cake. It was something that frequently happened and it was just a small cut.

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"Hey! Who is this? Isn't it the dark White from the White Hammer smithy?"

An hour before the competition. A guest came to the White Hammer blacksmiths who were gathering the materials to be used in this competition. It was the owner of the Blue Flames smithy, Enoch.

"The White Hammer smithy has been disgraced for the last three

years and it won't be able to win again this year. Are you enjoying your last bit of fun?"

Enoch was someone with a kind and comforting appearance. But his tone and words were nasty.

"Your father would be sad. The White Hammer smithy will soon be destroyed because a blacksmith who can't handle fire was made the successor."

"..."

Enoch talked about White's dead father. White was furious. But he tried to be patient and not show his anger. In the end, Enoch's words weren't wrong. If he became angry now, wouldn't that make Enoch laugh even more?

'I feel sorry for my father.'

White was guilty of being a bad son.

Kkuok!

Blood flowed as White formed a tight fist.

"A blacksmith should cherish his hands."

Grid stepped forward from where he had been watching the situation. He took out a bandage he used when he was a beginning and handed it to White, before speaking to Enoch.

"Are you good at handling fire?"

Enoch thought it was ridiculous.

"What's this? I've never seen you before? A newbie like you dares to interrupt a conversation between adults? Is this your concept?"

"What adult? There's only a 10 year difference between us."

"Hah, the level of the White Hammer smithy is really low. I don't like this type of rudeness. Tsk tsk, really. All the talented people are gathering in my smithy. Well, this year's winner is obvious. Let's celebrate in advance. Puhahat."



‘What a funny guy.’

Going to another waiting room just to argue? A complete gangster. Grid disliked this type of person.

"I'll have to beat you first."

A woodcutter made an absurd remark about beating the master of the Blue Flames smithy. White didn't hear it. He was trying to swallow his anger.

# Chapter 531

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“Leader...”

The White Hammer blacksmiths called out, but White didn't respond. He sat to one side with his head bowed. He was trembling with shame after Enoch laughed at him. The White Hammer blacksmiths were worried. The ashamed White turned away from them. Grid approached White with a frown.

“Is there time to be doing this?”

“...?”

“If you're upset, pay it back. There's no time to be absentminded. Do your best with your skills.”

Grid had contempt for bullies. It was because he had once been ignored and despised by people. That's how he could sympathize with White's heart. Blacksmith's Affection also added to the feeling of wanting to help White.

“If you don't like that feeling in your chest, blow it away. Then I'll get right to the point. Pull it out. The design of the Red Phoenix that you envisioned.”

“Huh? U-Understood.”

White wanted Grid's help with the bellows. It was his only task. There was no need for him to see the design. In addition, this design was made by the White Hammer blacksmiths and it was something that shouldn't be shown to just anyone. But White was in a daze and easily handed over the design to Grid.

[The Red Phoenix Bow (Reproduction: White Hammer Version) design has been acquired.]

[Red Phoenix Bow (Reproduction: White Hammer Version)]

Rating: Normal ~ Epic

Normal Rating Information:

...

...

Rare Rating Information:

...

...

Epic Rating Information:

...

...

It was 1m 20cm in size. It is slightly larger than a short bow and much smaller than a longbow. The bow was divided into three big pieces. In the center, Hwangpyeong Mountain bamboo was used as a material, while both sides had mulberry wood. Grid checked the design and accompanying explanatory text before asking White.

"What are the characteristics of the Hwangpyeong Mountain bamboo and mulberry wood?"

"Hwangpyeong Mountain bamboo is specially selected because it contains a lot of fiber, while the mulberry wood is both soft and strong."

"In other words, the bow is made from materials that maximize elasticity?"

"Huh? Oh, that's right. It doesn't break easily and can fire the arrows."

Shouldn't a woodcutter know all this? As White was feeling confused, Grid started to scan the materials.

'Certainly, both the bamboo and mulberry wood are of the best quality.'

It wasn't comparable to the bamboo and mulberry on the West Continent. The trees on the East Continent was much better in quality.

‘Is it because they grow in an environment filled with mana?’

Good. Obviously good.

‘But...’

Based on the name, the Red Phoenix Bow had the fire attribute. No matter how outstanding the performance, it was questionable if the bamboo and mulberry wood could sustain the heat of the flames. Grid identified the next dubious part of the design.

...

The exterior of the bow was wrapped with a fireproof leather.

“What is that red leather?”

"It doesn't burn even when covered in flames. It's Rascal Leather. It's very solid and durable against fire."

“...Hmmm.”

Now he understood. But the most important thing was the creation of flames. What did the White Hammer smithy think about to summon fire? Grid was filled with anticipation as he confirmed the final part of the drawing, only to deflate. He discovered that they used a fire stone.

"What are you doing?"

Why was the design that White made with all his heart being crumpled? White looked at Grid with a disbelieving expression. Grid realized his mistake and muttered as he unfolded the pattern again.

“This won't do.”

Fire stone? It might be a rare ore, but it could be found on the West Continent. Grid was convinced since it was a production material he used quite often.

‘It might be possible with an iron bow or a composite bow, but a simple wood bow won't be able to bear the weight of the fire stone.

The balance would be off. If the weight of the fire stone is lowered, the firepower will weaken.'

If a bow was made in accordance with this design, it wouldn't be qualified to be called the Red Phoenix Bow.

'Indeed, the answer is to use the white phosphorus wood. It's certain.'

The problem was that he didn't know the shape and characteristics of the Red Phoenix Bow, but White could help with that.

"White, you've seen the Red Phoenix Bow, right?"

"Of course. It's the treasure of my hometown, so I have seen it many times from a distance. The lord holds the Red Phoenix Bow for big events."

Liking faded from White's eyes when looking at Grid. He didn't appreciate his design being crumpled and his affinity fell. But Grid didn't care. There were plenty of chances to make up for his mistake!

"Is this design based on the Red Phoenix Bow that you saw?"

"Yes... However, the Red Phoenix Bow wasn't covered with leather. It was made entirely of wood... This is the result of trying to copy the form as much as possible."

"Was the color of the Red Phoenix Bow white?"

"Huh, how did you know...? That's right. The Red Phoenix Bow was white..."

It was up to here. Grid no longer hesitated and immediately took action.

"Item Creation."

[What item do you want to create?]

"A bow."

[What materials would you like to use?]

“White pho.... No, wait.”

The white phosphorus wood was comparable to dragon iron. It was harder than steel and had weak elasticity. Thus, Grid was somewhat hesitant. White’s design was based on the Red Phoenix Bow that he saw and it had the shape of a bow that emphasized resilience. If the Red Phoenix Bow emphasized resilience like White interpreted, then white phosphorus wood shouldn’t be the main material used.

‘But what if White misinterpreted?’

Then the story was different. Grid believed in his own intuition. It wasn’t arrogance. It was the pride he had as a legendary blacksmith.

"I will use the white phosphorus wood as a material."

Grid made his decision.

\*\*\*

"What is he doing?"

"Let’s see?"

The White Hammer blacksmiths were confused. The woodcutter Grid was suddenly asking about the Red Phoenix Bow. After a while, he squatted in the corner and started drawing something. One blacksmith cried out with surprise.

“Don’t tell me! He’s copying the design of the Red Phoenix Bow that we spend three years and countless trials and errors completing?”

"Haha, how silly."

“It’s nonsense.”

Grid couldn’t be a design thief. Surely a thief wouldn’t blatantly copy in front of the parties involved?

"He would deliberately go to a place that is dark... Heok?"

Was he really a thief trying to steal it? The blacksmiths became alert. White restrained those who were feeling hostile towards Grid.

"You shouldn't judge a person so casually."

Yes, just like White a few days ago. Didn't he see only a few pieces of Grid and judged from that? White thought Grid was an unscrupulous person dreaming about becoming a blacksmith without even knowing the job.

'I didn't know he was such a distinguished person. Hrmm...'

But now he was different. What was Grid doing while squatting down? Maybe Grid was actually taking part of their design as his fellow blacksmiths said?

'No, he wouldn't steal so openly... Hrmm.'

White was worried. White was reminded of the darkness that lived in people and approached Grid. He looked at what Grid was drawing in the air and became shocked. He was amazed enough to jump like a rabbit. The picture Grid was drawing. It was the Red Phoenix Bow. It was a much more complete design than the Red Phoenix Bow that White had envisioned for the last three years.

"N-No, how can this be...? How can a woodcutter do such a thing?"

White still misunderstood Grid as a woodcutter. Grid laughed as he confirmed the information of the completed design.

[Red Phoenix (Reproduction)]

Rating: Epic ~ Legendary

Epic Rating Information:

...

...

Unique Rating Information:

...

...

Legendary Rating Information:

...

...

The treasure of Pangea that was reproduced by a legendary blacksmith. Its value can compete with the original.

‘Okay.’

Now the key depending on the rating of the Red Phoenix Bow produced during the competition. Grid asked the baffled White a question.

"Did you say the competition time was eight hours?"

White replied with a dazed expression.

“Ah... Yes, that’s correct. It’s too long to make a bow, but this is the competition to reproduce Pangea’s treasure...”

‘This is rotten.’

The time was too short. For Grid who spent a day or two making a bow, eight hours was nothing.

‘I have to use it wisely.’

There was also the new power he obtained from making the 20th legendary item.

‘Item Upgrade!’

Grid was convinced that he could easily clear the quest with this power, even if he couldn’t perfectly reproduce the Red Phoenix Bow. He checked the time and rose.

"Then let’s depart.”

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“The White Hammer blacksmiths are entering!”

“Boo! Boooooo!”

The White Hammer blacksmiths entered the stadium with Grid in the front, not White. The spectators booed loudly since they lost the last three competitions. White and the blacksmiths shrank back, while Grid enjoyed it.

‘More.’

Ignore him more.

‘The more you ignore us, the more dramatic the result will be.’

Grid grinned widely, revealing his teeth. The blacksmiths of the other smithies on the stage ridiculed him.

“Who is that person?”

“It is the first time I’ve seen him... Isn’t he new?”

“Why is a new person leading instead of White?”

“White might be embarrassed and is using the new person as a shield.”

“He’s pathetic to the end.”

The tens of thousands of spectators and the hundreds of blacksmiths. They had no idea that this newbie would cause a huge commotion. It was the first step of Grid’s legend on the East Continent.

# Chapter 532

---

“U-Um...”

White and the White Hammer blacksmiths found it hard to understand the current situation. Why was a woodcutter asked to control the flames in front of all of them?

‘I want to tell him to stand back, but...’

‘He’s the great person who designed the Red Phoenix Bow!’

‘Who the hell is he?’

‘Maybe it’s as Leader White said...’

‘He might be a distinguished person...’

‘He’s someone who cut down the white phosphorus tree.’

The White Hammer blacksmiths murmured among themselves while climbing onto the stage.

"Bhhhhh-! Boooooo!"

"White is a coward! All the other blacksmiths are standing at the forefront. Why do you have a newcomer in front of you?"

"Isn't it shameful to hide behind another person?"

The crowd's booing became stronger. The leader of the Blue Flames smithy, Enoch, walked over to White.

“You dare to participate in the competition again? In any case, the result will be the same as the last three years. Isn't that right? For. Ever. Lo. Ser. Friend.

"..."

White didn't respond to Enoch. Enoch was someone who liked ridiculing others and seeing their reactions. He would go away if White ignored him. But Enoch was persistent.

“I really can't understand you. Daring to risk the White Hammer

smithy's reputation by confronting me when you don't have the talent. Ah, no. Didn't the reputation of the White Hammer smithy already fall to the bottom after your father died? It was the day he foolishly died to the armored needle."

"You!"

"Kukuk! It turns out to be like father, like son!"

Enoch was crossing the line. White could no longer tolerate it. The moment he became angry enough to punch Enoch in the face, something interrupted him.

"Bark bark. Bark. It's the sound of a dog barking nonsense."

"...?"

Enoch was watching White with pleasure, when he became shocked. The two people simultaneously turned their gazes in the direction of the barking. They discovered a black-haired man with sharp eyes. It was the unidentified newcomer of the White Hammer smithy.

Grid scoffed and said to Enoch. "You're a crazy dog. Just wait a minute. There's no need to bother Teacher White. I will smash you myself."

"Teacher White?"

White and Enoch were both surprised. White was stunned while Enoch laughed loudly. This was a jackpot.

"You're really crazy! White! You don't know the topic and actually dare to be a teacher? A person with poor talent teaching someone else? Puhat! Puhahat! Oh, my stomach! If the other blacksmiths hear this, they would be laughing!"

"Ugh...!"

White's face turned red. His skin was dark, making it hard to see, but he didn't look good. White was really embarrassed. It was because there was nothing wrong with Enoch's words.

" ... "

He had spent the past three years as a loser. White lost his self-esteem and couldn't help bowing his head.

"Raise your head. Don't get used to seeing the ground." Grid stared at White and was reminded of his past self. "Today, the White Hammer smithy that you and your father love will win the competition."

Suuk.

Grid's finger pointed at White's heart. White saw the hard calluses on the thick fingers.

'Blacksmith hands?'

White belatedly realized Grid's real identity. He felt astonished as Grid confirmed it.

"You will be the best smithy in Pangea."

Today's victory would be achieved by relying on Grid, but not in the future. White was a person he used Blacksmith's Affection on. His blacksmith skill level was destined to rise the moment that his affinity reached the maximum.

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"Enoch is becoming more and more distorted."

"It was because he respected Dawhite more than anyone else. He was disappointed when Dawhite chose White as a successor, despite not being able to support the smithy."

"Looking at it, the poor person isn't White, but Enoch. Well, that doesn't excuse his twisted personality."

"Ignore him. Enoch and White aren't people we have to worry about."

Enoch had excellent skills and a twisted personality, while White was born with a unique talent, but was lazy in his youth. From the

perspective of the skilled and older leaders of the Black Anvil and Red Tongs smithies, they were both inexperienced.

“Hrmm, yes. We have to focus on the competition.”

“Last year, I was careless and lost the title to Enoch.”

“This year will be our second victory.”

The Black Anvil and Red Tongs leaders acknowledged each other as opponents. The appearance of the best blacksmiths in Pangea excited the audience.

“Beoksan! La Hochul! Have a great match this year!”

“Make the national treasure! Fighting!”

“The firepower of last year’s Red Phoenix Bow was too weak! This year, make it heat of the fire properly!”

Waaahhhhhhhh!

It was a really different atmosphere. The White Hammer smithy was booed and received criticisms, while the Black Anvil and Red Tongs smithies received cheers. White was used to it, but he still felt sick. White bowed to Grid.

“First of all, I’m ashamed and sorry for being unable to recognize you as a blacksmith. And thank you very much. You helped stop me from doing something I would regret.”

“There’s no need to thank me...”

Grid attempted to demonstrate humility, only to suddenly stop. This was the East Continent, not the West Continent. In this place, he was an ordinary person, not a noble or the leader of Overgeared. There was no need to consider his social status. He could act according to his personality. Grid changed what he was going to say.

“Yes, you should feel deep appreciation.”

Huhuhut!

White couldn't help questioning Grid, "Why? Why are you helping me?"

Grid's answer was simple.

"Of course, it's for me. I have to stay here in Pangea for the moment. It will be helpful if I can obtain someone's grace."

"...Why did you choose me?"

"..."

Grid was embarrassed. Why did Grid come to the White Hammer smithy and help White? There was no reason. He ran into White because the White Hammer smithy was the closest. Then he received the quest and the situation became like this. But White was full of expectations. He was criticized after losing his father, only for Grid to suddenly appear. He wanted to be special for Grid. Until now, he had lived a poor life. But was he actually qualified to be the protagonist of his life? Didn't the sky drop Grid in front of him?

Grid looked at White's eyes that were shining like lanterns and smiled. It was a smile filled with genuine affection, not falsehood.

"You are special."

What if someone like the current Grid had appeared before his past self? That's right. Grid projected his past self onto White.

"Only you are entitled to receive help from me. So I looked for you."

"Only... Me..."

White's heart started to beat faster. This was an unidentified blacksmith who completed the design of the Red Phoenix Bow in a short amount of time. A special existence that couldn't be measured. Thus, his self-esteem started to rise again. But there was one part that weighed on his mind.

Even if the White Hammer smithy won this competition, it

wouldn't be through their skills. White was grateful for the help, but it was meaningless to win through the hands of another person.

‘What if I’m not qualified after winning the competition?’

He would lose even the glory of the past that he wasn't qualified for.

“Thank you... I really appreciate it. But... I think it would be better not to receive your help in this competition.”

Grid grinned at the struggling White and shook his head.

“Don't think about complicated things and just accept. Didn't I say it? You are special. After the competition, you will be qualified to be the winner.”

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The amount of times it was possible to use the Legendary Blacksmith's Creation increased by three every time the skill level of the Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship skill increased. Most skills were mastered at level 10. Therefore, it meant the total number of times Grid could create an item was 30 in total.

Grid needed to use the Legendary Blacksmith's Creation skill cautiously. It was clear that if Grid used it carelessly even once, he would regret it for the rest of his life. In other words, Grid used the creation skill on the Red Phoenix Bow after careful consideration.

‘I definitely think it's worth it.’

Grid lined up with the White Hammer blacksmiths and listened to the host announce the start of the competition. It was the ultimate joy to see a completed Red Phoenix Bow.

‘This is a bow for Jishuka.’

If he could arm thousands of soldiers with it in the future...

‘I will be invincible.’

Grid looked at the completed Red Phoenix Bow design and pulled out something from his inventory. White wood. The white phosphorus wood.

“What?”

The tens of thousands of spectators and hundreds of blacksmiths all felt doubt.

“G-Grid.”

Grid quickly attracted the attention of many people. White couldn't help feeling nervous. However, Grid attracted the attention of countless people since becoming Pagma's Descendant and was used to it. He didn't feel nervous at all.

“Now, I shall begin.”



# Chapter 533

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There was a clear similarity between the Red Phoenix Bow that Grid imagined and the one that the White Hammer blacksmiths designed. The bow was white and created powerful flames. It was the decisive moment when Grid was convinced that the main material of the Red Phoenix Bow was the white phosphorus wood.

The white phosphorus wood was hard and comparable to dragon iron. However, it was also lightweight and generated its own powerful flames. It was suitable to use as a material for the Red Phoenix Bow. However, the other blacksmiths of Pangea never thought about using the white phosphorus wood. Very few people expected the material of the Red Phoenix Bow to be white phosphorus wood.

Were they stupid? No. It was just common sense. The white phosphorus tree was something that could never be cut down by a blacksmith. No, it was common sense everywhere in the world. No one would think of making something with the white phosphorus wood.

But Grid did it. He was the only person in the world who could cut down the white phosphorus tree!

“Isn’t that white phosphorus wood?”

“It’s impossible...”

The tens of thousands of spectators watching the stage. All eyes were on the place that was surrounded by pine trees. It was due to the white wood that the new blacksmith from the White Hammer smithy took out. Straight white wood. It looked exactly like the white phosphorus wood. However, people judged that it couldn’t be the white phosphorus wood.

"The white phosphorus tree can't be cut down, right?"

"That's right. I heard that it will explode if cut."

“It’s impossible for it to be the white phosphorus wood. It just looks like white phosphorus wood.”

But was there a tree that resembled the white phosphorus tree in this world? There might be a lot of white trees, but the white phosphorus wood was unique. The white phosphorus wood had no twisted parts at all. As people were feeling confused, someone shouted a negative opinion.

“Those damn White Hammer guys! They can’t get people’s attention with their skills, so they prepared a useless performance!”

On one side of the stage. It was a cry from the Blue Flames section facing the White Hammer section. It was Enoch’s voice. He was sincerely angry. He didn’t like that people were paying attention to the White Hammer smithy instead of the winner of last year’s competition.

The White Hammer smithy was grabbing people’s attention with a performance, not skill. Pulling out fake white phosphorus wood? It was nothing more than an irritating and meaningless act. It was just embarrassing.

Dawwhite. The person he once respected most in the world. Enoch had complicated emotions because the White Hammer smithy that Dawwhite built had completely lost its honor and was about to fall.

‘Dawwhite!’

Why did he pick White as his successor, destroying the White Hammer smithy? All of Dawwhite’s achievements were now worthless.

‘It is sad that even the greatest human is obsessed with bloodlines!’

Kwack!

Enoch placed the finest firewood that he had prepared into the furnace. He used a secret technique to cause blue flames to burn in

the furnace.

"I'll show you the most ideal flames in the world!"

Hwaruruk!

Enoch pressed on the bellows and the blue flames flared up. The hot heat made the stage boil and stimulated the crowd.

"Ohh! Huge flames!"

"Indeed, the glow of the blue flames is brilliant!"

The quality of the blue flames was the best in the Cho Kingdom. Even Dawwhite acknowledged the blue flames when he was alive. The lowest grade iron ore could be refined like the finest grade iron ore. That's why these blue flames had the highest rating!

The blazing flames caught the attention of the crowd. The crowd turned away from the White Hammer smithy and the white phosphorus wood. Meanwhile, Grid was also admiring Enoch's flames.

'He's a blacksmith who is good at the bellows.'

It seemed like Enoch had the skills of a craftsman when it came to flames. That's right. It was just a craftsman. It was far less than a legendary blacksmith. Grid was surprised and disappointed.

'I thought I would learn something from observing the Blue Flames smithy, just like I did from the White Hammer smithy.'

It wasn't that much.

'The technique of the White Hammer smithy is special.'

It seemed like the Dawwhite who kept being mentioned was an excellent blacksmith. Grid thought this and threw the white phosphorus wood in the furnace.

At that moment.

Peeeeeeong!

"...!"

There was a loud explosion from the White Hammer smithy's furnace. The surprised crowd and blacksmiths turned their attention to the White Hammer area again. Then they were shocked.

"W-What? Those flames?"

"It's swallowing up the furnace?"

Flames of immense size. The flames rose from the blast furnace and leapt outside, covering the entire blast furnace. Red flames burst into the air, like the surface of the sun. Unlike the people who were astonished, Enoch burst out laughing.

"Puhahaha! A person who doesn't know how to handle the bellows! The materials can't be properly refined from such a strong fire! It will just burn everything up... Hak!"

Enoch fell silent for the first time.

Puok. Puok. Puok.

Grid.

The new White Hammer blacksmith was pumping on the handle of the bellows and repeated this movement.

Hwaruruk! Hwaruk!

The large flames in the furnace suddenly died down? Enoch and the chiefs of the Black Anvil and Red Tongs smithy all stared with wide eyes.

'The flames that I thought were impossible to control was calmed in an instant?'

'It's ridiculous the way he is handling the bellows. That young man's hands... Yes, it's like he has spent his whole life doing this.'

'Who is that person? Standing in front of the heat that could melt the skin, he doesn't shrink back and calmly handled the bellows? His skin didn't even turn red?'

Kurururung!

A loud sound was heard from the White Hammer smithy. It was the sound generated by the rise in temperature of the flames in the furnace.

“G-Great. But isn’t the temperature too high? Won’t you be turned into ashes before he can put the iron in?”

Grid explained to the cautious White.

“It might be dangerous, but this is a necessary process. The white phosphorus wood that is cut is merely hard. It doesn’t produce flames.”

However, the fire attribute in it was still alive. The white phosphorus wood was material that was activated when stimulated by high temperatures. This was the knowledge of a legendary blacksmith that Grid obtained from the system correct effect.

Hwaruruk!

The flames in the furnace emitted a high temperature that made it impossible to stay close to. White and the other White Hammer blacksmiths took one or two steps back, while Grid stepped forward. Then he put the prepared white phosphorus wood into the furnace and accelerated his usage of the bellows.

Puok! Puok! Puok!

The unstoppable air steadily raised the temperature of the blast furnace.

‘It’s impossible!’

The blacksmiths of the Blue Flames smithy started to deny reality. From their point of view, Grid wasn’t a human. He seemed like a great demon surrounded by the flames of hell. In particular, Enoch started to fear Grid.

“Success.”

Grid stopped the bellows and pulled the white phosphorus wood

out of the furnace. The white phosphorus wood was much whiter than before. It showed off a beautiful white light. Grid grabbed it with the tongs and placed it on the anvil. Then he pulled out a hammer that only Pagma's Descendant could use.

Peeeeeeong!

The moment that Grid's hammer struck.

“Hat!”

The chiefs of the Black Anvil and Red Tongs smithy took a breath. Grid's forging quality. It was better than his handling of the bellows that they saw a while ago!

'That young man...!'

'Perfect!'

He was far better than Dawwhite in his prime. It was enough to make them think about the legendary blacksmith that they'd only heard about.

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Grid continued the forging. He hammered at the white phosphorus wood that was as hard as dragon iron and gradually changed its shape. A notification window popped up in front of the sweating Grid.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated.]

[Concentration, stamina and defense will rise to the extremes for one hour.]

Usually, the effect would be very welcome. But now Grid was entering a stage where nothing mattered. He was only dedicated to making the Red Phoenix Bow. He added the minotaur horn that he used all the time when making bows for Jishuka. This added elasticity and helped bend the wood into the shape of the bow. It looked exactly like the Red Phoenix Bow design that White saw.

'In the first place, this is the most developed form of the bow.'

The bow took shape under Grid's busy fingertips.

‘Okay. This is really good.’

Grid's satisfaction and confidence rose.

‘In the worst case situation.’

It was no problem if the Red Phoenix Bow was completed with an epic rating. He could use Item Upgrade to make it the unique rating and safely clear the quest. There was a limited number of times he could use Item Upgrade, just like the creation skill, but Grid judged that this quest was worth the investment.

‘I have to raise my affinity with White and Han Seokbong.’

The reason was simple. Han Seokbong would be aware of the information of the other four guardians battle gear, which was in the same category as the Red Phoenix Bow. That's right. Grid planned to acquire the method to make all of them while he was on the East Continent. Grid judged that the value of the four guardians items would be comparable to divine items. If he could mass produce them, Grid's army would be invincible.

Meanwhile, Enoch's body was shaking in the distance.

“How? How does that newcomer have these skills?”

The black-haired man in front of him was better than Dawhite. Enoch didn't want to acknowledge Grid's skills, but it was impossible. As a blacksmith, he felt infinite respect for Grid's skills. It was an instinct that couldn't be resisted. Then...

[The Red Phoenix Bow has been completed!]

7 hours, 59 minutes and 49 seconds since the start of the competition. Grid finally stopped! The pure white bow with a fluid curve was beautiful enough to capture the attention of everyone present.

“Red Phoenix...Bow!”

The lord. The lord who had been keeping an eye on Grid

throughout the competition rose to his feet. He felt the energy of the Red Phoenix from the bow made by Grid.



# Chapter 534

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“Good!”

Grid cheered the moment that the Red Phoenix Bow was completed. He didn't care about his dignity and honestly expressed his joy.

“Asa! Yes! A jackpot!”

“...?”

He was as happy as a mating dog? White was confused. Grid had a dignified atmosphere when he was carefully making the item for eight hours. White couldn't believe the man had transformed like this.

‘Can a person change 180 degrees? Did he accidentally hurt his head while hammering?’

It was a silly question. The Grid who tried his best and the honestly happy Grid were all the true Grid. Grid was happy because the result was good. The result of making the item!

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

[There is a beneficial effect from producing the highest quality. The good luck stat has increased by 5.]

It was the moment when another legendary item was made, following the white phosphorus axe. Grid had never experienced such good luck. He looked at the 31 points in the good luck stat and his eyes reddened.

‘I once again overcame my bad luck!’

To be honest, the process of eating Idan's food was very rough and the God's Command passive didn't work well, so Grid had been having a hard time. But then he obtained the golden walnuts for

free and made legendary items, balancing out the bad luck with good luck. It felt like the work he was doing was getting better and better.

‘Is it thanks to the good luck stat?’

There was no other explanation. Grid was thrilled by his good luck when the notification window updated.

[The completed item’s rating is too high. Item Upgrade isn’t applicable.]

Item Upgrade. It was the new skill Grid got from making the 20th legendary item. There were many constraints, but it was a powerful insurance for Grid.

[Item Upgrade]

- \* You can increase the rating of your own item by one step.
- \* Can’t be used for items that are older than 5 minutes.
- \* An item can only be upgraded once.
- \* The amount of times it was possible to use Item Upgrade increases by three every time the skill level of the Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship skill increases.

Number of available uses: 24/24

“Hmmm.”

In any case, it was very regrettable that this skill could only be used on items less than 5 minutes old.

‘It would be a huge bonus if I could use it on an existing item.’

What if he could use it to raise the level of the God Hands? As soon as the rating of the God Hands changed to a legendary rating, Grid’s attack power would skyrocket.

‘Should I melt them and recreate them?’

He could melt the God Hands to extract the ingredients and recreate it. The God Hands had a chance to be made into a

legendary rating. Even if it was finished with a unique rating, he could use Item Upgrade to get a legendary rating. But it wasn't easy to try again.

‘In any case, the God Hands are a growth-type item.’

He shouldn't be too nervous. It was much more prudent to raise them like he was currently doing. There was a limit to the number of times Item Upgrade could be used, so he might regret it in the future.

‘Then...’

Grid was filled with disappointment at something else.

‘It's impossible to upgrade a legendary item to a higher rating.’

The Red Phoenix Bow was finished with a legendary rating. Grid had hoped he could upgrade the Red Phoenix Bow to a myth rating. However, Item Upgrade was limited to a legendary rating.

‘No, maybe it isn't the skill, but a limit of the Red Phoenix Bow.’

Grid couldn't rule out the possibility that the Red Phoenix Bow itself wasn't qualified to be upgraded to a myth rating.

‘I thought the four guardians battle gear would be on the same level as the Rebecca Church's divine artifacts, but it might be lower.’

Grid was locked in his thoughts.

“Waaaaaaaah!”

Then the crowd cheered as the host announced the end of the competition. Finally, the details of the Red Phoenix Bow was confirmed.

[Red Phoenix Bow (Reproduction)]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 901/901 Attack Power: 2,360

\* 60% increase in firing speed.

- \* Accuracy will increase by 20%.
- \* Contains penetrative damage that ignores the defense of the target's armor.
- \* Every time an arrow is shot or every time the bow is raised, flames will be generated. The flames will deal a fixed 4,000 damage to the enemy and cause a 'burned' state.
- \* The skill 'Fly Up!' will be generated.

The Red Phoenix Bow interpreted by the legendary blacksmith Grid, whose techniques are blossoming.

It is made of the sturdy white phosphorus tree, but the addition of the minotaur horn and tendons has added elasticity. It can shoot further, stronger, and faster, and also has a strong fire power. It has the ideal shape of a bow, so the performance is far superior to the original Red Phoenix Bow.

However, the disadvantage is that it is very difficult to use. In addition, because the power of the Red Phoenix guardian is excluded, the overall ability is lower than the original Red Phoenix Bow.

- \* This is a bow worthy of the power of the Red Phoenix guardian.

Conditions of Use: Master level Advanced Bow Mastery

Weight: 1,200

"Wow."

Typical ranged weapons and large weapons tended to rely on random damage. Unlike a one-handed sword with excellent stability, the attack power was applied as ???~???. The maximum attack power was high while the minimum attack power was low. It was possible to deal a huge amount of damage to the enemy if they were lucky. However, if they were unlucky, then less damage would be dealt.

This wasn't a good system for someone with bad luck like Grid.

Ordinary people tended to recognize the concept of random damage as drawing out the potential of ranged and large weapons, but Grid was afraid of it. Even so, he kept the greatsword as his main weapon.

But the damage of the Red Phoenix Bow was fixed like a one-handed sword. It was even higher! This bow was rare.

‘In addition to that, there’s compensation for high speed and high accuracy rate.’

The arrows shot also had a powerful fire damage. The Red Phoenix Bow contained all the things that Grid thought was ideal for a perfect weapon.

‘More than anything else.’

It was much better than the original Red Phoenix Bow. It was a bow that desired the power of the Red Phoenix guardian. If Grid’s Red Phoenix Bow was given the power of the Red Phoenix, it would boast a power that far transcended the original.

‘This means the original four guardians battle gear is equivalent to the Rebecca Church’s divine artifacts.’

The Red Phoenix Bow was a legendary rating even before the power of the Red Phoenix. The Red Phoenix Bow might grow to the myth rating if it received the energy of the Red Phoenix.

‘But how do I get the energy of the Red Phoenix?’

Grid tilted his head to one side and grinned. He realized there was no need to worry about it.

“Red Phoenix...! Red Phoenix...Bow!”

A man jumped onto the stage. The lord of Pangea, Han Seokbong. He ignored all the bows made by the blacksmiths of the Blue Flames, Black Anvil, and Red Tongs smithy. He headed straight towards Grid.

"You are... No, who are you?"

There was a strong liking in Han Seokbong's eyes as he looked at Grid. The quest was cleared. In other words, Grid was convinced he won the competition and answered politely.

"A blacksmith passing by. I stopped by here in Pangea and was impressed by White. I decided to help him for a moment."

Grid thought carefully about how to answer to increase affinity with both Han Seokbong and White. The effect was big.

"Ohh...! White's skills brought such a distinguished person to Pangea!"

"Grid!"

The moment that Han Seokbong and White were feeling overjoyed.

"I can't admit it!" Enoch, who was proud after building up a big friendship with Han Seokbong after winning last year's competition, refused it. "Strictly speaking, this person isn't a blacksmith of the White Hammer smithy! Therefore, this competition should be void!"

Enoch protested to the end. Grid and White bristled but there was no need to worry.

"My only desire was the restoration of the Red Phoenix Bow, and he has achieved it! In addition, this result was possible due to White's skills and virtue. There's no denying that the White Hammer smithy won!"

Lord Han Seokbong directly defended the White Hammer smithy. Enoch was forced to close his mouth while Grid and White sighed with relief. At the same time.

[The quest 'Win the Smithy Competition!' has been completed.]

[The affinity with White, the master of the White Hammer smithy, has reached the maximum! White will never cause you any trouble!]

[In the future, all items at the White Hammer smithy are available for purchase at cost price!]

[If you sell items at the White Hammer smithy, you can sell them at 20% higher than the market price!]

[All facilities in the White Hammer smithy will be freely available!]

[Due to the effect of the Blacksmith's Affection skill, White's blacksmithing skill level has risen by 3!]

[White's blacksmithing skill has reached advanced level 8.]

[The affinity with Pangea's lord, Han Seokbong, has increased by 80! Unless you make a big mistake, Han Seokbong will infinitely favor you!]

[You have gained access to Pangea Castle's dungeon!]

[Your level has risen.]

[Follow Han Seokbong. You can get a reward.]

"Can I ask for the name of this distinguished person?"

If Han Seokbong couldn't restore the lost Red Phoenix Bow, both him and the Cho Kingdom would've been in danger. Han Seokbong recognized Grid as the benefactor of the kingdom and Grid needed to maintain a good relationship with him, so Grid answered politely.

"Grid."

"Grid..."

At this moment. A great name spread throughout the Cho Kingdom. Han Seokbong repeated Grid's name several times before saying,

"Well, let's go to my castle first. Ah, please hand over the Red Phoenix Bow."

"?????"

Curses almost emerged from his mouth. Grid felt like he had been hit in the back of his head.



# Chapter 535

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‘This is... Isn’t it outrageous?’

This was the Red Phoenix Bow that he made using his best effort. The Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation skill was used, and it contained the essence of Grid’s effort and skill...

‘I have to give it away?’

Grid doubted his ears and Han Seokbong demanded again.

“The restored Red Phoenix Bow will allow me to manage Pangea for the rest of my life. Now, please.”

"No, this is... Ah!"

Grid’s face turned red as he suddenly realized. Restoration! The word meant to recover something. The Red Phoenix Bow was the national treasure and Pangea wanted to restore it because it was lost.

‘Han Seokbong wants the restored Red Phoenix Bow...’

It was natural. He wanted the Red Phoenix Bow returned to its original place! Oh, why didn’t Grid think about this earlier?

‘How rotten...’

Flop!

Grid grumbled and pulled his hair. He felt wronged. Was it the quest itself? No, he had no such complaints about the quest. This was a quest to become friendly with the lord and acquire access to the castle’s dungeon. It was a quest he would’ve accepted, even if he knew that he had to give up on the Red Phoenix Bow.

In the first place, the white phosphorus bow that was used for the Red Phoenix Bow was readily available. It wasn’t too much if he gave the Red Phoenix Bow to another.

‘At least, if it was the epic or unique rating!’

Then why?

‘Why did a legendary rating appear in this type of quest?’

In retrospect, this was also the case with the National Competition. He created a growth type item and it was taken away. Grid couldn't help feeling like it was unfair.

‘Creating a good item, just to hand it to someone else...’

He had been proud like an idiot the moment that the legendary item was created.

"My damn luck..."

He was too unlucky. It was undeniable bad luck!

“Now, let's go.”

Grid was sighing by himself. Han Seokbong personally raised him up. He brought White and Grid and headed to the lord's castle.

Waaahhhhhhhh!

Their great lord was holding the hand of a blacksmith? The excited crowd cheered excitedly at the unusual sight.

“He didn't even treat me, last year's winner, like this...”

Blue Flame's leader, Enoch, was frustrated. White, who he had ignored so much, had transcended himself in one morning.

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Pangea Castle.

“Hah.”

On the way to the castle. Grid inwardly complained for an hour and finally shut his mouth. He was captivated by the beauty of Pangea Castle. Pangea Castle reminded him of the castle from the Goryeo period that he saw in the historical dramas.

‘However, it's much bigger and more colorful.’

He walked along the marble floor and crossed seven doors.

Finally, he arrived at the innermost part of the castle. It was the most secret and important part of the castle where the lord and his family lived. White gulped. He clearly felt nervous. He was different from Grid. As an ordinary blacksmith, White never expected to be invited to the innermost palace.

"That... Lord. I don't think this is a place for a lowly blacksmith like me to step into."

It was Grid, not Han Seokbong, who responded to White.

"Why are you a lowly blacksmith?"

"Haha! He's right! Blacksmiths are the base of national power! Furthermore, White is the best blacksmith in Pangea! It's only when you treat yourself like dirt that the kingdom will be shaken!"

"..."

White felt like it was a dream. The person who had been ignored and despised by people just this morning was now recognized by the esteemed lord of this kingdom. The cheers of the people at the venue were still roaring in his ears.

'My life changed in a moment...'

All of this.

'It's thanks to Grid!'

White's eyes shone as he gazed at Grid. It resembled Noe's eyes when he was hungry. Grid felt burdened.

'The love of all these uncles...'

It had been like this since the past. Grid was only loved by uncle or grandfather type NPCs. A prime example was Khan. Grid was a young man in his prime. He wanted to be loved by women more than men.

'I heard there are a lot of female NPC blacksmiths.'

Why did he only have blacksmiths that were old men around

him? Even the only elf he met was a male.

“It can’t be...”

Was this the aftermath of his bad luck? It gave him goosebumps. Grid’s shoulders sank as he felt depressed.

Han Seokbong led him to one side of the innermost palace. It was a small room with calligraphy written on the wall.

“Wow, there are others in the world who can write as well as me.”

Grid couldn’t help admiring it. Han Seokbong coughed and removed the ‘rules’ stuck on the wall with a blush. No, it wasn’t ‘rules’ but the character for ‘fire.’ There was a small button hidden in the spot covered by it and once Han Seokbong pressed it, the flat wall split to the left and right. Then a stairway leading to the basement was revealed.

“Now, let’s go.”

Grid and the frightened White gazed at the dismal looking entrance. Han Seokbong smile benevolently and led them down the stairs.

After a while.

“A place like this is in the basement of the castle...”

It was an underground space illuminated by brilliant jade monuments. It was a small space that gave a warm feeling. The blue moss on the wall shone brilliantly.

“It’s too small to be a dungeon... What is this place?”

Han Seokbong answered Grid’s question as he pulled out the Red Phoenix Bow. He started to explain as he placed the Red Phoenix Bow on the altar present.

“This place has good feng shui...”

Omitted.

'Waterway? What five elements? What is he saying?'

It was a long description that Grid couldn't understand. Grid was feeling confused and all of Han Seokbong's words entered one ear and out the other.

"In other words, this is the space where Grid's great work will stay forever."

"Ah... Yes."

One thing was clear. His legendary Red Phoenix Bow. He would never be able to get it back in his lifetime.

'It isn't hard to create a new Red Phoenix Bow because of all the white phosphorus trees on the East Continent, but...'

Could he create a legendary rated Red Phoenix Bow again? He had no confidence.

"Ah?" Grid trembled and suddenly doubted something. "But Seokbong ... No, Lord Seokbong. You must know that I have only restored the active function of the Red Phoenix Bow, not the aura of the Red Phoenix. Is this really the Red Phoenix Bow? Isn't it useless?"

Grid was unable to let go of the Red Phoenix Bow. He wanted it back. But Han Seokbong misunderstood.

"Distinguished person... You are truly a brilliant person."

"Huh?"

"I am truly grateful that you restored the Red Phoenix Bow, but you are concerned that you didn't help me enough?"

"...?"

Grid was embarrassed by Han Seokbong's interpretation.

"You are virtuous enough to be compared to the most respectable king of the Cho Kingdom. I feel admiration just looking at you. If it isn't impolite, I would like to present a title to you."

‘A title!’

Titles in Satisfy had a mysterious power. They raised certain stats, gave new skills, or new power. The more titles a person had, the better. There was no reason for Grid to refuse.

“Give it to me! A title!”

Han Seokbong nodded at Grid’s joyful shout. "You are a gentleman of virtue. In commemoration of Pangea, I will call you Pangea’s Duke of Virtue.”

"Pangea’s Duke...of Virtue.”

He had a very bad feeling. Braham’s voice rang in the mind of the disappointed Grid.

‘Just as some of the direct vampires have the title of the wise duke, human beings also have the title of ‘duke.’ Sword Saint Muller had the title of ‘Duke of Pressure’ and Blacksmith Pagma had the title of ‘Duke of Fire.’ The title of a duke is a symbol of legends and gives great power to legends. In fact, after getting the title of Duke of Fire, Pagma was able to bring out flames with his hammering and swordsmanship.’

“Oh...”

Grid’s disappointment disappeared. He was filled with new anticipation as he asked Braham.

‘Then what ability will I get as a virtuous person?’

At the same time.

[The title Pangea’s Duke of Virtue has been acquired!]

[The passive skill ‘Incomplete Virtue of Mercy’ has been created!]

[Incomplete Virtue of Mercy]

Category: Passive

When hunting monsters, there is a chance that you will show mercy and not take their lives.

“Ah, XX.”

In the end. Grid couldn't resist inwardly cursing. Braham consoled him.

‘Don't be an idiot. A duke title wouldn't be terrible. Don't be too concerned. The original duke titles aren't for a single person, but lots of people. You might get new titles later. Well, even if you have a lousy title for the rest of your life, it won't be a big problem if I take care of you.’

"Ah, I don't know. If this keeps happening I might fold the game.”

At this time, Grid couldn't imagine. The power of the virtuous title!

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S.A. Group's headquarters. Lim Cheolho was doing his work when he heard a report from the supercomputer Morpheus.

[A duke title was acquired.]

“What?”

Lim Cheolho was startled. A duke title was a symbolic power that could only be given to players who succeeded a legend or would grow to be a legend. It was very difficult to get because it was very powerful. The person had to build up myriad achievements and gain full recognition from the residents of Satisfy.

"Morpheus? Didn't you say that these titles would only emerge in 1 year and 8 months?”

[It is one of the 5 miracle players. Grid once again broke my predictions.]

“Grid...! Haha! This time as well?”

Lim Cheolho had a great liking for Grid. A poor person grew steadily in the game that he made, so he felt happy watching Grid. Lim Cheolho asked with expectations.

“What new idea did he have to break your prediction this time?”

[It wasn't a new idea. As always, he gave off a great impression by respecting and saving NPCs. Once this repetitive action reached the 79th time, the title was opened.]

“Um... That's Grid's specialty.”

Grid was an expert at gaining the favor of NPCs. It wasn't always intended and sometimes it was caused by a misunderstanding. Lim Cheolho and Morpheus obviously didn't know that.

"Then what title did he obtain?"

[Pangea's Duke of Virtue.]

"Pangea's...Duke of Virtue?"

The distinguishing word (Pangea) in front of it meant that Grid hadn't yet become purely virtuous. Well, it was no wonder. It was too early for a perfect title to emerge. Lim Cheolho was embarrassed that the title Grid obtained was Duke of Virtue.

“Virtue... It doesn't really fit with a blacksmith?”

It was a title designed to match the legends of other fields.

"No, why didn't he get the Duke of Fire... Oh my, this is going to cause another uproar.”

He could see that Grid was going insane. Lim Cheolho clicked his tongue.

“Why did you have to treat NPCs so well every time...?”

This was the result of Grid's good heart. Lim Cheolho felt both sorry and delighted for Grid.



# Chapter 536

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Pangea's Duke of Virtue.

'If someone doesn't know about the title, they would think that's Pan Deokin!' (In Korean: it is three characters, like a Korean name.)

It wasn't a problem to be misunderstood. The name Pan Deokin fit Grid's taste. It wasn't bad or good. The problem was the effect of the title.

'There is a chance to spare monsters when hunting?'

Then what about the experience? The money? The items!

'In particular, what if I'm hunting a boss?'

What if he poured dozens of minutes or a few hours into the raid and the moment he was about to succeed...

[The effect of the title Pangea's Duke of Virtue has been activated!]

What if that notification window appeared?

"Ugh..."

He felt horrible just imagining it. His stomach was cramping. That's right. Grid accepted the effect of the Pangea's Person of Virtue title at face value. He didn't guess things like saving a monster would build up a favorable relationship with it or perhaps give him a tamer class skill. It was natural from Grid's position.

Why? Grid was already an all-rounder. He was a blacksmith, swordsman, magician, and skeleton summoner. It was hard to imagine that he would get a new class from this. He didn't want it in the first place.

"Ah, shi..."

He handed over the Red Phoenix Bow and got an affinity score of

80. He was expecting a reward other than this garbage! Grid was feeling frustration from the title when Han Seokbong handed him a bead. It was a red bead. Yes, it was a beautiful red bead like Braham's eyes. At first, Grid thought it was a round ruby, but then he made a sound of surprise.

"Flames?"

The translucent red bead. A small flame was burning inside it. It was a small size, like the flames of a match, but the momentum from it seemed great. It was as if life was burning inside it. Grid examined it and asked, "A torch?"

"..."

A player in this place would appreciate Grid's impression. But NPCs didn't know what a torch was.

"What is a torch?"

White and Han Seokbong cocked their heads. Grid ignored the question.

"Then this torch... No, what is this bead?"

"The fire in the bead..."

White thought of a name when he saw that beautiful bead.

'It's like the picture...'

Then Han Seokbong explained.

"It's the Red Phoenix's Breath."

"Breath?"

"Yes, it is the breath that drops when the four divine guardians pass by to bless those who ascend to become a daoist immortal."

'Divine guardians... Daoist immortal.'

It was a key setting for the East Continent. The Hwan Kingdom, national treasures, yangban, divine guardians. It was clearly greatly influenced by Korean and Chinese culture.

‘Then there will definitely be areas influenced by Japanese culture.’

Peak Sword would surely be angry if he was there. He would probably question while the Korean S.A. Group was spreading other cultures around the world.

Grid smiled as he thought about the friend he hadn’t seen for a while. A notification window appeared in Grid’s field of view.

[You have obtained the ‘Red Phoenix Breath’ as a reward for the quest ‘Win the Smithy Competition!’]

‘Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal.’

Ttiring~

[Red Phoenix’s Breath]

A blessing of the Red Phoenix.

It will increase fire resistance by 30%.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the Red Phoenix.

However, it can also be attached to items with a strong fire attribute.

Weight: 2

“Hah.”

It turned out that the title of Pangea’s Person of Virtue wasn’t the only reward. This was the true compensation for the Red Phoenix Bow.

“If you use this, it will become the real Red Phoenix Bow?”

Han Seokbong nodded at Grid’s question.

“That’s right. It’s the energy of fire that won’t die forever. There is no stronger fire energy.”

‘Amazing!’

It was truly amazing. He couldn't imagine how powerful it would be when harmonized with the white phosphorus tree.

‘This is a reward worthy of making a legendary rated item!’

Wasn't it possible to upgrade the Red Phoenix Bow to a myth rating if he combined with with the Red Phoenix Breath? Grid was delighted and a smile appeared on Han Seokbong's face. Pangea had a total of three Red Phoenix Breaths. One of them belonged to the original Red Phoenix Bow that was stolen, so there were only two left. It wasn't something that should be given to Grid. If the Red Phoenix Bow was ever lost again, it might not be able to be restored.

However, Han Seokbong was a man who knew how to repay favors. The Red Phoenix Bow that Grid made was more valuable than the original, so it was right to reward him with the most precious thing.

‘I don't have to repeat the same mistakes.’

He wouldn't allow the Red Phoenix Bow to be lost again.

Grid asked Han Seokbong, “By the way, where is the castle's dungeon?”

Han Seokbong laughed at the question.

"You can enter it through a well in the west of the castle."

“I see.”

Armored needles! Silver thread! A new hunting ground. Grid's fantasy about the dungeon that only a specific number of people could enter was too big. He was so excited that he wanted to jump forward, but Han Seokbong stopped him.

"It's true that you have the right to enter the castle's dungeon. However, you can't arbitrarily access the dungeon as before."

"Eh? I have access rights, but I can't freely access it?"

“This is for your safety. You can enter if you have a complete

guard escort.”

"Guards?"

Han Seokbong looked at White with a bitter expression.

“Years ago, our Pangea suffered a terrible incident and lost a great blacksmith. Dawwhite... He was Boss White’s father.”

Dawwhite won the championship and gained entrance to the castle’s dungeon. He was murdered by an armored needle. Then the lord realized. The lord couldn’t completely protect the weak.

“Anyone who enters the castle’s dungeon must be fully equipped to protect themselves. You can only enter the dungeon if you have a minimum of six silver or gold class mercenaries to escort you.”

“...”

Mercenaries meant those who moved only for money. But Grid was Pagma’s Descendant, not an ordinary blacksmith. Since he was powerful, he didn’t want to spend money on hiring mercenaries. There was no reason to do so.

"I have enough strength to protect my body."

"Everyone says that."

"No, I’m serious."

"Hrmm..."

Han Seokbong looked Grid up and down. Grid was wearing worn-out clothing. He might give off an unknown dignity, but he seemed vulnerable when it came to defense.

"In your current state, you will die if you are just scratched by the armored needle or silver thread."

“Then what about this?”

Clink!

Clink clink!

As always, Grid was dressed in beginners' clothing. Now he pulled out the Triple Layers from his inventory. His body was armed in an instant and Han Seokbong and White's eyes widened.

‘A blacksmith can wear such heavy armor?’

‘Yes, a person of distinction... He has the strength and stamina of the greatest blacksmith.’

Due to the nature of the job, strength and stamina were important for blacksmithing. A top blacksmith might have as much strength and stamina as a knight. It wasn't unrealistic for Grid to wear such heavy armor. Yes, he was convinced at this point. But it was still dangerous for Grid.

“Just because you can wear armor with your high strength and stamina, you don't have the skills to deal with it. You can't bring out the ability of the armor even if you're wearing it.”

The absence of heavy armor mastery. In other words, the penalty was being pointed out. Those who wore heavy armor without a mastery couldn't even apply half the power of the armor. Grid spoke to the concerned Han Seokbong with a confident expression.

“I will be fine.”

Pagma's Descendant was technically classified as a non-combat profession. The passive effect of Pagma's Swordsmanship was similar to that of Sword Mastery, but he didn't have any armor mastery skills. It was a fatal drawback. However, he didn't get penalized when wearing items. In other words, Grid couldn't bring out 101% of the armour effect, but he could bring out 100%.

‘Most of the other people were too confident and took risks. That is the nature of distinguished people.’

Han Seokbong bitterly thought that Grid and Dawwhite before he died were similar. He pulled out a trump card.

“Then prove it.”

"Prove?"

"Yes, there's a gatekeeper to the entrance of the dungeon. He has an attack power similar to the armored needle. Try to endure one of his blows."

Of course, he would instruct the gatekeeper to adjust his power. If the gatekeeper used his real force, then Grid would die.

'I will command him to use 30% of his power... That's enough to not kill him.'

Grid would just faint for a few days. Han Seokbong had this thought and guided Grid and White to the entrance of the castle's dungeon.

White's complexion was dark as he followed. Like Grid, White was in a position to access the dungeon.

'I want to get revenge on my father and earn some silver thread...'

But it was impossible for him to even enter! He felt ashamed.

Grid placed a hand on White's shoulder. "The mass production Grid set... It's a good armor that you can wear with your level and strength. How about it? Do you want to borrow it?"

"Hah. C-Can I really?"

White trusted Grid completely. Grid smiled without any doubts.

"The hourly rental fee is 500 gold. Call?"

In fact, Grid wanted to charge a separate price. However, it was hard to behave so cruelly to White.

"I will offer up everything I own if I can get past the gatekeeper's trial."

The deal was established. The satisfied Grid opened his inventory. Then he pulled out a mass production Grid set placed in a corner of the inventory. It was a Grid set with a unique rating

that had been enhanced to +7. It was the one worn by Reidan's young knight, Royman.

‘That woman... Is she growing well?’

He wasn't talking about her breasts. He was referring to her skills as a knight. Royman was a talent picked and trained by Piaro. Grid's expectations for her were high.

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“We've arrived.”

A few minutes after Grid and White concluded the deal. The party finally reached the well in the west of the castle. It was the entrance to the dungeon. A two meter tall man stood beside it as a guard.

“The experience of being hit by this man who can crush rocks into powder. Do you have to go through it?”

Han Seokbong asked Grid one last time.

“Hit me. I will be okay.”

Ah, by the way.

"White, you might get hurt. This gatekeeper isn't normal.”

“...Huh?”

White was pale, but believed in the armor that Grid lent him. On the other hand, a person was watching them with an unpleasant face. It was the daughter of Han Seokbong, a knight belonging to the castle dungeon exploration team.



# Chapter 537

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Rare treasures, herbs, and various battle gear could be obtained from the dungeon underneath Pangea's castle. In particular, people coveted the silver thread produced by the armored needles and called Pangea's dungeon a treasure house. It was a land of opportunity that everyone wanted access to.

Pangea's knights and soldiers were exasperated by this. The castle's dungeon was a treasure house? A land of opportunity? It was all crazy talk. The castle's dungeon was hell. It was the worst place on this earth that was filled with powerful and atrocious monsters.

Today, and tomorrow as well. The knights and soldiers had to go on expeditions to stop the monsters in the dungeon from looking for trouble in Pangea. They risked their lives, and now those seeking riches demanded entrance to the dungeon. A volunteer with no combat skills was just a burden on them. For example, these blacksmiths.

'These blacksmiths have no shame.'

Grid and White arrived with Han Seokbong. The blacksmiths who won this year's competition were enemies in the eyes of the knights. They hated the blacksmiths for coming with such a light heart, while they shed blood in the dungeon. In this cold atmosphere, Han Seokbong's daughter Sua came forward.

"Father."

"Oh, Sua."

Sua was a beautiful woman who could be called the first beauty of the kingdom. Moreover, she was gentle, intelligent, and excellent at martial arts. Han Seokbong always boasted about her achievements. She was the captain of the dungeon exploration team, the Red Phoenix Group.

She looked like an actress in a historical drama with her black hair tied up with a hairpin and her luxurious clothing.

‘Pretty.’

Grid couldn’t help admiring Sua. It was very rare.

Who was Grid? He was the husband of Irene and surrounded by the most beautiful women in the world, Jishuka and Yua. He even had a pretty little sister. In other words, Grid was very familiar with beauty. He was a man who didn’t feel inspired when seeing beauty.

But he was overwhelmed the moment he saw Sua. The thick lips and glaring eyes captivated Grid’s mind.

‘There is something mysterious...’

Was it because they were both Asians? Grid compared Sua to Yura, not Jishuka and Irene. Due to her overwhelming beauty, Yura made the surrounding scenery black and white. If she was a blooming flower, Sua was the moonlight. She gave off a cool feeling that made him feel a strange lust. Was it the curves of her white neck?

He couldn’t deny it, but there was something irritating him. There was a sense of disturbance despite her elegance.

‘Maybe...’

Grid realized something. Sua was a similar age to Grid. She was more mature than Yura, who was a few years younger.

‘Won’t Yura change once she matures over the next few years?’

Although her chest was unknown.

‘It will be sad if she gets medical help.’

Grid was interrupted while thinking useless thoughts.

“Is the expedition prepared?”

"Yes, we do this every day."

"I was told by Captain Horang that the speed that the monsters are expanding their area is becoming faster... I am very worried about how long the Red Phoenix Group can endure."

"We all know that it's over for Pangea if we fall. Don't worry. We're managing the schedule and taking care of our physical state."

Han Seokbong and Sua were talking about a heavy matter. Based on the contents of the conversation, the monsters in the dungeon were constantly expanding their area and becoming a threat to Pangea.

'They can't ask for help because of the monster community in the north.'

Then he had a question.

'What are the yangbans doing?'

They were people were powers that he estimated to be equivalent to legends. In addition, the Hwan Kingdom they belonged to were affiliated with the Cho Kingdom. It was said that Pangea's Red Phoenix Bow was given to them by the Hwan Kingdom. Based on this, it was interpreted that the yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom would help out Pangea.

'It would be easy for the yangbans to solve the monster community in the north or the problem of the castle's dungeon.'

Then why did the yangbans leave Pangea alone?

'Well, it's good for me.'

He could obtain this excellent hunting ground. A huge grin emerged on Grid's face. He avoided Sua's eyes. It was because his face would redden whenever he met her eyes. After the disappointment of his first love, Grid became very conscious of the opposite sex.

"Hmm hmm, I want to enter the castle's dungeon."

Rather than Han Seokbong, Sua was the one who responded to Grid's words.

"Can I ask why you would like to enter the castle's dungeon?"

Sua gave an oddly bewitching smile. Grid blushed the moment he met her eyes and tried to calmly reply.

"I want to get the silver thread."

"Do you know how to obtain the silver thread? Oh, I was impolite. I'm Han Sua, and I'm the captain of the Red Phoenix Group that is in charge of the dungeon exploration. Please forgive me for the late introduction."

Sua bowed slightly and reached out to shake Grid's hand. But Grid couldn't hold her hand. His ears were red and he avoided looking at her. At this moment, Sua's black eyes shone strangely.

'This man...'

It was obvious that he was someone who didn't have experience with women. Sua thought he was funny. But that was it. She had no private interest.

"I've already heard that you have succeeded in restoring the Red Phoenix Bow. Congratulations. I represent the people of Pangea and will pay back this grace. For example, giving you the silver thread as a gift."

"...!"

Grid's eyes shone as he heard he would be given the silver thread as a gift. It was a gift with tremendous value. But the two men had made up their minds.

"No, I will get the silver thread directly."

Grid wanted to experience a new dungeon that would give him experience and raise his level. In addition, he wanted to help White get revenge for his father's death by killing the armored needles. The two men were burning with fighting spirit.

“The only way to get the silver thread is to hunt down the armored needles. But the armored needles are very strong. There are countless people who have lost their lives to this monster. One of them was Dawwhite.”

“...”

“It is impossible for you to hunt an armored needle when you aren’t a warrior. It’s dangerous even if you go with our expedition. Unfortunately, I can’t allow you access to the dungeon.”

“Didn’t the lord say I can enter if I resist one attack from the gatekeeper?”

Sua’s expression changed at Grid’s words.

“The gatekeeper isn’t an ordinary person, but a member of the Ung clan. He hasn’t learned martial arts, but his natural abilities surpass the imagination. Do you think you can endure the attack of the gatekeeper that is as powerful as the armored needle? Don’t hurt yourself and give up.”

‘Ung clan?’

The gatekeeper standing by the well. He was over 2 meters tall and had a large belly. However, he wasn’t obese. It was just that his species was larger than others.

‘Let’s do it.’

Grid shrugged.

“Don’t worry. I can withstand it.”

Grid tried to be as calm as possible. However, he was still uncomfortable and couldn’t meet Sua’s eyes. He was extremely conscious of Sua.

Sua scoffed at Grid. ‘The pride of an immature man is useless.’

This futile pride could drive a person to their limits.

‘He can’t imagine it.’

Han Seokbong sighed and whispered to Sua.

“This is Pangea’s savior. Can’t you do it this once since your father is asking?”

"I am refusing because he’s our savior. What if his body gets hurt?”

"But look at the armor that he’s wearing. Doesn’t it seem durable? He might not be able to use the armor properly, but at least survival is guaranteed. In addition, tell Ung to use only 30% of his power.”

“...”

Certainly, the armor looked really durable. It was armor made by stacking many iron plates sculpted to look like dragon scales. It was a beautiful masterpiece.

"10% is enough. Otherwise he might be unconscious for a few days.”

"Yes, you thought well. We will let him know not to be too greedy.”

Nod.

Sua led Grid and White towards the gatekeeper. Gatekeeper Ung. He didn’t care about the lord coming with precious guests. He was yawning while looking at the distant mountain.

“What?”

Sua whispered to Ung, who was scratching his head and looking confused.

“Hit one of them. Use 10% of your strength.”

“I understand.”

Ung snorted like a bull and moved his huge arms. At that moment.

"Prepare to move them to the infirmary.”

Sua commanded the members of the Red Phoenix Group.

Peeeeeeong!

Ung's fist slammed into Grid's belly. There was a sound wave as the sound of something hitting metal was heard.

"This...!"

Sua was stunned. Ung seemed to have used at least 50% of his strength.

"No!"

Han Seokbong paled. The person who restored the Red Phoenix Bow was going to be killed in front of him because he made a mistake.

"What's the fuss?"

It happened when the Red Phoenix members were making troubled expressions.

Shake shake.

The fist stuck in Grid's belly started shaking.

"...Huh?"

Han Seokbong, Sua, and the Red Phoenix members were shocked.

'Why...'

'Ung is making a pained expression?'

That's right. The big face of Ung was distorting. It turned red and sweat dripped down. On the other hand, Grid was fine. His expression was calm.

'This is impossible!'

'This can't be.'

Han Seokbong and Sua were amazed. They were expecting his intestines to be ruptured and his bones smashed, but Grid was

fine? How solid was his armor? Someone muttered while Han Seokbong and Sua were speechless.

“If he has this much defense, he will be able to save his life when attacked by an armored needle.”

Grid was permitted access to the castle’s dungeon. But Grid looked troubled. Why?

[You have suffered severe damage.]

[Triple Layers has reduced the physical damage by 30%.]

[You have suffered 2,303 damage.]

Ung’s swinging fist was judged not to be a cut or a stab. It was considerable damage when taking into account that Triple Layers’ 50% damage reduction wasn’t activated. But this was only 10% of Ung’s power. The attack of the armored needle would be several times more painful.

‘Armored needle... They are much stronger than I expected.’

They seemed more like boss monsters than ordinary monsters. If they appeared in large quantities, he would have to stop their attacks as much as possible.

‘It’s hard to operate the God Hands in the narrow dungeon.’

This was a battlefield where extreme control was needed. Grid became tense. But White was even more nervous. He was extremely shocked when he saw the wound on the man’s hand that struck Grid.

"That... I’ll give up today."

White thought that he could pay back his father’s enemies in another way. He was a wise man.



# Chapter 538

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“It’s a good idea.”

Based on Ung’s fist, the monsters were a lot more powerful than Grid expected. He had no confidence that White could survive. White’s declaration that he would step down was very much in line with Grid’s thoughts.

‘At least he isn’t a disruptive character.’

White was a middle-aged black man. Grid seriously liked him. He was looking at White with satisfaction when Sua approached.

"It’s great that you are fine after being hit by Ung. Did you make this armor yourself?"

Grid was able to withstand the attack for a reason. It was thanks to his stamina stat, not just Triple Layers. Grid had a huge 1,500 points in stamina. Grid’s minimum defense was equivalent to tankers in the mid-200s. But Sua wasn’t aware of this fact.

From a common sense perspective, it was impossible for Grid to have high stamina when he was a blacksmith. Sua thought that Grid’s high defense was only due to his armor.

"I made the armor."

Chwaruruk!

Grid puffed up his chest, highlighting the beautiful appearance of Triple Layers even further. The hundreds of black scales shone as they moved with Grid’s body, showing a superb art form created by a craftsman.

“Okay. I won’t stop you any longer. You’re someone who can access the dungeon. However, if you want to preserve your body, be prepared to act according to our instructions.”

“Yes.”

Grid didn’t pay much attention to the instructions. Sua had been

consistently polite from the beginning and her intentions were purely for Grid's sake. There was no reason for Grid to think badly of Sua.

‘Well, I’ll end up doing what I want anyway.’

Sua and the Red Phoenix members might be the elite troops, but they would have to concentrate on the armored needles instead of Grid after entering the dungeon. They wouldn't have the capacity to control Grid.

‘Still, I won't cross the line.’

Considering the background of the East Continent and the strength of the armored needles, the skills of the Red Phoenix Group were probably above the Red Knights that he had met. It wasn't unusual for them to be fourth advancement classes and to be stronger than Grid. They weren't good people to become enemies with.

‘It would be fun to observe them one by one with the Great Lord's Sword. I will take any talented people to Reidan.’

As Grid was feeling greedy, the Red Phoenix team finished their preparations and started to enter the well one by one. They fell down the deep well without any hesitation.

“Let's go.”

“Yes.”

Sua and Grid were left at the end.

"Please be careful."

Sua was worried about Grid getting hurt. Her actions of trying to protect Grid made him smile.

‘Her sense of responsibility is unbelievably strong.’

He had a good feeling. It wasn't just because her touch on his arm was tender.

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[You have entered the dungeon of Pangea's castle.]

[The inner wall of the dungeon sucks out light. Using light tools or magic is meaningless.]

[Your field of view has narrowed.]

[This is a physical phenomenon. It can't be resisted.]

[You can only see within 5 meters of you.]

'It's worse than the vampire's dungeon.'

A darkness without any light. It was a darkness that seemed hard to adapt to, no matter how much time passed. Grid felt the need to estimate the size and shape of the dungeon. His fingers reached out to touch the wall and ended up stroking someone's skin.

At that moment.

“Haaack!”

A Red Phoenix member groaned as he was touched by Grid. The bearded man in his 40's flushed and made a strange sound. It wasn't good to see. His legs trembled and weakened.

“Hey Ryu! I know that you have a lot of energy, but there is a time and a place!”

"Doing something so wretched on the battlefield..."

"At a time like this, when we're with Captain Sua..."

The Red Phoenix members seriously misunderstood.

Stagger.

Ryu felt chagrin as his body barely recovered.

“I was just walking along! I didn't do what you imagined!”

“Making that sound just by walking?”

"No, something suddenly caressed my wrist!"

“...”

Feeling like that just from his wrist being touched? Sua smiled at Ryu's absurd plea.

“Your body is very sensitive.”

Ryu was ashamed and couldn't raise his head, while Sua looked at him with interest. Grid thought it was like a cat with fish placed in front of it.

‘That pervert.’

Sua probably wasn't to his taste after all.

‘The mild Irene turns into a beast in the...’

How much wilder would it be with Sua?

‘I should watch my hands.’

Since he could only do it once a month, Grid hid his hands behind his back and gulped.

Flash!

Grid's higher insight caught something shining in the darkness before anyone else.

‘Thread?’

The dungeon passage allowed five heavily armed soldiers to walk side by side. The thread spread out like spiderwebs on one of the paths suddenly shone.

‘It can't be... Is that silver thread?’

The moment Grid felt astonished.

“An armored needle!”

The Red Phoenix Group discovered it one step later than Grid and prepared for battle. They pulled the bow and aimed at all the other passages apart from the one blocked by the silver thread.

Step, step.

The bows aimed at the passage that footsteps were coming from.

"It's coming!"

Pik!

Pipipipipit!

The Red Phoenix members attacked in unison. It was quick and accurate archery.

Puk!

Puuooooook!

"Kuwaaaah!"

A scream rang out from the dark passage. It was proof that the arrows of the Red Phoenix members had hit their target.

"Isn't it great?"

Measuring the position of an invisible target using sound and shooting the arrow accurately.

'What is their Bow Mastery level?'

Grid admired it while Sua handed him a yellow talisman.

"During the battle, I can't pay attention to your safety. Please have this talisman."

[The Protection Talisman has been acquired.]

[It can invalidate an enemy attack when carried. This effect can only be used once.]

[After defeating an enemy's attack, your defense will increase by 20% for two minutes.]

[The item will disappear after the effect ends.]

'A one time invincible buff item?'

It was unfortunate that it would be destroyed, but it had a great effect. In particular, it would be godly in PvP or raids. It would sell for a huge price if it could be traded between players.

‘The Red Phoenix Group is giving me such a valuable item...’

Grid felt a great appreciation towards Sua. But he was soon disappointed.

‘It’s an untradable item?’

He couldn’t even move it to his pet inventory. His plan to keep it and sell it later was useless.

‘Maybe it will be consumed in this dungeon.’

Grid clicked his tongue with regret.

“Kuwaaah!”

Four armored needles with arrows piercing their bodies finally showed up. They were zombies wearing bamboo hats. Their silver armor was melting down, embedding in the rotten blood vessels of the zombies. Based on this, Grid deduced one fact.

‘The blood of the armored needles are hot enough to melt silver.’

It was a good idea to avoid their blood when attacking the armored needles.

‘I have to rely on the God Hands for this part.’

Chaaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

The Red Phoenix members started to deal with the five armored needles. They actively used swordsmanship, which was even better than the archery skills they showed before. But the armored needles were undead monsters. They couldn’t feel pain and weren’t afraid of wounds. They fought fiercely despite being stabbed by the Red Phoenix members’ swords.

Peeeeeong!

The swordsmanship of the armored needles combined power and speed. They were so fast and powerful that the Red Phoenix members couldn’t avoid the blows. They had to defend, forcing

them to take a few steps back every time. Some of them fell down.

‘But.’

In Grid’s eyes, the armored needles weren’t a match for the Red Phoenix members.

The Red Phoenix members were really proficient in battle and had high stats. There was surprisingly no fourth advancement class, but the armored needles were thoroughly marked due to the number superiority. It seemed impossible for the armored needles to hurt the group.

However, this was a rash judgment. The armored needles started showing their true skills.

Chwarururuk!

“Be careful!”

The armored needles realized that swordsmanship alone wasn’t enough to overpower the enemies and simultaneously changed battle modes. After inflating the muscles of their body, they extracted the silver thread embedded in their rotten blood vessels. Then they used the thread to threaten the Red Phoenix members.

“Ugh!”

The Red Phoenix members became busy. The silver thread was like a living serpent that stretched out in all directions. Sweat flowed down as they focused on protecting their bodies.

‘How hard is it?’

The silver pieces melted into the blood vessels and the armored needles used them as weapons. The situation changed rapidly the moment the silver thread was used as a weapon. The Red Phoenix couldn’t find a way to counterattack and also had to protect their bodies.

‘Certainly... It is very tricky.’

One armored needle took out around 8~15 strands of silver thread

that were 10 meters long. The armored needles used great skill to wield all the strands freely at the enemies.

‘That can’t be avoided. I have to definitely fight with the God Hands.’

It might be different if someone like Regas or Faker were here, but no one present could act freely in front of the silver thread.

Jjejejeok!

Pepepepeong!

The silver thread was very strong. When it encountered the sword of a Red Phoenix member, the member was thrown into the air and pierced the ground or wall like a bullet.

‘Sometimes it’s like a blade, and sometimes a whip...’

The durability was also considerable, seeing that the thread didn’t get damaged by the swords and armor of the Red Phoenix members. There was a reason why the blacksmiths of the East Continent considered the silver thread to be the best material.

‘It looks like a version of pavranium that is as thin as a thread. What is possible?’

What items could be made with the silver thread? As Grid’s infinite imagination as a blacksmith ran wild, the Red Phoenix group was facing a great crisis.

“They have appeared!”

There were two main reasons for blocking the passage with the silver thread. The first was to block the intruders from escaping. The second was to buy time for the armored needles to fuse together. The fusion of the armored needles was terrible.

At least two armored needles were connected together with silver thread and became one. Of course, there was no inconvenience with their movements due to the seamless connection. Therefore, it could be described as a monster optimized for war, with at least



two extra limbs.

“Kyaaaaaaah!”

The sound of the monster’s roar exploded from the pathway blocked by the silver thread.

“Everyone retreat!”

Sua had never experienced facing four armored needles at the same time and instructed the Red Phoenix members to retreat. But the armored needles didn’t allow them to leave. The silver thread shot out like spiderwebs to block the retreat. The Red Phoenix members’ attempt to get to the passage behind Grid was blocked off.

“This...!”

The Red Phoenix fell into confusion. A fused armored needle with four limbs and five ordinary ones ran at them! Danger was approaching. Sua felt a strong sense of responsibility. She was the captain of the Red Phoenix group and successor of Han Seokbong. She couldn’t let the Red Phoenix members and the saviour of Pangea, Grid, die in this place. She flew forward without hesitation and faced the armoured needles alone.

“I will buy time while you run away!”

“Captain!”

“Young Lady!”

The Red Phoenix members couldn’t stop her. Sua was the fastest among them and had already fallen into the middle of the enemies. However, Grid was beside her.

“You!?”

No, what was with this blacksmith? Why did he come to die when she sacrificed herself to let him run away? Sua thought it was absurd when an unexpected development occurred.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Intense energy moved around Grid as he completed the sword dance and wielded the +9 Failure.

“Wave.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

A powerful light was shot from Failure and moved through the darkness.

# Chapter 539

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Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave, had the lowest attack power among all the techniques. The level 6 Wave only dealt 230% of his attack power. It was a little over double his flat damage. It was incredibly low for a legendary rated skill. It was occasionally a powerful skill considering it was a 'wide area' attack. However, this lost its utility after the skills of the third advancement classes were released.

But it still had unique strengths. All targets hit by it would be affected by a slowing effect. In other words, it was a wide area CC skill, and it was natural for the attack power to be low. This was if the user was an ordinary player.

“Wave.”

The white light that was emitted only by a +9 enhanced weapon. A powerful light wave of energy was shot from Failure. The bodies of the armored needles chasing after the Red Phoenix members were damaged.

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The explosion shook the dungeon. Blood spurted from the armored needles while parts of the dungeon failed to survive the aftermath of the shock.

[You have dealt 15,310 damage to the target. The target's speed will decrease by 63%.]

[You have dealt 16,004 damage to the target. The target's...]

[You have dealt...]

...

...

“Y-You...?”

Sua stared at Grid with a stunned expression. A blacksmith using

swordsmanship? It was also extremely strong swordsmanship!

“What is your identity?”

Sua was confused. Grid placed extra strength in the arm wrapped around her waist. It was to protect her from the blood that was like lava that came from the armored needles. But it wasn't easy. It was impossible to avoid all the blood with Grid's control abilities.

'The blood dissolves anything it touches.'

It was impossible for a person to be safe. In the end, Grid called for the best assistance.

“God Hands!”

Pa pa pa pat!

Four golden hands appeared immediately in response to Grid's call and moved quickly. They protected Sua and Grid as much as possible from the blood.

Chiiiiik!

The God Hands burned fiercely when touched by the armored needles' blood. Sua's surprise became larger.

'They are fine despite being hit by the armored needles' blood and can move by themselves?'

The East Continent people had wide imaginations. In the treasure houses of the various kingdoms, there were many things outside common sense. Yes, like the golden hands currently summoned by Grid. That's right. In Sua's eyes, the God Hands looked like divine beings and Grid was a daoist, which was how he could use swordsmanship despite being a blacksmith. He was mysterious and overwhelming.

On the other hand, Grid was relieved.

'Thank god she is wearing armor.'

Grid had hesitated when he was about to put an arm around Sua

to protect her. He was worried about what would happen if she experienced his hands. Fortunately, Sua was wearing excellent armor. No matter how dexterous Grid's fingers, it was impossible to cause someone to feel pleasure by touching armor. Sua luckily didn't feel Grid's touch.

"Step back."

The armored needles were currently slowed. Grid handed Sua to the Red Phoenix members and urged them to move away.

"What is his real identity?"

"A blacksmith using swordsmanship..."

"I heard he used the white phosphorus wood to restore the Red Phoenix Bow. Is he really a daoist?"

'They don't know Pagma's name?'

White once mentioned a legendary blacksmith. In addition, Pagma was a person presumed to be born on the East Continent. Grid thought that people on the East Continent would know Pagma. However, that didn't seem to be the case.

'Well, not everyone will know a legendary blacksmith.'

It was likely that Pagma didn't have as much reputation on the East Continent because he was more active on the West Continent.

'My reputation here might transcend Pagma's reputation.'

His heart jumped at this thought. An area that couldn't be reached by others. Grid felt joy at the opportunity to gain new achievements. Grid's smile was distorted with greed as he questioned Sua and the Red Phoenix members.

"All of you are careless for a group who has been steadily exploring the dungeon. Are you originally like this? Or are you in bad shape today?"

Grid felt great disappointment in the Red Phoenix members. Experiencing a crisis in their first engagement after entering the

dungeon, it was absurd and pathetic. The armored needles were strong, but the skills of the Red Phoenix group wasn't as much as he expected.

“That...”

Grid's sarcastic tone. It was enough to undermine their pride as those who dedicated their lives to defending Pangea. But the Red Phoenix didn't get offended. No, they couldn't feel offended. They weren't qualified. They understood Grid's tone.

“...”

Sua explained instead of the silent Red Phoenix members.

“Originally, the armored needles rarely travel together. We have been coming here for several years and this is the first time we've been attacked by five.”

The basic tactic of the Red Phoenix group was to form a team of eight people. Eight people were needed to hunt one armored needle, and the highest number that had appeared at one time was three. It was unusual for five of the armored needles to appear at the same time. The Red Phoenix members deserved praise for not instantly falling into confusion.

But the result? It was the worst. They would've surely been wiped out if it wasn't for Grid.

“I don't mean to imply that we are unlucky today. I am deeply embarrassed by our inability to thoroughly prepare for today's situation. And... Thank you.”

Grid didn't respond to the bowing Sua. It was because of the conflict between the armored needles and the God Hands!

‘Already?’

Grid was confused. Including the fused undead, there were a total of six armored needles. But still, what were the God Hands? He thought he could take advantage of the infinite stiffness and bind

their feet for at least 20 seconds. But it failed to last even half of 20 seconds.

‘They can break Mjolnir’s offensive with their slow attacks?’

Grid realized when it he faced the fist of the gatekeeper, but the armored needles were strong. The evidence was that they overpowered the God Hands. The lead God Hand. It held the Ultimate Enhanced Mjolnir and was the one with maximum power. It had fought for ages, but was now bound by the silver thread. The remaining three God Hands were hurriedly avoiding the silver thread.

‘I have to go hard.’

Grid categorized them as boss monsters and summoned Noe and Randy.

“Noe!”

“Nyang!”

There was a funny sound effect as Noe appeared and cried out.

“The best demonic beast of hell has emerged! Nyang!”

“Randy!”

“I will help.”

Then Randy appeared and copied Grid’s appearance.

A talking cat. Two Grids.

The Red Phoenix members were astonished as they watched Grid.

‘Sacred creature!’

‘A clone!’

‘Daoist! He is definitely a daoist!’

It was natural for the Red Phoenix members to think so. Grid was too special. Grid didn’t care about what they were thinking and

ordered Noe and Randy.

"Noe, take the stats of the fused armoured needle. Randy will use ranged skills to help me. Make a gap so that the God Hands can strike the armored needles."

"I understand! Nyang!"

"Yes."

Grid was convinced when he saw the armored needles break the God Hands' infinite stiffness. The Red Phoenix members weren't weak. They were the elites of the elites. It was just that the armored needles were too strong. Thus, it would be a challenge of strength. There was no room to hold back his strength.

"Linked Kill Wave."

The armored needles were undead monsters. Their intelligence was significantly low. They moved without thinking and conflicted with each other when moving along the relatively narrow passage. It was impossible for them to avoid Grid's Linked Kill Wave in this passage.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Linked Kill Wave boasted damage that was several times higher than Wave. It shot out eight energy blades that contained 1,500% of his attack power. The armored needles hit by them were instantly turned to rags and their health gauge fell by more than half.

Grid's momentum increased. He calmly decided to finish them off as they rushed over.

'If possible, let's try not to consume the talisman in this fight.'

It meant that he couldn't be hit! It was ridiculous to deal with six boss monsters without being hit. However, Grid was serious.

"Transcend."

The scene of transcendence was completed in an instant as Grid's



hair was swept upwards. Grid's ears and sharp eyes were exposed as he stepped back from the armored needles and wielded his sword twice.

Then two energy blades shot out.

Pepeng!

Pepepeng!

"Kyaak!"

The fraudulent ability of Transcend had been proven many times. It replaced Grid's default attack with ranged attacks that had double his attack power. What if a buff skill was used in this state? It was a bombardment that no one could endure.

"Blacksmith's Rage."

[Blacksmith's Rage has been used. Attack power will increase by 25% and attack speed will increase by 40% for 35 seconds.]

"Kyaaaak!"

The armored needles were angry. They were angry at being hit by their prey. They started moving quicker towards Grid.

Pepepeng!

Pepepeok!

After using Blacksmith's Rage, Grid wielded the sword three or four times while stepping back. The momentum of the armored needles decreased. In particular, the one at the forefront was on the verge of having its health extinguished. Grid was excited.

"Hahat! Kuhahahahat! You are too slow!"

"..."

Sua and the Red Phoenix members were just watching the battle. The evil that had taken so many lives. The ghastly armored needles were just scarecrows in front of Grid.

"How can he be so stro... Ah!"

The Red Phoenix members flinched in unison.

Puooook!

It was because a few strands of silver thread appeared behind Grid. An armored needle secretly shot it through the ground in order to attack Grid.

"Danger!"

Sua hurriedly shouted but it was too late. Grid was busy with the armored needles in front of him and not paying attention to the rear.

"Ah...!"

The moment that Sua and the Red Phoenix members felt desperate.

"Come out! Overgeared Skeletons!"

Pahat!

A little ahead of where the silver thread emerged. Two skeletons popped up behind Grid. Then they were hit by the silver thread instead of Grid.

"Huh?"

There were a large number of people on the East Continent who could summon skeletons. But it was uncommon for people to use them as shields. Grid summoned the skeletons again.

'It is good that the East Continent has a high mana regeneration rate.'

It was the environment that best harmonized with the Ring of Absurdity.

Clack! Clack clack clack clack!

Peok! Pasak!

Noe, Randy and the God Hands were used for attack purposes, while the strands of silver thread were blocked by the Overgeared

Skeletons. Then a notification window popped up in front of him.

[Overgeared Skeleton (1) and Overgeared Skeleton (2) are gradually growing accustomed to the silver thread.]

# Chapter 540

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[Overgeared Skeleton (1) and Overgeared Skeleton (2) are gradually growing accustomed to the silver thread.]

“Wow.”

The Overgeared Skeletons had a concept of growing skeletons. The Overgeared Skeletons were so special that even Braham, who had the ‘most of the world is trivial’ mentality, advised that it would be better to give the Overgeared Skeletons an opportunity to learn.

However, the Overgeared Skeletons started at level 1 and their basic stats and growth rate were low. Grid didn’t have much expectation for the Overgeared Skeletons.

‘I thought they would be useless for a few more months.’

This was a mistake. The Overgeared Skeletons could be summoned freely within one meter of Grid. The Overgeared Skeletons were able to faithfully fulfill their role as a shield, even at level 1. Their potential was also exploding thanks to their unique learning abilities. It was amazing that they became accustomed to the silver thread after dying nine times.

‘The fact that they are accustomed to it means they’ve grasped the characteristics of the silver thread?’

The Overgeared Skeletons were able to analyze the elements of the silver thread and the attack patterns while dying nine times. Then they could construct a body that more effectively resisted the attacks of the silver thread.

‘I would say that they are a two time shield, not a one time shield... No, that’s too much.’

Once again, the Overgeared Skeletons were only level 1. At level 1, they had 3 strength, 3 stamina, 3 agility and 1 intelligence. Their total health was 45 points. The Overgeared Skeletons would still

die even if they analyzed the silver thread and strengthened their bodies.

‘Hrmm... Once I return to the village, I should catch chickens and raise their level.’

It was great to see the Overgeared Skeletons grow.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Grid kept the armored needles in front of him in check.

Chwarururuk!

The silver thread in the rear once again threatened Grid. Grid scoffed. He drank a mana potion and once again summoned the Overgeared Skeletons.

“Come out!”

Clack! Clack!

The Overgeared Skeletons made a distinctive sound as they emerged from the ground. Grid previously hated this noise, but now it sounded good.

‘These pretty guys. Now, become a shield with that hardened body... Eh?’

Grid doubted his eyes. The Overgeared Skeletons summoned at the place where the silver thread was heading. The skeletons summoned to be a shield for their master were avoiding the silver thread instead?

"Eh?"

What were they doing? Of course, Grid standing behind the Overgeared Skeletons was hit by the silver thread instead.

Jjejejeok!

[You have been attacked!]

[The Protection Talisman has been activated!]

[A shield to block the damage has been created!]

[Your defense will increase by 20% for 2 minutes.]

“...”

He lost his talisman that he wanted to save for bosses? It was also because of his pet! Grid thought it was absurd and closed his eyes for a moment, before exploding in anger.

“You stupid things!”

He summoned them to act as shields, only for them to avoid the damage? The Overgeared Skeletons stared back at Grid. There wasn't a single bit of guilt in their expressions. It was natural. A pet was obligated to be helpful to their master if summoned.

However, the Overgeared Skeletons had already been killed nine times by the silver thread. It meant the Overgeared Skeletons weren't faithful to their roles after growing. The sparkling thread killed them every time they were summoned. Their first priority was to survive and succeed.

[The Overgeared Skeletons (1) and Overgeared Skeletons (2) have acquired the skill 'Avoid the Silver Thread.']

[Avoid the Silver Thread]

Category: Passive

There is a low chance of avoiding the silver thread wielded by the armored needles.

‘It isn't a rise in strength, but evasion.’

It was very rare for a pet to acquire the proper skill under their own judgment. The potential of the Overgeared Skeletons was very high.

‘Can the skeleton warriors grow into death knights?’

Clack! Clack clack!

Their ribs expanded as if they were talking to Grid. It was like

they were waiting for compliments.

“Sigh... Yes, well done. Good job.”

Grid lost a huge item, but he was glad to see the potential of the Overgeared Skeletons. Grid laughed and gave an order to the Overgeared Skeletons.

"Stand still and watch how I fight. It can be studied."

Pepeng! Pepepeng!

The duration of Transcend was over. Grid quickened the speed at which he swung the +9 Failure. He ignored controlling his stamina and did his best. But it wasn't a good situation. Why? The armored needles learned how to respond to Grid's ranged attacks.

Chwarururuk!

The armored needles crossed their silver thread with each other, entangling the silver thread like a spiderweb.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Transcend was blocked by the spiderweb shield.

‘This is great.’

Grid didn't panic, and instead felt admiration. He knew from the beginning that one strand of silver thread had strength higher than steel. It was rare for the dozens of silver thread layered together to not be able to block any physical force. Yes, it was rare.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship.”

Taack!

The moment Transcend ended. Grid changed his combat style from intercepting from a distance. He rushed at the armored needles.

“What?”

Sua and the Red Phoenix members were startled. They were confused that the calm Grid would suddenly jump into the enemy.

“Plunging into the range of the silver thread...! It’s dangerous!”

A member of the Red Phoenix group screamed out urgently. The armored needles were strongest when it came to melee ability. It was reckless for Grid to face six armored needles in close combat alone.

“Let’s cover him.”

Sua had the same thought. She decided that she needed to help Grid with the other Red Phoenix members. But after a moment.

“...Huh?”

“Ha!”

Sua and the Red Phoenix members stiffened.

“Pinnacle Kill.”

The web of silver thread protecting the armored needles. There was a white flash as soon as it reached Grid.

Sakak-!

“...!”

The web of silver thread split to the left and right, scattering. Then the armored needle in the front was split apart. It was the moment when the ‘Bisect’ effect of Failure and the ignore 100% defense of Pinnacle Kill was combined.

[Critical!]

[You have defeated an armored needle.]

[123,509,000 experience has been acquired.]

‘Good!’

Once again, the experience lived up to the strength. Grid was delighted at gaining so much experience after defeating one armored needle. At the same time, he broke through the gap and fired Linked Kill.



Puk!

One hit.

Puk puk!

Two hits, three hits!

Puk puk puk!

Four hits, five hits, six hits!!

It was difficult for the armored needles to endure after being subjected to the bombardment of Linked Kill Wave and Linked Kill. They turned to grey as soon as their health was exhausted. But Grid couldn't let go of his tension. The largest fused armored needle remained.

“Nyang! It hurts!”

Noe screamed from where he was struggling to tie up the fused armored needle alone. Grid hastily shifted his gaze and saw that Noe's plump body was full of wounds. His fur was covered in dirt and blood. His tail was hanging down and his eyes were moist.

Grid used Restraint to save Noe that was tied up by the silver thread. The fused armored needle stepped back from Grid and the silver thread around Noe was loosened.

"Miong."

Noe flapped his wings tirelessly. He rushed towards Grid, who rubbed Noe's head.

“You suffered. Go and rest.”

“Nyang... I will be looking forward to a delicious meal.”

Noe immediately returned to the pet inventory. Now the fused armored needle recognized Grid as an enemy.

“Kyaooooh!”

Teteteteng!

Dozens of silver threads shot towards Grid like a bullet.

Gulp!

Grid swallowed his saliva. The gatekeeper had the same strength as the armored needle. Grid lost 2,303 health when hit by a fist. If he was attacked by the fused armored needle, it meant that a minimum of 23,000 health would be lost. Of course, it was likely that the damage would be much higher. Even Grid would shrink back, despite his high health.

“Quick Movements!”

The silver thread aimed at their target. Grid used a buff to increase his agility and then used Randy and the God Hands to defend. However, the God Hands and Randy could only defend from two or three silver strands each. The rest of the silver thread had to be blocked with Grid’s own power.

“Link!”

Chaaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

It had been a few minutes since they started fighting. Grid was relatively familiar with the pattern of the silver thread and knew that it was difficult to avoid. But the number of silver threads controlled by the fused armored needle was nearly three times higher than the ordinary armored needles. It meant there were still hidden silver threads!

Chwarururuk!

As Grid struck the silver thread, the fused armored needle fired several more.

‘This is bad!’

It couldn’t be avoided. The moment that Grid thought so, several silver thread pierced his chest. Sua and the Red Phoenix members paled.

“Pangea’s Duke of Virtue!”

“Grid!”

Grid was dead. Everybody thought so. However...

[Lantier’s Cloak has reduced the damage of all stabbing and cutting attacks by 20%.]

[Triple Layers has reduced physical damage by 30%.]

[Triple Layers has reduced the damage of stabbing attacks by 50%.]

[You have suffered 2,195 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,308 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,240....]

[You have suffer...]

...

...

[The enemy’s weapon has been caught by the niches in Triple Layers and Sword Break is used.]

[The target’s weapon durability has dropped.]

“...”

What? The attack was more itchy than painful! Grid was surprised by the unexpected result, while Sua and the Red Phoenix members were more stunned. It was natural.

Jjejejejeok!

The silver thread was caught in the gaps in Triple Layers and cracked!

“T-This is impossible...”

The silver thread that had killed so many people was damaged by armor. But Grid was fine and managed to neutralize the silver thread.

“How? How are you so strong?”

Sua asked in a trembling voice and Grid replied.

“It’s being overgeared.”

Peeeeeeong!

The head of the fused armored needle was blown away.

# Chapter 541

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“Overgeared...?”

It was an unfamiliar word to Sua and the Red Phoenix members. As they were feeling puzzled, the fused armored needle howled.

“Kiyaaaaah~!”

The fused armored needle had taken many lives with overwhelming strength. Today its position was the opposite. Grid was the hunter. For him who was aiming to be at the top of two billion users, the fused armored needle was nothing more than a mass of experience.

"You're weak."

Grid laughed at the fused armored needle. The fact that he had been hit by the silver thread had long since disappeared from his memories.

Puk! Seokeok! Puk.

Grid's Failure cut and stabbed at the armored needle. The increased 20% attack damage in the darkness caused the +9 Failure to be overwhelming.

Puhahahak!

The blood of the fused armored needle rose like a fountain. Grid couldn't tolerate being hit by that much blood. He tried to avoid as much blood as possible while blocking the rest with the God Hands.

Chiiiik!

The blood that came into contact with the God Hands evaporated and disappeared.

“Kukukuk!”

The smile didn't leave Grid's face as he looked at the fused

armored needle through the gap in the golden fingers.

‘This game is truly about items.’

The armored needle and silver thread. It was weaker than expected, but think about it. What if Grid didn’t have Lantier’s Cloak? Grid would’ve suffered several times the damage and he would be in a great crisis. The armored needle was very strong when handling dozens of silver threads. It was only helpless in front of Grid.

“Kyaaaak!”

The two armored needles connected by the silver thread roared and inflated its muscles. Then the silver threads shot at Grid again. Exactly 27 threads tangled towards as one, turning into a drill that aimed at Grid’s heart.

‘It’s a really flexible weapon.’

It could be used as a spider web to defend or a drill to attack. The more he looked, the crazier it was. Grid was filled with greed and counterattacked just before the silver thread pierced him.

“Revolve.”

Jjeejeeong!

The timing of using the counterattack was inevitable because Grid’s control abilities improved greatly after going against the top rankers in the National Competition.

Peeok!

The orbit of the silver thread was reversed by Failure and penetrated the head of the fused armored needle.

[The double fused armored needle has been defeated.]

[259,504,141 experience has been acquired.]

[A silver thread has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[As someone with a second class, you will receive a level up bonus. 12 stat points have been acquired.]

[Six points have been forcibly invested into intelligence due to the influence of the second class, Legendary Great Magician.]

“Sigh...”

Grid checked his health status. During the battle, it was inevitable that he would allow some strikes from the silver thread. But this was largely neutralized by the increased defense and resistance of his items. But it still wasn't an easy battle. In order to defeat six armored needles, Grid summoned Randy, Noe, and the God Hands, and used almost all of his skills. It was a matter of using all his effort.

Thanks to his level up, Grid's stamina was fully recovered. However, his mental state was quite tired. He hoped he could relax while his skill cooldown times came back. He sat down and opened his inventory. It was to check the loot he acquired. There were rotten leather, rotten bones, etc. Nothing was of value except for two silver threads.

[Silver Thread]

Attack Power: 100~????

Durability: 1,000/1,000

Fragments of silver armor that have been shaped in the blood vessels of the armored needles for many years.

Unlike ordinary silver thread that only has a thin coating of silver, this is made of pure silver. It also contains the powerful magic power of the armored needle.

Depending on the skill level of the user, it can be used in various ways due to its different forms.

\* It is classified as a secondary weapon.

Conditions of Use: Secondary Weapons Mastery Advanced Level

5. More than 2,000 dexterity.

- \* The silver thread can be shot quickly if you have more than 2,000 dexterity.

- \* If you have more than 2,500 dexterity, you can twist 5 or less strands of silver thread together to create the desired shape.

- \* If you have more than 3,000 dexterity, you can twist 10 or less strands of silver thread together to create the desired shape.

- \* If you have more than 4,000 dexterity, the speed at which you can control the silver thread is doubled.

- \* If you have more than 4,000 dexterity, you can twist 20 or less...

...

...

- \* The silver thread can be used as a material for making items. However, a craftsman level blacksmithing skill is required.

Weight: 5

The minimum damage was very low while the maximum damage seemed to have no limit. A little while ago, he saw the attack of the fused armored needle that twisted together 27 strands of silver thread.

‘Amazing... However, it’s rare for people to learn Secondary Weapons Mastery and the advanced level probably hasn’t appeared yet.’

It was 10 meters long. At this point, it was a secondary weapon that probably only Grid could use.

‘I need to raise my dexterity...’

Grid grasped the two strands of silver thread with his fingers. Irene would be delighted if he gained more dexterity... Sua approached him as he was seriously thinking.



"Are your wounds okay?"

Grid laughed at her worry.

"As you can see, I'm strong."

The wounds caused by the silver thread were already healing. It was a tremendous recovery speed. Was it due to his high stamina stat? That was just the basics. The reason for Grid's fast recovery speed was the God Hands. To be precise, it was the effect of Goddess Rebecca's Blessing attached to the pavranium. The blessing of Goddess Rebecca increased Grid's health recovery rate by 300%. This was a basic element that made up Grid's strength.

'This man...'

Sua's gaze towards Grid became more favorable. He didn't lose composure despite facing six armored needles and there was also his strong body. He was the blacksmith capable of restoring the Red Phoenix Bow and was virtuous enough to get the title of Pangea's Duke of Virtue.

She couldn't help feeling favorable towards him. Of course, it wasn't a crush, but pure respect. Sua had a type of rational personality.

'Indeed, he's a daoist?'

Daoist. It was a state of a half-god that only those who cultivated daoism could reach. They were known to enjoy eternal life in Shangri-La and had mysterious powers. It was likely that Grid was a daoist.

"Hum hum."

Grid suddenly coughed. His face was red due to the beautiful Sua gazing at him. He looked around the area in a desire to hide it. Sua was convinced when she saw it.

'He isn't a daoist.'

A daoist wouldn't be like this. If Grid was a daoist, then he

wouldn't feel embarrassed about the opposite sex. In the first place, Grid's force was overwhelming and beyond mysterious. It was a different existence from a daoist.

'It's different from the yangbans...'

Of course, Grid wasn't a yangban. It was unimaginable to most people, but the yangbans were trash who treated ordinary humans as insignificant beings. If Grid was a yangban, he would've watched as Sua and the Red Phoenix members died.

'In the first place, he wouldn't have wanted the silver thread if he was a yangban.'

This meant that Grid was an ordinary person.

'A regular person... Ah.'

Sua was deep in thought and belatedly realized something. Grid was burdened by her gaze.

"I was rude. I'm sorry."

Grid waved his hand at the bowing Sua.

"There's no need to be sorry. Was the silver thread originally this hard to obtain?"

He killed six armored needles and only got two strands of silver thread. In order to use it directly as a weapon or as a material for items, Grid wanted to secure a large quantity. Sua belatedly noticed the silver thread in Grid's hands and was shocked.

"You got silver thread...!?"

Originally, it was very hard to obtain the silver thread. It was because the moment the armored needles died, the silver thread in their blood vessels would disappear in an instant due to corrosion. In the four years since Han Seokbong organized the dungeon expedition team, only seven silver threads had been obtained.

"You must be really lucky to obtain two silver threads."

Sua was delighted. Grid realized that the drop rate for the silver thread was the worst based on her reaction and stood up.

"What's the size of this dungeon?"

"We haven't been able to measure it. The Red Phoenix group hasn't gone into the depths before."

The Red Phoenix group wasn't as strong as Grid. They went into the dungeon every day, but could only kill two or three armored needles at best.

"Our goal is to go to the end of the dungeon to investigate the cause behind the armored needles and destroy them. But unlike our hearts, we're at a standstill every day."

"..."

"We still have pride. The residents of Pangea can enjoy a happy life because we're able to stop the advance of the armored needles."

Beautiful. Sua was pretty inside and out.

'Although she's a bit of a pervert...'

At that moment.

[A quest has been created.]

[Subjugate the Armored Needles (1)]

Difficulty: S

There are a large number of armored needles in the dungeon beneath Pangea Castle.

Bring peace to Pangea by repelling those who can threaten Pangea at any time.

Quest Clear Conditions: Kill 10 armored needles.

Quest Reward: Affinity with the Red Phoenix group will rise. Five silver thread.

'The armored needles are strong.'

Grid hadn't known that a monster hunting quest could be classified with a S-grade difficulty. The armored needles were truly strong. They had over 6 million health and their defense was twice as high as ordinary monsters. In addition, their swordsmanship was excellent, they had the irregularity of the silver thread and also their hot blood as a weapon.

Grid expected that an ordinary level 300 player wouldn't be able to go one on one with the armored needle. However, Grid was much stronger than the armored needles.

"Okay. Then I'll clear away as many armored needles as possible."

He had to gain the compensation of five silver threads. Grid's motivation was burning as he started to move inside the cave. Then Sua cried out,

"Why are you putting yourself in danger by running forward? Why are you struggling for other people?"

Grid shrugged at her sincere worry.

"I just want the silver thread. And I like you because you're pretty."

"...Ah?"

Grid spoke bluntly but the result was huge. Sua's face turned red. She was called the flower of Pangea. A person who wasn't affected when handsome men whispered sweet words to her was blushing? Grid didn't know what a big deal it was. Grid was focused on the footsteps of the armored needles that he heard.

'I'm starting.'

Pahat!

Grid threw the silver thread in the direction that the armored needle was approaching. It was very difficult to shoot the silver thread quickly. However, it was a simple thing for Grid who had

over 3,000 dexterity.

Pepeok!

"Kyaaaak!"

The armored needle screamed as it was pierced by the silver thread that Grid threw and sped up its approach. Grid recovered the silver thread and shot it again.

[You have dealt 930 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 370 damage to the target.]

The damage was terrible. The damage was minimal and in the hundreds, so the armored needle received little damage. But Grid wasn't shaken. Throwing the silver thread didn't consume resources, meaning it wasn't a burden.

‘What if I twist them together?’

Sururuk.

Grid moved his hands at a tremendous speed. The two strands of silver thread were joined together, becoming thicker with one pointed end.

‘...Isn't he good at this?’

That man, was there anything he couldn't do?

‘...Oh, he's good at everything?’

Anything here was omitted.

Peeok!

As Sua's imagination headed in a strange direction, the arrow shaped silver thread shot by Grid dealt over 2,000 damage to the armored needle.

‘Now I know.’

Grid was completely satisfied. He became more and more desperate to secure a large amount of silver thread and swung

Failure at the armored needles.

# Chapter 542

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[You have defeated an armored needle.]

[121,599,800 experience has been acquired.]

[Number of armored needles killed: 2/10]

‘This is delicious hunting.’

The experience given by the armored needle was more than two times higher than that of the true blood vampires. Compared to the junior vampires in the cities, they gave 30 times more experience. Thanks to that, Grid reached level 322 and was rapidly gaining experience.

But it was difficult to recognize Pangea Castle’s dungeon as an ideal hunting ground. It was because the armored needles didn’t often appear.

“It’s like Sua said.’

Armored needles were monsters who acted on their own. The first encounter with six of them was a special case. The Red Phoenix group were filled with a sense of security at infrequently encountering one armored needle, while Grid felt large regret.

‘It would be good if they constantly respawned two at a time.’

He wanted to acquire a lot of silver thread. Grid felt impatient and anxious. If he combined all his titles, Grid’s dexterity was exactly 3,723. He could control a maximum of 10 silver threads, meaning he wasn’t satisfied with just two. He wanted to maximize his abilities by securing eight more silver threads quickly.

“Hrmm.”

They walked around for 10 minutes and only encountered two armored needles. From the other side of the passage, the sound of slow footsteps was heard again. Grid tried something new against it. Just as the armored needles restrained Noe and the God Hands,

he tied up with armored needles using the two silver threads. The name...

"Needle Binding!"

It was a somewhat familiar name. But this wasn't a playful name. It was a name that Grid came up with after serious thinking.

Hwiririk!

The silver thread rotated and tightly tied up the body of the armored needle. The waist and both arms were firmly tied up. It was a scene that showed how great Grid's dexterity was.

'Okay! I did it properly!'

A smile of satisfaction appeared on Grid's face. But his smile didn't last long.

"Eh?"

"Uwaaaaah!"

The armored needle exerted its strength and the silver thread was released?

'The binding is too weak.'

Two silver threads didn't have enough strength. It wasn't just the armored needles. Most monsters above level 200 would shake off the binding of two silver threads.

'There must be at least 10 strands for binding.'

Grid recalled the silver threads while thinking this and twisted the two strands into one. Then he shot it like an arrow. It took two seconds to control the two strands of silver thread. It meant it would take around 10 seconds to control 10 strands of silver thread. Grid felt the need to raise his dexterity to 4,000 points. If his dexterity reached 4,000, the control rate of the silver threads would double.

What if he could control 10 silver threads in 5 seconds? The



strongest system next to the pavranium would be born.

‘The only thing lacking is the throwing speed of the silver threads.’

In the end, the silver thread was still just thread. It was very light. There was a clear limit to the speed at which Grid could throw it. It would be less effective against agile opponents.

‘In order to take advantage of the silver thread as a weapon, it would be better to put a blade at the end. Or I can set up a trap on the battlefield to take advantage of it.’

Dugun dugun!

Grid grew considerably in the process of devising how to use the silver thread. He suddenly realized it. His development potential had grown exponentially since earning the silver thread.

‘If my current self fought against Kraugel at the National Competition, I would’ve 100% won.’

He was sure of it. The problem was that Kraugel was also getting stronger. Kraugel obtained the Sword Saint class that was described as the strongest combat class. Grid wasn’t sure how powerful Kraugel was now after dominating with a normal class.

‘...Ah, I think my pride is hurt.’

He was lagging behind a normal class, despite having a legendary class? At the time, he thought it was natural due to his lack of talent. But now it was very shameful.

‘I need to wash away my mistakes.’

Grid’s motivation shot up. His passion for forging ahead of Kraugel filled his heart.

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“Light?”

Grid, Sua, and the Red Phoenix members finally recovered their

normal vision when they reached deep inside the dungeon. The walls of the dungeon had the characteristics of sucking in light. Now jade covered the wall, letting out a soft light that illuminated the interior.

“There was a place like this in the dungeon?”

It had already been four years since the Red Phoenix group started the dungeon expedition. But in the meantime, they had never entered so deeply into the dungeon. They always returned after fighting a few armored needles at the entrance. But today was different.

Grid took the lead and killed any armored needles that appeared, allowing those who followed him to enter deeply into the castle's dungeon. Thanks to him, they were able to find themselves in a beautiful space surrounded by jade. They quickly started searching inside. There was a clear lake and precious herbs were naturally growing.

“The temperature is just right. It's a place where people can live if they have food.”

"But what about these four passages? Won't we be completely isolated if the armored needles attack us from all four passages?"

“Um... That's right.”

What was this place? Some of the members who were searching found something immersed in the clear lake.

"What is this? Heok! This!"

“Treasure chest! Treasure chest!”

As with any dungeon, treasure chests often appeared in Pangea Castle's dungeon. But the probability was extremely low. In the last four years, the Red Phoenix group found no more than 10 treasure chests. Now a treasure chest was situated deep in a clear lake, like it didn't want to be found. Grid showed great interest in it.

"Will it contain gold?"

It was three hours after entering the castle's dungeon. Grid laughed brightly at the treasure box despite not being able to hunt a few prey. The Red Phoenix members stopped him as he reached out for the treasure chest.

"It can be dangerous."

"Last year, a colleague opened a treasure chest found in this dungeon and was poisoned."

Their words were the truth. There was a 50% chance that a treasure chest in the dungeon would be a trap.

"Then are you just going to leave it without opening it?"

The Red Phoenix members shook their heads at Grid's words.

"That isn't it. I'm just afraid that your life will be in danger."

"Leave it to us. Grid can't be hurt."

Grid was clearing the armored needles on behalf of the Red Phoenix members. It was for his own reasons. But as a result, he was a great help to the Red Phoenix members and Pangea. The Red Phoenix wanted to repay the favor to Grid.

Gulp.

The Red Phoenix members pulled out the treasure chest from the lake and gulped. They were concerned about being poisoned or seriously injured when opening the treasure chest. They didn't want to risk Grid getting hurt.

Clink!

The member's hands shook and he grimaced. The Red Phoenix member eventually overcame his fear and opened the lid of the treasure chest. No, he tried to open it.

"Huh? It didn't open?"

"Is this locked?"

The tension of the Red Phoenix group was released for a moment. The solemn atmosphere somewhat brightened.

“Isn’t it rare for locked treasure chests to contain traps?”

"That's right. It's usually filled with treasures."

“Ah...! Let’s give this to Grid!”

They wouldn’t have made it here without Grid. The ownership of the treasure chest naturally belonged to Grid. The Red Phoenix group politely handed the treasure box to Grid.

“There is a locksmith in Pangea. He can probably unlock this box within a week.”

"It will cost quite a bit of money, since certain skills are required."

“Yes.”

Grid received the chest and frowned.

[This chest contains special magic. The weight is incredible.]

[Your weight gauge has been exceeded. Movement speed will decrease by 80%.]

“...”

His stamina being reduced to this level meant it was impossible to continue the armored needle quest. Grid still had to hunt three more armored needles, so this treasure chest would just be a burden. But Grid didn’t care. He had a universal key!

Clink!

Grid took out a black key and unlocked it at once. It was extremely easy. He just put the key in the lock, twisted it, and it was unlocked. Sua and the Red Phoenix members were shocked at the absurd sight.

'Unlocking a dungeon treasure chest at once?'

‘What is this situation?’

'Grid is really proficient... Was he born under a lucky star?'

Sua didn't know why her face was red. It was at that moment.

[The trap box has been opened!]

[Poisonous smoke has covered you!]

[You have suffered 4,883 damage.]

[You have been poisoned!]

[Your head is spinning around!]

[You can't move your lower body!]

[You will lose 4,500 health per second!]

[You have resisted.]

[A mysterious figure appears!]

[A quest has been created...]

...

...

"G-Grid!"

Sua and the Red Phoenix members were startled. It was because the poison emitted from the box was similar to the one that affected their colleague last year. Grid inhaled a lot of it and definitely wouldn't be safe. The Red Phoenix members were surprised by the sudden situation, but Sua responded calmly and promptly.

"Go to Grid and give him an antidote. Then escape from this place with Grid!"

At that moment.

"Who are you?"

Someone's voice was heard.

"Kyaoooooh!"

Armored needles poured in from the four passages. There were eight of them. A middle aged man appeared behind Grid while the group was surrounded. Sua and the Red Phoenix members recognized him instantly. It was impossible not to recognize him.

“Arube!”

In the past, he was the closest aide for Han Seokbong. He was supposedly murdered by the evil daoist priest who attacked Pangea two years ago, only to be hiding deep in the dungeon. He was the master of the armored needles!

“You... You betrayed father.”

Sua was a smart girl. As a matter of fact, she sensed that Arube was behind the invasion two years ago.

Arube smiled slyly. “Indeed, the anger of Pangea’s flower is beautiful. Okay, I will make you into a jiangshi. After death, you will serve me forever.”

“You! How dare you insult the young lady!”

The enraged Red Phoenix members pulled out their weapons and Arube smiled.

Ttang! Ttang!

“It has been seven years since I found the armored needles sleeping here. It was three years faster than Lord Han Seokbong. In the meantime, I have steadily tamed the armored needles, and they are now my faithful servants. You can’t lay one finger on my body. Before you reach me, you will be turned into minced meat by the silver threads.”

“Ugh...”

The Red Phoenix members flinched. They had forgotten about it due to their anger at Arube’s sudden appearance, but Arube had summoned eight armored needles. It was the worst situation.

Ttang! Ttang!

Arube was filled with joy as he watched the frightened Red Phoenix members. He wrapped his arms around his chest as his face flushed.

"Kukuk...! This is so exciting. Now you will know. I have dreamed of this moment since I happened to discover the armored needles seven years ago. The day that I can have Pangea and Sua in my hands!"

"Crazy... Crazy traitor!"

The Red Phoenix members realized that Aruba wasn't sane. They became desperate. They didn't know if Grid dying behind them was okay. They would die here today.

Ttang! Ttang!

"..."

By the way, what was that sound? Why did they keep hearing the sound of hammering? Arube belatedly became aware of it, while Sua and the Red Phoenix members looked behind them. Then they became surprised.

"G-Grid?"

Grid was poisoned when opening the box. The person who was dying was currently squatting in front of an anvil.

"?????"

Question marks appeared over the heads of Sua and the Red Phoenix members.

"Is he crazy?"

Arube discovered Grid and frowned. He was very unhappy about a blacksmith ruining the historic moment.

"Not knowing the current situation and hammering... Are you crazy?"

Grid responded after Arube asked again.

"Yes, I'm not normal."

Ttaang~!

Item Combination.

It had the disadvantage of being hard to use during battle due to the long usage time, but it produced overwhelming results once successful. Grid successfully combined the +9 Failure and +8 Grid's Greatsword before commanding the God Hands.

"Item Transformation. Failure."

Kiiing.

The four golden hands turned into golden shark-like greatswords. Soon after.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Since it was reproduced by pavranium, the four golden Failures exceeded the power of the original and pierced the bodies of the armored needles. The blood of the armored needles scattered in all directions, threatening Sua and the Red Phoenix members.

"Linked Kill Wave."

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

There was a storm of energy that overtook Arube.

"Uh... Huh?"

Arube couldn't recognize the situation properly and reflexively shrunk back. Grid faced him and expressed thanks.

"Thanks for the new quest."

Grid felt confident as soon as he learned about the contents of the SS grade quest.



# Chapter 543

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[Location of the Red Phoenix Bow]

Difficulty Level: SS

Arube, known to be murdered by the evil daoist priest, was actually alive.

Arube is part of the group of a master daoist priests.

The monsters were invited by the master priest, and now Pangea is isolated.

Arube is now planning to occupy Pangea with his fully controlled army of armored needles.

Find the whereabouts of the Red Phoenix Bow that was stolen by Arube and the evil daoist priest!

Arube has a strong desire to survive and will give you a lot of information!

Quest Clear Conditions: The capture or death of Arube.

Quest Clear Rewards:

1. Succeed in capturing Arube - Your character experience will increase by 30% and the quest 'Location of the Red Phoenix Bow' will link to the next part.

2. Arube's death - Your character will gain two levels and the quest 'Location of the Red Phoenix Bow' will disappear.

‘Amazing...’

Shortly after being poisoned. Grid was thrilled when he checked the new quest. The story of Arube and the daoist priest was found because he met Idan and completed the 'Find the Traces of the Great Hero!' quest. He was able to enter the dungeon because he had a relationship with White and won the blacksmithing competition. Then there was a trap box unexpectedly found in the

dungeon.

The 'Location of the Red Phoenix Bow' quest was created the moment Grid's actions came to a conclusion. It was presumed that if he completed the linked quest, he could acquire the original Red Phoenix Bow. The original Red Phoenix Bow? 'Of course' it was the strongest bow at present.

It was said that Grid's Red Phoenix Bow (Reproduction) was beyond the original, but the work had inherent limitations. The limits of a reproduction? The maximum rating was legendary. On the other hand, the original Red Phoenix Bow had at least a minimum rating of legendary and it could presumably go beyond that. It was inevitable that the reproduction of the Red Phoenix Bow was weaker than the original. This was the absolute system of the game.

What if unlike Grid's expectations, the original was weaker than the reproduction? It didn't undermine the value of the original. It was because the original had the Red Phoenix Breath.

[Red Phoenix's Breath]

A blessing of the Red Phoenix.

It will increase fire resistance by 30%.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the Red Phoenix.

However, it can be attached to items with a strong fire attribute.

Weight: 2

It was the reward Grid earned in exchange for restoring the Red Phoenix Bow. If he obtained this one, he would have two. Grid's fire resistance would be 60% just having it and if he used it as an item making material, he could double the power of the Red Phoenix Bow. He knew how strong the Red Phoenix Bow was. It wasn't easy to judge unless someone experienced it themselves.

“Kuk...! Kukuk!”

The pleased Grid was quick to act. Arube appeared with the armored needles and made fun of Sua and the Red Phoenix members.

“Item Combination.”

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Grid took out the portable furnace and started work with the God Hands. Fire was instantly produced using the white phosphorus wood. Then he laid Failure and Grid’s Greatsword side by side on the anvil, hitting them with a hammer. The four Mjolnirs increased the speed of blacksmithing skills, boosting the speed of Item Combination. At the end of this work.

“Is he crazy? Not knowing the current situation and hammering... Are you crazy?”

Arube belatedly noticed Grid and cursed.

“Linked Kill Wave.”

Grid swung Failure + Grid’s Greatsword.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

A named NPC was strong. In particular, Arube was able to control the armored needles. Grid judged that he would be stronger than the armored needles. Grid carefully calculated as the storm of energy covered Arube.

‘Controlling the undead means he must have a necromancer type class. Even if he’s a named NPC, he can’t help having low defense and health. Considering the possibility of 3 Joint Attacks activating or a critical attack, I will take control of the match by using Transcended Link after Linked Kill Wave.’

If he linked it with Pinnacle Kill then there was a chance that Arube could die. Failure boasted the strongest attack power. Grid’s Greatsword added 20% more skill damage, despite its attack power

being less than Failure. The power demonstrated when these two greatswords combined together was terrible.

Grid needed to control himself.

“Uh... Uwaaaack!”

Pepepepeok!

Grid smiled as Arube screamed after being hit by Linked Kill Wave.

‘I will soon clear the SS grade quest.’

It was really good! Grid used Transcended Link and immediately attacked Arube again. Suddenly, he stiffened like a stone statue.

“...Eh?”

Arube’s health gauge...

“It’s gone?”

Yes, gone.

During his freshman days in university. His boiler was turned off because Grid used his living expenses on the gaming fee.

‘Why?’

He might be a necromancer, but how could he have such low defense and health? Grid was confused.

“Uhhh...”

[Arube has died.]

Arube’s health was depleted by Linked Kill Wave and turned to grey. Then notification windows appeared in front of Grid.

[Necromancer Arube has been defeated.]

[89,005,310 experience has been acquired.]

[You have obtained an unknown mark.]

[Arube’s Ring has been acquired.]

[The question 'Location of the Red Phoenix Bow' has been terminated. The linked quests will be destroyed.]

[Your have gained two levels from the quest reward.]

[As someone with a second class, you will receive a level up bonus. 24 stat points have been acquired.]

[12 points have been forcibly invested into intelligence due to the influence of the second class, Legendary Great Magician.]

“...Ah!”

Flop!

Grid sighed and sat down. The Red Phoenix Breath that dwelled in the original Red Phoenix Bow. He lost the only clue to tell him the whereabouts of the precious treasure, causing his mental state to be bruised. The Red Phoenix members approached the grumbling Grid.

“You punished the villain that threatened the young lady and Pangea! You are the hero and savior of Pangea!”

“Grid! Please tell us if you experience any trouble in the future! I will be willing to experience any inconvenience if it’s for you!”

“...”

The affinity with the Red Phoenix members had risen a lot. But Grid wasn’t pleased at all. He blankly questioned Sua.

“Necromancer? Do they have inherently weak bodies and stamina?”

“That's right. They're as weak as a child. But they usually don't allow hits, because they can summon things several times stronger than them.”

“...I see.”

“Pangea’s Duke of Virtue precisely dug at Arube’s gaps. Arube didn’t think a blacksmith would attack and couldn’t cope with it.”

“...Um.”

Grid shook off his gloomy mood. He didn't get the best result for the unexpected quest, but he couldn't be frustrated forever.

‘Think positively.’

He gained two levels in exchange for defeating Arube. In addition, he obtained the Unknown Mark and Arube's Ring. These were rewards he wouldn't have obtained if he captured Arube.

‘Anyway, this is the reward for an SS grade quest. It's possible that these have great value.’

Maybe their value was better than the original Red Phoenix Bow. Of course, this was just a maybe. Grid was filled with hope and was about to use the Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill to confirm the information of the Unknown Mark and Arube's Ring.

Pepepepeng!

However, the battle between the God Hands transformed into Failure and armored needle was deepening. In the beginning, the God Hands overwhelmed the armored needles with their power. But they started to be suppressed one by one with the silver thread. Now the armored needles were aiming for Grid and the Red Phoenix members.

"First, I need to take care of these guys."

Grid stopped the appraisal and stared at the armored needles with a fearsome expression. He had targets to vent his anger on.

‘I will wipe these guys out before leaving the dungeon.’

It was also time to go eat at Idan's restaurant. Grid wanted to be strong, but his spirit was very pained from eating Idan's food. It was painful and hard. Grid was burning with motivation for various reasons. Sua's white face flushed as she gazed at him.

"Wow... You never get tired."

“...?”

Why was Sua's face suddenly red? Grid didn't want to know. No, he was afraid to know. It was because he sensed he would be corrupted as soon as he understood her mind.

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Immediately after taking over the fortified city of Patrian and obtaining Earl Ashur. The Eternal Kingdom named Grid a traitor. Grid was stripped of all authority and status in the kingdom and his territories would be reclaimed.

The first target was naturally Cork Island. It was the judgment of the Eternal Kingdom that Cork wouldn't be as hard to reclaim since it was separate from Reidan, Patrian, and Borneo. But what was this? Two naval divisions had already failed to occupy Cork Island.

Admiral Lebuck was going crazy after receiving the report.

"The distance between Reidan and Cork Island is at least 15 days apart and there are fortresses from our kingdom all along the road. It's impossible for the rebels to support Cork Island. Then how is Cork Island protecting itself from our offensive?"

"There is a lot of food due to the abundant land, and the rebels have arranged elite troops. It's an island, so they know that we'll move the navy."

It was plausible. Lebuck made a decision.

"We need to change the manner of attack."

Tak.

Lebuck pointed to the north of Cork Island on the map. Cork Island was originally a territory of the Eternal Kingdom. Lebuck was completely aware of the geography of the island.

"Once the sun goes down, send the diving rats to this place."

Diving rats. The official unit name was R77. They were the special unit of the Eternal Kingdom's navy. Tonight, they would

dive into the sea, enter the outskirts of Cork Island, move through the secret tunnels in the mines, and infiltrate Cork Castle.

“Then cut off the head of the rebel leader. At that time, our fleet will strike at the island.”

It had been a few years since the rebels ruled Cork Island. It was unlikely that the rebels would know about the secret tunnels that existed in the Cork Island mines.

"Tomorrow, Cork Island will return to the Eternal KIngdom.”

It was a winning strategy that could be developed due to knowing the geography of Cork Island. Lebuck was overflowing with confidence.



# Chapter 544

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There were surprisingly many players who chose the soldier class. They could receive a stable income and quests from the military, as well as learn new skills according to their rank. Few classes could learn as many skills as soldiers. Of course, this didn't mean it was the best. There were a lot more disadvantages.

An example was that they had limited freedom. They needed to enter the game at certain times to attend military training. Quests given from superiors had to be unconditionally performed. They had to follow the principles of command and free travel was also impossible.

Therefore, there was a question. Why choose a soldier when playing the game? Was it fun to live a controlled life? How could it be fun? The majority of people saw the soldier class negatively. But some people had different thoughts. There were some people who appreciated the merits of the soldier class.

Most of them were ambitious. It was possible for a soldier to be promoted according to their ability, and they were a class with the possibility to gain a lot of power. The players who chose the soldier class would play a controlled game, but they were patient enough to develop.

In this place.

There was a player in the R77 unit of the Eternal Kingdom's navy. His ID was Soldier. It was a name that spoke of his desire to be a soldier. In reality, he was a soldier of the US army and enjoyed it. He liked the strict rules and control, a type of person who took pleasure from legal killings.

'Grid... Is there any figure more suitable for my promotion?'

Grid became a hero through the golem invasion of Reinhardt. A wonderful politician who revived the deserted ghost town of

Reidan. A resourceful person who swallowed up the Tzedakah Guild and Silver Knights Guild. A gifted man who used the media to disturb people around the world and seize Patrian. The only legendary item maker.

Looking at Grid's history, including the National Competition, Soldier couldn't help admiring him. A perfect person. He wasn't a legend for nothing.

Soldier was excited. His achievements would become more noticeable if he defeated a perfect being.

'Grid's rebellion is a great chance for me. I could be promoted a few times in this war.'

He could be promoted to commander in one step.

'First, take care of today. I must contribute to the occupation of Cork Island.'

Splash!

Splash splash!

Deep in the night. The 30 members of R77 jumped from the ship. They dived deep into the sea and avoided the enemy's surveillance network. They were armed with the third-generation magic wetsuits developed by the navy magicians and were getting enough oxygen through that.

Soldier used the Advanced Swimming Mastery Lv. 2 that he thoroughly trained in after being in the navy. His eyes were determined as he dreamt about becoming a war hero.

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Cork Island was a place that contained the memories of the Silver Knight Guild. Its actual economic value was the highest among the territories possessed by Overgeared. There were dozens of mines and it was famous as a sightseeing place. As the former master of the Silver Knights Guild, Peak Sword wanted to protect Cork

Island. He didn't want to hand it over to the enemy.

Of course, in reality, it was impossible to stand up to the aggression of the Eternal Kingdom. Cork Island was isolated. He couldn't expect to keep it. The number of soldiers was limited to 1,000 and the average level was 150. There were no named knights. It was a territory that couldn't be kept even if Grid was present.

Lauel said it was wiser to give up Cork Island. However, the will of Peak Sword wasn't broken.

"I'm a Korean who inherited the spirit of General Yi Soonshin. I will never give up."

One month. He needed to keep it for just one month. He would tie up the enemy troops as long as possible and collect more taxes from Cork Island for Overgeared. Peak Sword fought with all his might for the past five days. He actively utilized the coastal fortifications that Cork Island's lord had built and sank several ships of the Eternal Navy.

It was thanks to the efforts of the 10 elites from the Silver Knights guild and the soldiers of Cork Island, but Peak Sword's maritime capabilities were also spectacular. In the past, he had a long battle with the Sakura Guild over Cork Island and grew into an excellent naval commander.

"Brother, aren't you overdoing it?"

An Changsal, the second in command of the Silver Knights Guild, was worried about Peak Sword. He was worried since Peak Sword kept fighting while using buff potions.

"Isn't it really hard to earn money? You don't be able to get married if you had no money. What's the point of drinking potions if you're a bachelor for the rest of your life?"

The smart Lauel had warned Peak Sword. It would be difficult to keep Cork Island for more than a week. He refused to believe it at first. However, after experiencing the war directly, Lauel was

right. It was impossible to withstand the navy's offensive for more than a week with just An Changsal and the elites of the Silver Knights Guild. The difference in power was too great and there was a limit to their stamina.

"There's also a minimum of breaks and the soldiers are already exhausted. It isn't a bad idea to keep the island, but there's no point if the damage is too big..."

"This isn't useless damage."

Peak Sword cut off An Changsal's words.

"This is for Overgeared."

Peak Sword thought it was worth it if he could reduce the burden on Overgeared by sacrificing himself. He had a duty to do his best in order to repay Grid and Lael. That's why he would bring out his pickaxe today.

Deep in the night. Peak Sword judged it was impossible for the enemy's fleet to attack in the darkness and rose from his spot.

"I will go to the mines."

"Oh my..." An Changsal clicked his tongue. "Why do you swing the pickaxe every night? You should take a rest when possible."

"There are no good hunting grounds. Rather than raising my level, I need to raise my stamina and persistence. God Grid would've done it. Do you know God Grid?"

Repetitive labor led to a small but steady increase in stats. In particular, Peak Sword liked the feeling of mining. It was pleasurable when minerals emerged when he hit the wall with a pickaxe.

"Everyone else should rest. I'm going."

Peak Sword left his colleagues alone and headed for the mine. It was the mine closest to the coast. The mining rate was low compared to other mines on Cork Island. However, Peak Sword

had no choice but to use it. The other mines were too far away from the fortress.

‘It’s comforting that there’s a mine in a position where I can respond immediately to the enemy’s invasion.’

Ttang! Ttang!

The dark mine. Peak Sword lit a few torches and started swinging his pickaxe. He hit the solid wall and collected minerals. He wasn’t in a hurry. In the first place, the minerals weren’t the goal. He needed to raise his stamina. Labor was the only way to increase his stats.

[Your persistence has increased by 1.]

[Your stamina has increased by 1.]

[The Intermediate Mining skill has increased to Lv. 3.]

“Kuk...! Good!”

How fun was this?

Kaaang! Kaaang!

A smile appeared on Peak Sword’s face as he kept mining.

Teong!

Teeeeeong!

“...?”

The deepest part of the mine. A faint noise was heard from the end of a tunnel. Peak Sword tilted his head to one side.

“What?”

It was fundamentally different from the sound of wind. There was a sense of weight to it and above all, the sound came from behind the wall.

“...Perhaps?”

Peak Sword’s eyes shone brightly.

“Is there a secret dungeon?”

If so, this was a big jackpot. He would receive a great reward in return for finding a new dungeon. He could also use the monsters to deal a big blow to the enemy.

‘This is a dungeon located near the battlefield. If I act properly, the mobs can be used against the enemy.’

It was presumed that they wouldn’t do that much, but it was enough to have expectations.

Gulp!

Peak Sword was filled with anticipation and tension. He gripped the pickaxe and pointed it at the completely blocked wall.

‘A hidden place would have great value.’

Peak Sword eagerly wanted to see it! He tightened his grip on the pickaxe. Then he took the familiar stance of drawing a sword. It was to enjoy the class bonus effect when using a weapon or tool from the drawing attention. In addition, it was to imitate Piaro, who combined farming and swordsmanship.

“Draw Sword.”

Surung!

The pickaxe that Grid made. It had a different durability and attack power from normal pickaxes and could be used as a weapon.

"Fang."

Paaaat!

It was like a ray of light was shot from Peak Sword’s fingertips.

Kurururung!

The wall that was Peak Sword’s target suddenly fell down by itself? And...

“Eh?”

From behind the collapsed wall, a strange man appeared. The ID was Soldier. It was a player like Peak Sword.

"?????"

"?????"

A moment of time. Peak Sword and Soldier's eyes met and the same question appeared in their minds.

‘Who?’

It was only a short amount of time. Peak Sword and Soldier understood the current situation but Peak Sword's pickaxe hit Soldier first.

Puok!

“Kuk... Keeoook!”

What the hell was this? A miner with coal covered his face. Why was a person mining in this critical wartime situation and why was he mining in front of the secret tunnel?

“D...Dammit.”

A person who was going to become a powerful figure in the Eternal Kingdom's army was going to die here?

Stagger.

Soldier's confusion was maximized as he stumbled. Blood flowed from his forehead where the pickaxe hit and he slowly turned to grey. Drawing the sword. It took a long time to activate and recover, but the attack power alone was worthy of being among the top.

This wasn't an ordinary pickaxe, and the power of the skill cast through Grid's pickaxe was incredibly strong. It was enough to knock out the level 250 Soldier, who was within the top 10,000 rankings. Peak Sword's overwhelming presence gave the opponent a sense of resistance.

“You... What are you?”

The R77 squad members were confused when their colleague was murdered in front of their eyes. Peak Sword grasped the situation late and replied.

“Swo... No, a miner. An ordinary miner of Cork Island.”

"What?"

Coincidences might've overlapped, but their ace soldier had died in a single blow. The R77 members knew that the miner in front of them was less likely to be an ordinary miner. However, it was hard to deny that he was a miner.

Clink!

On the other hand, Peak Sword recovered the bloody pickaxe and took an attack posture again. Of course, this time he used a sword instead of a pickaxe. The R77 members shouted when they saw him place a hand on the sheath.

“This isn't a joke!”

It was already too late. The R77 troop members. They gave time to Peak Sword.

“Annihilate.”

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The R77 unit under the command of the Navy. The greatest elite troops who built up a lot of fighting abilities in all types of wars were now wiped out. It was a rare event that would make the navy rush around frantically.



# Chapter 545

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[Grid's Pickaxe]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 117/180 Attack Power: 233

\* 20% increase in mining speed.

\* 10% increase in attack power.

\* Shape conversion is possible.

A tool with long blades extending on both sides.

A pickaxe made by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

At first glance, it is no different from a normal pickaxe. But there are obvious differences.

The blades on both sides can be folded as needed and half the hilt is made of a blade.

It can be used as a sword.

However, since it is far from the ideal sword form, it isn't recommended to be used with bad skills.

Conditions of Use: Mining or Farming skill. Advanced Mastery Level 1. 1,200 strength.

Weight: 880

In fact, Peak Sword hadn't understood it when he received this pickaxe. Shouldn't a tool be faithful to its original role? Why did Grid make the pickaxe a weapon? Wouldn't it be better to have a separate blade instead of a pickaxe? Peak Sword wondered what this was about. It was still an unknown world.

Due to the peculiar form of the pickaxe, Peak Sword was able to use his style of swordsmanship and eventually destroyed the forces who secretly infiltrated Cork Island. He took the momentum and destroyed the R77 troops.

[Your level has risen.]

[You have neutralized the Eternal Navy's covert operation.]

[A signal flare has been found on the dead enemy's body. It can be used to disturb the enemy.]

"God Grid... You're the best."

Grid made the pickaxe a weapon because he foresaw what would happen today. Peak Sword was thrilled by Grid's foresight and respected him even more. The real reason why Grid made the pickaxe a weapon? It was purely for Piaro, but Peak Sword interpreted it this way.

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Skin that was golden from the sunlight. Red hair that was intense as blazing flames and lustrous lips. She was the best beauty of South America, Jishuka. She stood on the high walls of Patrian and looked down at the battlefield.

"The players' participation rate is increasing every day."

The Eternal Kingdom had named Grid and the Overgeared members as traitors. The players in the Eternal Kingdom received a tsunami of quests.

Defeat Grid. Defeat Overgeared. Occupy Bairan. Occupy Reidan. Occupy Patrian. Capture Grid's family, etc.

The quests that threatened Grid and the Overgeared members promised huge rewards for the players. The players naturally wouldn't refuse the quest. They coveted their rewards, and it was their natural obligation as people of the Eternal Kingdom to suppress the rebellion.

That's right. The players were immersed. Life as a citizen of Eternal. They weren't just playing games, they existed as heroes of 'another world.' An overwhelming sense of immersion. This was the true attraction of a virtual reality game.

“Why?”

Jishuka swallowed her saliva. There were too many enemies. In fact, the 10,000 soldiers of the Eternal Kingdom wasn't a big problem. Their average level was 160. They couldn't be a threat to the elites of the Overgeared members. But the players were a problem. There were thousands of players, including high level rankers. The large variety of classes was diverse and the risk factors were huge.

Jishuka laughed at the nervous Toban.

“What are you doing?”

Kkirik!

Jishuka drew her bow and aimed at the army.

Hwaruruk!

Flames sparked at the end of the arrow.

“Sweep them all away. Should we show any mercy to dogs who dare to bare their teeth at us?”

“...No, what?”

In this situation, why wasn't this woman scared? Toban was surprised when he saw that Jishuka didn't shrink back.

Kuwaaaaaang!

The fire arrows crossed the battlefield and struck the middle of the enemies, causing a powerful explosion. Dozens of people died in an instant. The players of the Eternal Kingdom turned white.

"Red flames archer... It's true that they're fraudulent when it comes to sieges."

"How can we break that arrow bombardment?"

In just a few seconds. The fire arrows shot by Jishuka consecutively flew through the sky. The battlefield became a sea of fire. It was truly huge firepower. It was a power optimized for mass

destruction. Both the Eternal Kingdom and Overgeared members were amazed by Jishuka's power, but Jishuka herself felt regretful.

‘I can't display my power with this bow.’

It was a bow she commissioned from Grid. She hadn't been able to replace it, despite being 22 levels beyond it. It was because there was no good alternative. From the standpoint of Jishuka, this bow had a lower limit than her level and wasn't satisfactory.

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‘Marquis Steim is more cautious than necessary.’

Reidan.

Lauel had a headache. What was the biggest reason for occupying Patrian? It was to connect Reidan to the north and gain Marquis Steim's support. But unexpectedly, Marquis Steim was just watching the situation. He wouldn't side with Grid if it was unlikely Grid would become the king.

‘He isn't nervous, despite Irene being in Reidan.’

Marquis Steim loved his daughter. In addition, Irene was Marquis Steim's only heir and Grid was Irene's husband. Lauel expected that Marquis Steim would naturally take Grid's side in this war. Grid becoming king would make his daughter a queen and his grandchild a prince.

But Marquis Steim was a more cautious person than Lauel expected. He knew how to distinguish between business and personal matters and didn't cling to his bloodline. If he made the wrong choice, the millions of people in the north would be affected. It was obvious that Marquis Steim was worried about their safety and aiming for a more certain choice.

“Well... I don't blame him.”

Lauel understood and respected Marquis Steim's choice. It was good to see a noble that cared for the people. Still, he couldn't help

feeling frustrated.

‘I appreciate the fact that your political accomplishments that have revived the north. But your ankle is caught by the people and you can’t be used as a tool.’

He wasn’t a person who could be assigned to a key position when the kingdom was founded later. Lael decided and opened the list of rankers. It was a habit. In his view, it should be the default to monitor the level of the high rankers.

“...Eh?”

Lael was looking at the list of rankings to determine the level of the forces that could potentially be hostile to Grid. He doubted his eyes. Grid had been level 322 just three hours ago and he was now 324.

“W-What?”

Grid’s level had been rising rapidly in the East Continent. He was about to enter 15th place on the unified rankings. But no matter how fast he was, gaining two levels in just three hours?

“9th rank on the list? Grid, what the hell are you doing?”

He wondered if Grid was bugged. Lael laughed as he anticipated the reaction of the media, only to suddenly feel anxious.

‘Maybe he’ll come back to the West Continent much sooner than expected?’

Would Grid return before the project to make Grid a king be complete?

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“ ... ”

In the darkness. Faker breathed as he watched Irene and Lord. He focused on protecting them from any threats. But Faker soon came to realize something. There was no need for his protection.

‘Potato?’

Irene was reading a book with Lord in her arms. On the wall above where she was sitting, a worker bringing potatoes to the soldiers accidentally dropped one potato. It was the famous rainbow potato. The potato fell quickly towards Irene’s head and Faker prepared to move.

"Ahat."

Lord, laughing in Irene’s arms, suddenly pulled out a dagger and threw it towards the sky. It was so fast and stealthy that Irene didn’t even realize Lord had thrown it.

Peeok!

Faker made a bemused expression as the potato hit by Lord’s dagger split in half.

‘My protection... It isn’t necessary.’

It wasn’t just due to Lord’s excellent abilities. There were 200 girls in the vicinity of Irene and Lord. Faker realized that they had also taken out their weapons to protect Irene from the potato. There was also Kasim, king of shadows, hidden in Lord’s shadow.

"...Both of them will be safe in Reidan."

Faker had nothing to do. He wondered if there was anything more pointless than protecting the safest people in the world.

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[You have succeeded in killing 10 armored needles.]

[The quest ‘Subjugate the Armored Needles (1)’ has been cleared.]

[Affinity with the Red Phoenix group has risen and 5 silver threads have been acquired.]

[Affinity with the Red Phoenix has risen to the peak.]

[The quest ‘Subjugate the Armored Needles (2)’ has been created.]

[Subjugate the Armored Needles (2)]

Difficulty: S

There are a large number of armored needles in the dungeon beneath Pangea Castle.

Bring peace to Pangea by repelling those who can threaten Pangea at any time.

Quest Clear Conditions: Kill 20 armored needles.

Quest Clear Reward: 5 silver thread.

He had only obtained two silver threads from defeating 10 armored needles. The drop rate for the silver thread was the worst. Grid judged that the most realistic way to acquire the silver thread was to complete the quests.

'But giving out five threads for killing 20...'

The appearance rate of the armored needles was too low. It would take a long time if he wanted to hunt 20.

'It might take two days if I'm unlucky.'

Grid sighed and left the dungeon with the Red Phoenix group.

"Ohh! Pangea's Duke of Virtue! You're safe!"

"Grid!"

In front of the well. Half a day had passed since Grid entered the dungeon but White and Han Seokbong were still waiting. They were quite worried about Grid. Sua explained the whole story. She spoke about how Grid defeated the armored needles with overwhelming strength and condemned Arube.

The liking in Han Seokbong's gaze towards Grid increased.

"You really went through a lot of trouble, Pangea's Duke of Virtue. You were a big help. Now, you must be exhausted and hungry. I have prepared delicacies that can only be enjoyed in Pangea for Pangea's Duke of Virtue."

[Lord Han Seokbong is feeling more favorable towards you.]

[There is a place for you to stay in Pangea Castle. It is a place with hot springs for stamina recovery.]

[All facilities of Pangea Castle are available free of charge and you will be served a meal whenever you want.]

"Delicacies..."

Grid gulped because he was starved. The thought of delicious food stimulated his appetite. But Grid was always rewarded for his effort and patience. He barely suppressed his appetite.

"The meal... I will eat outside."

He had to go to Idan's restaurant. It was important to secure stats, even if he experienced food poisoning. Grid swallowed his tears and left the castle. He walked with unmotivated footsteps and pulled out the Unknown Mark and Arube's Ring.

'I shouldn't expect much... Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal.'

It was time to acknowledge that most of Grid's predictions always went the opposite way.



# Chapter 546

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Capture or kill Arube?

If 100 players were given the ‘Location of the Red Phoenix Bow’ quest, 100 out of 100 would’ve chosen to capture Arube. It was natural. Capturing Arube would allow them to win the Red Phoenix Bow. Wasn’t it strongest battle gear? People wouldn’t be foolish enough to kill Arube just for a rise in level.

‘...I’m a stupid jerk.’

How many of the two billion users would think that being too strong could be a sin? Grid accidentally killed Arube. He got two levels and Arube’s items in exchange, but he couldn’t help feeling depressed.

“Hah.”

Grid’s shoulders were slumped as he used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal on the Unknown Mark and Arube’s Ring. Grid didn’t have high expectations. These were items that wouldn’t have been revealed to the world unless Arube was killed. In other words, it was unlikely that the items would be too good.

“Still, he was a named NPC so it wouldn’t be garbage... Eh?”

Grid’s footsteps stopped as he checked the item details. He was so surprised by the outcome that his body stiffened like a stone statue.

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Unknown Mark]

A black sun mark.

The usage is unknown.

[You have discovered a hidden feature in the item!]

[Mark of Evolution]

Rating: Unique

A functional marker developed by the alchemy facility.

If this mark is attached to your body, one of your strength, agility, stamina, or intelligence stats will increase by 200.

User Restriction: Level 200 or higher.

Weight: 0

“Wow.”

Grid’s mouth dropped open at the unexpected situation. An item that raised his stats when stuck to his body? It was also by 200 points!

“Amazing!”

The item wasn’t trash. It actually had tremendous value. Grid was thrilled. But the biggest reason for Grid’s pleasure wasn’t the value of the mark. It was the glimpse of the possibilities of alchemy. Grid was truly excited by this point.

‘Is it possible to someday produce these marks at Reidan’s alchemy facility? Rabbit, please prove that your choice isn’t wrong.’

Grid prayed earnestly for Rabbit and examined Arube’s Ring. Then he sighed.

[Arube’s Ring]

Rating: Unique

A ring completed after many experiments by Arube, who wanted to use the abilities of the armored needles.

When worn, five or less strands of silver thread can be twisted together to the desired shape.

Conditions of Use: None.

Weight: 4

“...”

According to the item description of the silver thread, at least 2,500 dexterity was needed to handle five or less silver threads. That's right. In other words, Arube's Ring was an item that increased the wearer's dexterity to 2,500. It was useless for Grid, whose dexterity had already reached 3,700.

"Sigh, giving me this..."

Grid was grumbling while thinking about it. What if an ordinary player got Arube's Ring? By now, they would be jumping with joy. In the first place, Grid was the only one qualified to handle the silver thread freely. From a general point of view, the two items obtained from killing Arube didn't fall significantly compared to the Red Phoenix Bow. It was just Grid who didn't feel all the benefits.

“...No, wait. I think I can use it.”

Grid suddenly thought of the Overgeared Skeletons. Skeletons that could wear equipment items, unlike normal skeletons. What would happen if they wore Arube's Ring.

‘Won't they support me properly in battle?’

The use of the silver thread was endless. It would be a great help for Grid if the Overgeared Skeletons could use the silver thread to tie up the feet of the enemy for a while. There was no definite limit on the random damage of the silver thread. The level 1 Overgeared Skeletons wielding the silver thread might deal a blow to level 100 monsters.

The minimum damage was only 100 and this could appear 999 out of 1,000 times. In any case, his expectations for the Overgeared Skeletons rose significantly.

“Kukuk...”

Grid couldn't control the laugh that emerged. He felt so happy that he could fly away. He took advantage of the momentum and took out the Mark of Evolution. It was to increase his stats. He wanted either the intelligence or agility stat. Agility needed to be increased to match the ratio of strength and intelligence allowed Grid to learn more magic from Braham.

'Stamina also isn't bad. An increase in health and defense means my survival ability will increase greatly. The usage of Blackening will also increase.'

It just couldn't be strength. His strength was already overflowing.

'The probability of gaining the desired stat is 75%.'

There was only a 25% chance of being unlucky. Grid believed in the concept of probability as he placed the back sun mark on the back of his hand.

Chiiiik!

"Um."

There was a stinging feeling. Grid frowned, but didn't lose his smile. Agility, stamina, and intelligence.

'Which of the three stats will go up?'

[The Mark of Evolution has been placed.]

[Strength has risen by 200.]

"...Shit."

The smile completely disappeared from the face of the frustrated Grid. No, dammit. There was a 75% chance of getting his desired stats and a 25% chance of getting unwanted stats, then what was this?

"Why is it the 25%?"

Grid was certain that the devil had made the idea of probability.

“Ah... Is this irreversible?”

Strength was the best stat for physical damage dealers. Not only did it increase physical attack power, it also gave a small amount of health. But Grid knew that he would be stronger if he adjusted his strength and agility to a ratio of 1:1. He didn't want to widen the gap between strength and agility.

“Ugh... It would be much better if intelligence rose.”

Was there any blacksmith in the world who wanted to raise intelligence? It was sad. Grid became restless and closed his eyes. Then he looked at the information of the mark on the back of his hand. It was to check if he could reapply it.

[Mark of Evolution]

Status: Strength.

200 strength is added.

You can try changing the stat.

However, changing the stats will cause one of your stats to permanently drop by 5.

“...”

One of his stats would drop by 5 points. It was a truly fearsome penalty. This was half the value of an elixir, a number that could be gained by eating at least five of Idan's dishes. Eating Idan's food didn't always raise his stats.

‘Why?’

Grid grimaced while sweat flowed down his back. Should he be satisfied with the increase in attack strength, despite the inefficiency? Or should he lost five stat points for a more dramatic increase in attack power? His worries didn't last long.

‘Anything would be good apart from strength. It's worth it.’

The odds were 75%. Furthermore, Grid had a lot of different

types of stats. There was strength, stamina, intelligence, agility, persistence, composure, indomitable, dignity, insight, courage, charm demonic power, good luck, etc. It was a variety of stats that other people couldn't dream of. It would be profitable if he could get 200 stats he wanted in exchange for losing 5 stats.

‘In particular, it will be a great hit if I lose the points from composure or demonic power.’

Composure reduced the probability of entering an abnormal state and the recovery speed from it. Basically, it wasn't a very useful stat for Grid, who was immune to status conditions. In addition, Grid was frightened about what would happen when demonic power became too high.

Grid prayed earnestly. He hoped to gain agility or intelligence in exchange for sacrificing one of these two stats!

“Change mark.”

[The location of the mark can be reset.]

Pahat!

The mark of the black sun on Grid's hand rose into the air again. Perhaps if Grid was a person who cared about appearance, he would've attached it to his chest or neck. But Grid wasn't interested in appearance.

‘Isn't there a higher chance of increasing intelligence if I stick it to my head?’

Grid thought up this logic and placed the mark in the center of his forehead. At the same time.

[The Mark of Evolution is being reconfigured.]

[5 good luck stats have disappeared.]

[Strength has risen by 200.]

“XX.”

He lost his good luck stats that he cherished the most and his strength stat rose again? Grid lost his reason and immediately rearranged the mark again. He pulled the mark off his forehead and slapped it onto his chest. It was just below the collarbone. The dark sun mark seen through the wide collar looked nice.

[The Mark of Evolution is being reconfigured.]

[5 good luck stats have disappeared.]

[Stamina has risen by 200.]

“...”

At level 300, every point in stamina increased health by 25 and defense by 0.9. The 200 rise in stamina gave Grid an extra 5,000 health and good defense, so it certainly wasn't bad. Still, it was less dramatic than the agility stat that increased his combat ability, or the intelligence stat that helped him learn new magic.

Grid was a little sad, but what could he do?

“Let's just be satisfied with this...”

He was too afraid to do it anymore. Grid moved like a beaten man after he lost 10 points in good luck. He arrived in front of Idan's restaurant.

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"You came!"

As usual, the restaurant was empty.

Idan welcomed Grid from where he was sitting. The reaction was a lot different from the last time they met.

"You were a blacksmith? You don't know how happy I was when I heard that you won the championship!"

“Idan...”

He was happy that Grid won? Grid, whose heart had become as desolate as the dry desert, felt touched. Despite being a mad chef,

Grid was glad to see Idan. This lasted for one second.

“Hahahat! Won’t guests come like a tide if I announce that the winner of the smithy competition likes coming to my restaurant?”

“...Give me something to eat.”

Grid sat down at a table. Yang Fei approached him with her expressionless face and handed him the citron tea.

“Today’s tea is a service. I’m just a poor girl, but I want to congratulate you on your victory. But I will have to starve this evening.”

Her expression didn’t change despite her words. Grid knew that Yang Fei was responsible for her siblings and felt burdened. But he didn’t refuse the free service.

‘In any case, I will give her a salary when I bring her with me to the West Continent.’

Grid rationalized it and enjoyed the taste of the free tea. Yang Fei gazed at him and carefully lifted her skirt.

“That... Today my thighs are stiff.”

Her pale face became extremely red. Yang Fei was very ashamed. She already knew. Grid’s massage wasn’t a simple massage.

‘This child...’

It was strange how she was actively pursuing this. Maybe Sua would be the same.

‘Are the women of the East Continent like this?’

Grid kneaded Yang Fei’s white thighs with his fingers. A soft feeling was felt from his fingertips.

“Urgh.”

Yang Fei lost strength in her legs and sat down. Grid thought her red ears were cute and started to actively move his hand.

[Affinity with Yang Fei has risen.]



[Affinity with Yang Fei...]

[Dexterity has increased by 1.]

Grid seriously thought that he would never starve to death as long as he had his fingers.

# Chapter 547

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"Weeeeeek!"

Food and shelter. They were the basic elements of human life and a source of human pleasure. It was hard for humans to live when they lacked food and shelter. They were beings that desired a bigger and nicer house, more expensive clothes, and more delicious food.

However, Grid boldly gave up on this. His desire to be stronger was larger than his desire to eat good food. Of course, it wasn't that easy.

"Cough cough! Damn Idan! How can the beef sirloin he cooks taste like shit?"

The bathroom in Idan's restaurant. Grid was tearful and had a runny nose. It was the aftermath of vomiting up the garbage food. The terrible thing was that his stats didn't go up despite eating such trash. Grid felt resentful of this world that was filled with the concept of probability. It was enough to make him tremble.

"But in the end, I'm the one who chose to eat Idan's food... The result might be bad, but I feel no regret about my choice."

He couldn't look serious talking while he was still vomiting. However, Grid had pride in himself. He maintained his patience and perseverance until he got the results he wanted. He was now aware that this wasn't something everyone could do.

"Well... The good news is that my empty stomach is resolved."

His stamina had been restored to normal.

Spit spit. Grid left and headed straight to Pangea Castle. He lay down on the bed in the room assigned to him and logged straight out.

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"Ugh... I still feel sick."

Shin Youngwoo's complexion was pale as he left the capsule. The taste of Idan's food was still lingering in his mouth.

"It should be okay if I eat something sweet."

He only gave up on good food in Satisfy. Now he was craving a sweet potato latte. It was warm, soft, and sweet. If he bought one on the way home after a morning jog, all his fatigue would melt away. It was a luxury that he wouldn't have even thought of when he was poor. Now it was nothing for Shin Youngwoo to spend 6,000 won on himself. He donated 3,300 won to Uni X, so how could he hesitate to buy a 6,000 won beverage?

Compare it. Originally, Youngwoo was only stingy with others. He wouldn't have bought a 800 million won car if he was stingy with himself.

"I will go eat."

Youngwoo stretched for a long time in the garden and entered the elevator. Then he headed to the famous cafe chain store on the first floor of the building.

"Welcome."

A panoramic cafe. It was a cozy space comparable to a cafe in the city center. A cafe employee greeted him with a bright smile and Youngwoo ordered a sweet potato latte. He sat at the sunny window seat and made a gentle expression.

'The buildings of the guild members will soon be completed.'

Six high-rise buildings were currently under construction next to Youngwoo's building. They were buildings owned by Yura, Jishuka, Pon, Huroi, and Vantner. Youngwoo felt like a new person. He felt happy that his former debt-ridden self was now a landlord and that his colleagues were doing well. His heart was happy enough to fill the world.

The employee handed him his drink with a soft smile, before asking with an anxious expression. "I've seen the news. The Overgeared Guild is having a hard time these days. Is it okay?"

"?"

The Overgeared Guild was having a hard time?

'Aren't we doing well?'

Youngwoo was speechless and the employee explained to him.

"I heard from the players that belong to the Eternal Kingdom. I heard that Bairan and Patrian are completely isolated by the enemy. It's so sad. I would've fought for Overgeared if my level was a little higher."

"...The players?"

Youngwoo realized his mistake.

'That bastard Aslan gave quests to kill Overgeared!'

Lauel had said that Overgeared could block any enemy attacks even if Grid wasn't there. Become strong in the East Continent and return. At the time, Grid had obediently nodded.

'I didn't expect the players to intervene.'

He was still stupid.

Kkuok!

He jumped out of his seat. He was running to the elevator when he stopped in place. It was because the cafe owner had just brought out a cake that looked good.

"I will eat well."

He couldn't resist a free meal! Youngwoo collected the cake and boarded the elevator. He pressed the button for the penthouse and pulled out his phone.

"...No. He'll just tell me not to worry."

Youngwoo had thought about contacting Lael. He changed his mind and pulled out a business card from his wallet, calling that number. The call was set at the cost of the receiver. The reason?

“Bunny Bunny? Uh, um... What is turn on the translator in English?”

It was an international call!

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Bairan.

The small city adjacent to Winston was originally under the jurisdiction of Marquis Steim. After gaining big achievements in the north, it was given to Jishuka and then Grid. Yura wanted to protect it. Bairan was a territory that Jishuka, a founding member of Overgeared, brought as a gift.

Yura only brought herself to Overgeared. In addition, she wasn't able to do much after that. She just helped in the Tiramet raid. From the standpoint of Overgeared, wasn't she worthless?

‘I need to prove my worth.’

It wasn't just a one-dimensional desire to look good for Grid. It was natural to contribute to the organization that she belonged to.

Step.

Yura stepped onto the wall of the small fortress. She pulled out a yellow hair band and tied up her long black hair. The souls of thousands of enemy players watching her flew away for a while. Slim limbs and a perfect face. The proportions of Yura's body were so unrealistic that they wondered if she was made by God.

“Wow... Her face became smaller after her hair was tied up.”

“She's better than NPCs. That's a real person?”

"So pretty..."

People from various races exclaimed. Skin that was whiter than

snowflakes. The gleaming lips and eyes that charmed anyone who saw them. It was natural for people present to be attracted to her. Pon saw the reactions of the enemies and laughed.

‘They’ve lost their minds. I admire her beauty every time I see her.’

Pon only cared about becoming strong in the game. But in reality, he was a man who couldn’t live without women. For him, Yura was a really desirable woman. But he had already given up on Yura. He had no intentions of becoming rivals with Grid.

"According to the report, there are 10,000 enemies. Half of them are players."

On one hand, it was encouraging that the players were incorporated into the army. It was because the kingdom’s army system made it easy to send in spies. Of course, it wasn’t weak enough to sneak in the Overgeared members. But Pon’s personality was moderate and he had a variety of contacts.

"This is interesting. The average level of the kingdom’s soldiers is 180, and the players are 140.

"Considering that most of the nearby hunting grounds are low to medium level, it’s natural that the players’ levels are low. But I didn’t expect the level of the kingdom’s soldiers to be so high."

"I agree. The average level of the soldiers that are attacking Patrian is only 160. Why did they send this army here instead of Patrian?"

"It’s because Bairan is closer to the capital than Patrian. From the kingdom’s point of view, it’s more convenient to have a base in Bairan."

"I see. Tsk, they wouldn’t have dared attack Bairan if Marquis Steim had taken our side. Doesn’t he know that he became a marquis thanks to Grid?"

"You have to understand the position of Marquis Steim. His

essence is a loyal subject of Eternal. Even if the king killed his brother, it isn't easy to betray him. More than anything else, war is scary. He's afraid his precious people will be swept away by it. I respect his heart."

Yura was a former member of the Yatan Church and familiar with slaughter. She was always covered in the blood of the enemy and got the nickname of Blood Witch. But at that time, she was just acting faithful to her role. Unlike Lael, she didn't regard people as tools and appreciated Marquis Steim's heart. She knew that a man who cherished his people had value.

'A talented person who is essential for Youngwoo's kingdom.'

They would win the war without putting pressure on Marquis Steim. Yura pledged and pulled out a sword. Yes, it was a sword instead of a gun. It wasn't a bayonet with a blade at the end, but a pure sword that was 1 meter in length. Pon tilted his head to one side.

"A sword? Isn't a Demon Slayer's main weapon a magic engineering gun?"

"The sword can also be used as a primary weapon. A Demon Slayer has the same level of Gun Mastery and Sword Mastery."

The reason she chose a gun was because the former Demon Slayer did so. She thought that a gun was a better weapon than a sword for a Demon Slayer. But she changed her thoughts since the National Competition. She had suffered in close combat since her days as a black magician. She didn't want to be afraid of enemies approaching anymore.

In addition, a crucial reason for her selection of the sword was Grid. Grid couldn't make a gun alone. He needed the help of magic and alchemy. On the other hand, Grid could make a sword alone. Using a sword meant it was easier to receive a weapon from Grid.

Thus, Yura chose the sword. This was a great choice.

Black magician. She formulated and arranged magic with quick responses that were beyond common sense and displayed strong combat capabilities. Her ability to calculate in real time combined with swordsmanship made her as deadly as the thorns on roses.

"Whenever the cooldown time of my basic skills return, I will open the gate and act."

"...Huh?"

"The enemies are level 200. If I go out and kill 100 people, we will be able to win the win if this keeps repeating."

"..."

Her brain resembled Lauel, while her personality was like Grid. Pon was confused by this crazy tactic and tried to stop her.

"No, this won't work no matter how strong you are. Your stamina is a problem, and the fortress..."

He was too late. Yura had already jumped down the wall and ordered the soldiers to open the gate.

Kiiiiik!

"What?"

"Opening the gate themselves?"

"Are they crazy?"

The kingdom's soldiers and players laughed as they watched Bairan's gate opening. They had 10,000 people, while the other side had 2,000. Bairan should be closing themselves up like a turtle, not opening the gate.

"Hahaha! Bairan? You can't fight and now you want to surrender? Keeok!"

They expected to enter with no blood shed. Then the bodies of the excited players started to turn grey one by one.

Peeng!



Peng! Pepepeng!

It was a grey feast of grey-colored pillars rising to the sky. Yura was at the center. Her expression was unchanged while the sword supposed to be for destroying demons was now taking human life. She was a grim reaper that was as beautiful as a goddess.

“The female version of Kraugel?”

Yura used Image Sublimation in the midst of the bombardment of arrow and magic. Pon couldn't help having this thought as he watched Yura moving through the enemies like lightning. She was the former 5th ranked user. She was also a genius, and now she was a legend.

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“Crazy... What are these people?”

The fortified city of Patrian.

The players of the Eternal Kingdom turned white. Every time Jishuka fired an arrow, dozens of allies died. Hundreds of soldiers were stopped by Vantner and Toban's shields. Every time the Overgeared members entered the battlefield with Regas in front, the army was ravaged. For the ordinary and low level users who couldn't deal with more one or two soldiers, the Overgeared members were transcendent.

The second day of the war. The high rankers quietly watching the Eternal soldiers and ordinary players shrink back stood at the crossroad of choice. Should they give their strength to the Eternal Kingdom and strike Overgeared as planned, or stand back?

'I would've added my strength if the Eternal Kingdom was a bit stronger.'

'The number of troops isn't high, so I'm reluctant to help out.'

At the start of the game. Most players chose the Saharan Empire as their starting point. The empire had a wide range of

infrastructure that made it easier to enjoy the game. The Eternal Kingdom compared to the empire? It was a village located in the north of the continent.

The awareness level was third-rate. As a matter of fact, the number of players belonging to the Eternal Kingdom was small and the quality was low. It happened when the high rankers decided to leave the battlefield.

"Reinforcements have arrived!"

A voice roared out on the battlefield. Everyone's attention naturally turned that way. Then the players of the Eternal Kingdom regained their color.

Jeff, Ralph, and Bubab. The masters of the former Seven Guilds led their guilds to intervene in the war. Bubab, who had the strongest CC and a reputation for being unrivalled on the battlefield, smiled with satisfaction.

"I can't miss an opportunity to mess with Grid."

Bubab wasn't a member of Eternal and hadn't been given the quests to kill Overgeared. But that didn't matter to him. Grid had frustrated him several times in the National Competition and the Reidan invasion, so he only dreamt of revenge.

"Let's go! Wipe out Overgeared!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The appearance of the powerful army enhanced morale. The high rankers noticed this and also joined the offensive. Jishuka's beautiful face wrinkled.

"The puppies have become dogs."

It was a bit dangerous.

# Chapter 548

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[Reclaim Borneo]

Level of Difficulty: Varies depending on the competency.

Borneo has been captured by the Overgeared Guild.

Borneo is a fortified city on the border of the Eternal Kingdom and is a vital base for the defense of the Gauss Kingdom.

King Cactus has commanded you.

Recapture Borneo and wipeout the malicious group Overgeared that dared to invade the territory of the Gauss Kingdom. Those who are loyal to the kingdom will gain reasonable rewards!

User Restriction: Level 130 or higher.

Quest Victory Conditions: Recapture Borneo in three days before the food supply runs out.

Quest Victory Reward: 1 level. A 10% increase in experience for all skills. One unique rated weapon and one epic rated armor.

\* Additional compensation will be received if you defeat NPCs or players belonging to Overgeared.

“This is great. It’s comparable to the rewards for the SS grade quest that I saw on the air.”

“This is a war. I covet the rewards, but it isn’t possible with the Overgeared members running around.”

“In the first place, there aren’t any quests with a 100% chance of success.”

It was difficult for the Gauss Kingdom to advance into the central part of the continent due to the Eternal Kingdom. This place was more of a frontier than the Eternal Kingdom. There was no reason for players to choose this as their kingdom, so the number of players was very small. It was a kingdom for users who played

lightly.

But weren't there less than 400 Overgeared members? Once all the troops were combined, the total number was only 6,000. On the other hand, there were 210,000 Gauss players who exceeded level 130. Even if only 1/10th of them participated in the quest, it was still more than double the Overgeared Guild. There was even information that the Overgeared Guild arranged less than 1,000 troops at Borneo. The restriction that there was only three days worth of food wasn't a hindrance.

'There are a lot of light users, so the participation rate of the quest is likely to fall.'

'But the fact that we have overwhelming numbers doesn't change.'

The Gauss players believed it wouldn't be difficult to recapture Borneo. They thought it would be resolved by pushing forward like a bulldozer. However, reality wasn't that easy.

Puk! Puuooooook!

"Keok!"

"Kyaak!"

A fortified city was called that for a reason. In particular, Borneo was a fortress designed with Great Magician Ashur as the enemy. It boasted solid walls that neutralized the magic bombardment of the Gauss soldiers. In addition, there were the archers of Overgeared placed on the wall.

The NPC archers were level 180.

It was a glimpse of how hard Overgeared had worked to raise their soldiers. In fact, the level of the soldiers wasn't the important issue. There was another fundamental problem and the Gauss players realized it. Why the Overgeared Guild was called overgeared!

“Crazy...! The soldiers’ attack power is ridiculously high! Kuaaaak!”

The arrows of the Gauss players and soldiers couldn’t penetrate the armor of the Overgeared troops, while the Overgeared arrows easily penetrated their armor. The power of the overgeared soldiers was preposterous. As a general rule, these weren’t items that would normally be supplied to soldiers.

It was impossible even for the Saharan Empire. Not only did they need the money to mass produce the items and supply it to the soldiers, they needed a blacksmith with the skills to do so.

“This is Grid’s power...!”

The Gauss players felt like they were possessed by a ghost. Grid didn’t appear on the battlefield, but his presence was huge.

"Shoot! Continue shooting!"

The soldiers of Overgeared fired the arrows without rest. Under Piaro and Asmophel, they tirelessly built up their skills and stamina as elite soldiers. There was the bravery they learned from Jude and the archery from Jishuka. They didn’t shrink back as they aimed the jaffa arrows at the enemy, and combined with Grid’s Bow, they showed overwhelming attack power. The arrows pierced the enemy’s shields, helmets, and armor without interruption.

The Gauss soldiers couldn’t approach Borneo’s walls. The river of blood created seized the ankles of the Gauss soldiers like a deep swamp. It was a disaster and they started to lose their numerical superiority.

“Kukukuk! Kuhahahahat!”

A laugh rang out on the battlefield. The river on the ground wriggled in response. It was the advent of Blood Warrior Katz. A class that demonstrated the strength of a legend on a stage with a large amount of blood.

“Be glad to know that the blood of worms like you is helping me. Blood Lane.”

Kuoooooooooh!

The blood on the battlefield started to gradually rise into the sky. It was like a reverse rain. The red ‘rain’ rose into the air, causing the Gauss soldiers to stiffen with fright.

“Kukukuk! You will all die here today.”

Swaaaaaaah!

At the same time as Katz’ declaration. The red blood in the air poured down on the Gauss soldiers. The battlefield became chaotic. The screams of the soldiers echoed infinitely and the blood they shed became Katz’ limbs, causing more casualties. The worst situation was infinitely repeated.

"Kukuk! Kuhahahahahat!"

Unlike the Eternal Kingdom that had to disperse troops to Bairan and Patrian, the Gauss Kingdom was able to concentrate on Borneo. Unfortunately, they met the demon king of blood and their first advance failed. But they were just the vanguard. The second reconnaissance army would arrive in two days, and it had more numbers and quality than the first army. The scary thing was that the second army included Soul Predator Seuron.

Like Katz, he was an existence that showed absolute power in the battlefield.

“I have to pay back Grid.”

Pepepepeng!

Seuron made dozens of soul spears by capturing the souls of the dead on the battlefield and massacred the Overgeared soldiers on the wall.

“That Lael... He told me to last at least four days?”

The smile had disappeared from Katz’ face.

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“Do you see? This is the biggest war since Satisfy opened!”

A battlefield where thousands of soldiers and NPCs were dying and killing each other. The scene of the carnage taken from the sky was more fierce and exciting than any raid image. The viewers' blood was boiling with excitement, rather than shrinking back at the horrors of war.

Think about it! What other game in the world could recreate such a war? Before Satisfy opened, the mmorpg L.T.S. had only 2,000 participants in a war.

-Patrian Fortress is amazing... There are 15,000 people fighting;;

-Borneo has 20,000 people ⇨ ⇨

-Lim Cheolho had repeatedly said this.

-Satisfy isn't a game, but another world. Therefore, there are no limitations.

-The implementation of virtual reality didn't make sense in the first place. Lim Cheolho seems to be an alien.

The viewers were boiling with excitement. They were grateful to be born in an age where they could play Satisfy. They were envious of the Overgeared members who led thousands of soldiers and struggled for supremacy. They wanted to stand with the Overgeared members. Then...

-Why isn't Grid visible?

-I saw that a few days ago, he gained two levels in a few hours. It's either a bug or he's performing a great quest.

-Wow... Leaving the guild members alone on the battlefield while raising his level — —;;

-Or was there a mishap?

Public opinion was running wild.

As the Overgeared Guild gradually weakened on the third day of the war, there were various speculations about why Grid didn't show up. Grid was garbage, Grid quit Satisfy, Grid had been kicked out of Overgeared, there was a traffic accident, etc.

Most of them leapt to conclusions. It was the same for the media. The second and third tier media outlets were more interested in getting attention than reporting facts. They wrote speculative articles without knowing the facts.

『 I suspect that Grid is trapped somewhere. 』

『 A few days ago, wasn't there an accident in Gangnam XXX where a supercar hit a pole? There are rumors that Grid is the owner of that supercar...』

『 Grid probably ran away. The Overgeared Guild is currently blocking the enemy by emphasizing the strength of an individual, but how long can this last? The Overgeared Guild will fall in a day or two. They will lose all their troops and territories, becoming broke. Grid probably knows there's no hope and ran away alone... 』

The media were originally masters of aggravation. They poked at all sorts of things, creating a big issue and spreading it to the world. The defense of the three Overgeared territories was of great interest to the world and the related broadcasts secured high ratings.

And at that time.

『 Everyone, can you hear me? 』

The fortified city of Patrian. The world's best gaming BJ, Bunny Bunny appeared on a wyvern.

Lalalalala~

It was the most powerful and brilliant fire wyvern. As he shouted loudly and the wyvern shot out a breath, the people struggling on the battlefield and the broadcasting cameras naturally paid



attention to him. The satisfied Bunny Bunny opened his mouth. His cry was amplified throughout the battlefield.

『 This is a message from Grid! I will kill anyone who hasn't retreated when I arrive in one minute! 』

“...”

Was there anyone who wasn't ready to die in a war? It wasn't normal to retreat just because of a threat.

"Hah, it's so funny."

"An arrogant bastard! If he can kill us, come and kill!"

"Kill me! Then I will resurrect and come back!"

The players of the Eternal Kingdom didn't shrink back. It was already known that even a strong person couldn't overturn a war with the power of an individual. Just look at Jishuka. She massacred thousands of soldiers since the war started and was now losing momentum. Her stamina was exhausted and the number of arrows she shot was significantly decreased.

Grid would be the same. Everyone thought this, while Bunny Bunny laughed happily on the wyvern.

‘Good, good. This wouldn't be a broadcast if you retreat so easily.’

Endure and endure. Then they would be slaughtered by Grid, increasing the number of viewers. Bunny Bunny started counting down.

『 You have 30 seconds. 』

“Bah! Let him come!”

『 20 seconds. 』

“How can Grid handle all of us alone?”

『 10 seconds. 』

9 seconds, 8 seconds, 7 seconds, 6 seconds...

The battlefield became silent as it reached 5 seconds. The Eternal players who were talking a while ago gulped hard. They had no doubt that they could handle Grid, but there would be huge sacrifices. And finally.

『 0 seconds! Now God Grid will emerge! 』

The moment Bunny Bunny mentioned Grid's appearance. The ratings of Bunny Bunny's broadcast and all broadcasts reached the peak. People had high expectations. Grid would descend like a storm and wipe out his enemies! However...

“...Not coming?”

『 ... 』

Grid didn't appear and Bunny Bunny turned into a shepherd boy. At the same time, in Pangea on the East Continent.

"How do I go back?"

Grid became frustrated because he didn't know how to return to the West Continent.

# Chapter 549

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A return scroll.

It was an everyday supply for anyone who played Satisfy. If certain conditions were met, the player would move to the return point that they set. This was also the resurrection point. Grid also had return scrolls, since it was a routine consumable that everyone would use.

Grid's resurrection point was Reidan. Not long ago, he tried to change the point to Pangea. However, he stopped, since he realized his path to return to Reidan would disappear. That's right. In other words, Grid had the idea that he could return to Reidan (West Continent) whenever he used the return scroll.

This was natural from Grid's point of view. But that conviction caused him grief.

[The Return Scroll doesn't work. Intercontinental movement isn't possible with the formula in this scroll.]

"...What's this?"

Intercontinental movement was impossible! It was enough to cause Grid confusion.

"Eh... Um."

Grid made a blank expression. There was only one recurring phrase in his head.

XX!

One day ago in reality. Therefore, three days ago in game time, Grid called Bunny Bunny and spoke to him. Grid would return to the West Continent as soon as he cleared a quest, so announce his appearance to the world at the time he set. He wanted everyone's attention to be concentrate on him. As always, Grid would impress the world by appearing in a dramatic moment.

Finally, the promised time arrived. Grid finished the Subjugate the Armored Needles (2) quest and acquired five more silver thread. He was completely ready to act in the world. He would condemn the enemies who dared to invade his territory and attack his precious colleagues.

But what was this?

"The return scroll doesn't work!"

Grid started sweating while Braham became angry at him.

'How did you come to the East Continent? Wasn't it because of an intercontinental movement scroll? It is natural that an intercontinental movement scroll would be needed to return.'

"...Intercontinental movement scroll? Where do I get that?"

'The sage who handed you the scroll to the East Continent.'

"..."

Grid thought back. It was the time when he received the East Continent Movement Scroll from Sticks. Sticks had looked shocked when Grid used the scroll as soon as he received it. Now he knew why.

'He was embarrassed when I left without a scroll to return to the West Continent...'

'...'

"..."

It was a situation where they had nothing to say. Grid sighed. He resented his own impatience.

'I should always be calm and cautious instead of making constant mistakes...!'

He was a pathetic person! Grid was pulling at his hair when Braham spoke.

'It's true that you are pathetic, but should you blame yourself?

Anyone can make a mistake unless they are a dragon or a god. It's the same for the great demons or geniuses.'

"...Are you comforting me right now?"

Braham, whose ego was as high as the sky, was comforting others? Grid doubted his ears and Braham raised his voice.

'W-What! That's not it! Find a way to get out of this current situation instead of being self-defeating! It's frustrating to watch!'

"Ah, yes... I don't have time to do this."

Now wasn't the time to lose his soul. Overgeared was limited in numbers while the enemies were infinite. The Overgeared members would reach their limit and have all their territory taken. Grid had to find a way to return to the West Continent quickly. He soon figured out how. In fact, it wasn't difficult.

"Isn't it just a simple phone call?"

Communication between the East Continent and West Continent was impossible. Grid was unable to send whispers to players on the West Continent and the summoning knights skill was also blocked. Grid logged out. Then he made an international call to Lael.

-Master, I'm honored that you have contacted me. But I'm still in the game and am quite busy. I really don't have time.

"..."

-I won't forget my sin today until my life ends and my bones decay. I will be punished for the rest of my life.

Lael tried his best to learn Korean but was speaking nonsense. Grid frowned at the words.

"If you're busy, then I'll speak quickly. I want you to take a West Continent Movement Scroll from Sticks and come to pick me up."

-Huh? Surely you didn't leave without a scroll to return to the West Continent?

"I did."

-Kukuk! Oh dear, oh dear. Lord is truly great. It's unusual for someone to escape from the worthless prison called common sense.

"...Just hang up quickly, connect to the game and come to pick me up."

-I'm sorry, but that's impossible.

"What? Ah, it makes sense since you're in the middle of a war. If you're busy, then send someone else on your behalf."

-No. I'm your servant. I won't break your orders in any situation. It's just impossible to go to the East Continent because Sticks isn't present.

What was he saying?

"What do you mean? Where is Sticks?"

-Sticks not only has a vast knowledge, he has excellent magic abilities. So I asked him for a few favors.

"What favor?"

-I asked him to take command of the Ul Clan, including Princess Hwarin, to attack the rear of the Eternal army and then go to Siren.

The Ul Clan. A minority that Grid had rescued from the empire in the past. They had excellent magical talent, especially the royal family. If Sticks led them then their talents would sublimate to another level. Grid was able to guess half of Lauel's intention. But he couldn't understand the other half.

"Why do you want them to go to Siren afterwards?"

-It's to call someone who is farming in the sea.

There was only one person Grid knew who was farming in the sea.

“Piaro?”

-Yes.

One of the biggest differences between a player and NPC was the ability to whisper. NPCs weren't able to whisper. In order to communicate with them, they had to use old-fashioned means such as letters or magic communication devices. Siren wasn't a developed city. Grid was convinced about the reason why Lauel asked Sticks to call Piaro.

"The most efficient method is to have Sticks use teleportation to bring Piaro as soon as possible... But won't Siren be in danger if Piaro leaves?"

In the first place, the reason why he left Piaro in Siren wasn't simply due to farming. It was to protect Siren from Blood Carnival. Lauel's peculiar laugh was heard by the concerned Grid.

-Kuk...! Kukuk! Aren't you becoming gentler? Lord, let me remind you of why we have to protect Siren.

“It's to safeguard the treaty...”

-I'm sorry to interrupt you, but why did we ally with Siren in the first place?

"It's for the sake of our development.”

-That's right. How can we care about Siren when we are on the verge of destruction?

“...”

-We can't worry about Siren's well-being right now. The water clan of Siren will join us in this war to help. Just as we have an obligation to protect their territory, they have an obligation to defend our territory.

That's right. But wasn't it very hard to mobilize the water clan that still hadn't recovered from the war? The more worrisome part...

"Lauel, haven't you been planning to be hostile to Eternal long before the alliance with Siren? Then Siren was a victim from the beginning?"

-I can't say that they will be a victim. I'm not planning to use them as simple arrows, but an army. The number of human casualties will be higher. In addition, there's no guarantee that Blood Carnival will invade Siren again.

"Hrmm... Yes."

Grid couldn't denounce or deny Lauel's words. In the first place, he gave Lauel all authority because he trusted Lauel. Based on the need to protect Overgeared, Lauel's plans and ideas were justified. Lauel said goodbye.

-I have been gone for four minutes. This will lead to a confusion in the command system. I have to return to the game.

"Yes, you worked hard. Please send Sticks to me as soon as possible. Tell him to come to the White Hammer smithy in Pangea."

-Yes, he will probably arrive in 5 days.

The call ended. The conclusion?

"Bunny Bunny... I'm sorry for making you a liar..."

Grid's return to the West Continent was a failure. The current Grid didn't have the means to help his colleagues who were undergoing the greatest crisis since Overgeared were formed. He couldn't help feeling nervous.

"Always be calm and careful."

Grid calmed his mind as much as possible.

First of all, he connected to the Internet and watched the war videos in order to grasp the power of his teammates from the point of view of a blacksmith.

'Yura changed her main weapon. It's a good thing. I can finally



make her a weapon. Pon is still using the armor I made five months ago? He isn't as lucky as me. Regas will soon reach the limit of the gauntlets' durability because he blocks the items with his hand...'

Overall, the equipment status of the Overgeared members was poor. It was the result of Grid concentrating on personal growth for a while.

"Among them, the one in the most urgent need of a new item is..."

Grid watched the video of Patrian. In the video, the beautiful woman with golden skin was struggling. Grid closely observed the bow she was using.

"Jishuka, I will start with you."

Tak tak.

Grid stood up. He entered the capsule and headed to the White Hammer smithy as soon as he connected to Satisfy. The blacksmiths of the White Hammer smithy actively welcomed the hero who helped them win the competition. They had all the requirements needed to help Grid produce an item.

Ttang! Ttang!

The furnace swallowed up the white phosphorus wood. Grid squatted in front of the heat, hammering at the anvil without stopping. It was the Red Phoenix Breath, which looked like a ruby.

'This can be attached to an item...'

Grid thought that it seemed possible to refine the ruby so that it burned more strongly. He thought that the stronger the breath was, the stronger the Red Phoenix Bow would be. Therefore, Grid challenged smelting the Red Phoenix Breath. But the breath was the essence of the Red Phoenix. It was difficult to handle it completely with the techniques of a legend. This smelting operation was the hardest thing Grid had done since becoming Pagma's Descendant. He spent at least four days hammering at the

anvil.

Any normal person would reach the end of their patience. But Grid was filled with strong ambition.

‘It’s an honor to work with the finest materials.’

Ttang! Ttang!

The sound of Grid’s hammering return the atmosphere of the White Hammer smithy to its peak.

# Chapter 550

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"This is embarrassing."

In the spacious fields of Reidan, farmer and Aura Master Hurent was impatiently waiting for Piaro to return. He grew nervous during training because he received the news that Overgeared was in the midst of a massive war. From his point of view, the news was like a lightning bolt out of the blue. He was worried that his valuable training ground would be ruined in the midst of the messy war.

"It has been busy in the last few weeks... They were preparing for war."

Piario taught Hurent to understand himself (?) and forgive (?) after he tried to invade Reidan. The training course he made according to Piaro's suggested method was valuable. He was proud every time he saw grains and vegetables sprout in the land that he cleared, and his heart pounded when he saw people happily eating them...

"No, this isn't it."

Why was he thinking about this? Hurent shook his head and denied his heart. But the fields were his training grounds and he wanted to keep them. He believed that showing the intact fields to Piaro would be a way to repay the favor. But how? The method was obvious.

"I have no choice but to fight."

Hurent opened a map of the Eternal Kingdom. He looked at Reinhardt in the east, Bairan in the north, Patrian in the south, and Reidan in the west.

'They have to pass through Patrian in order to advance from Reinhardt to Reidan.'

Reidan and Reinhardt weren't able to get to each other apart

from through Reidan. The areas around Patrian were blocked by mountains or hills.

'This is deliberately designed terrain.'

It was easy to deduce. To the west of Reidan and the south of Patrian was the Saharan Empire and Gauss Kingdom respectively. In other words, Patrian was a fortress designed to defend the kingdom from foreign powers. Eternal chose Patrian's position in order to intercept the Saharan Empire or Gauss Kingdom if they ever invaded.

'Patrian is a natural fortress. But now it's been taken by Grid?'

It would be painful for Eternal. In order to get rid of the rebel Grid, they needed to reclaim Patrian. But it wasn't an easy fortress to capture.

'It will be difficult to attack a fortress that is built as a means to stop the invasion of two nations. Eternal will concentrate on Bairan.'

It was best to attack Patrian from the north and the east simultaneously. They needed to occupy Bairan in order to do this. Hurent was convinced that Eternal's top priority would be the occupation of Bairan.

"Then I will protect Bairan."

Hurent decided to defend the fields of Reidan and immediately left Reidan. He once dreamt of becoming a sword saint. However, after realizing the value of aura, he pursued the ultimate path of an Aura Master. He was incomparably stronger than he was during the 1st National Competition and now he was moving for Overgeared.

This was a variable that even the genius Lael couldn't think of.

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Eternal's navy sent the R77 unit to infiltrate Cork Island through

a secret tunnel. They believed that the elite forces of R77 would do a great job. After assassinating the enemy commander and paralyzing the command system, the navy would gain a foothold for victory.

But the atmosphere was terrible. Originally, the flares should've appeared four hours ago. However, the set time had passed and there was no news. Cork Island in front of them was uncomfortably quiet.

"Did they fail the mission?"

Someone couldn't help asking. It was Navy Admiral Lebuck. The staff members flinched and started to give their opinion.

"Until four days ago, only the king knew that there was a secret tunnel on Cork Island. It is absolutely impossible for the rebels to deal with the infiltration of the R77 unit."

"It is a fact that R77 landed safely on Cork Island. They will be performing their mission as scheduled. But there are always variable that will delay the time."

Lebuck frowned.

"Isn't there a possibility for R77 to be caught after they landed on the island?"

"Admiral, R77's covert nature is the best in the navy. It is unlikely that they would be discovered."

"Wait a little longer. Good news will surely come."

"...Hmmm."

Lebuck decided not to fret any longer. Combining all the factors, including the abilities of R77 and the use of the secret tunnels, the probability of the R77 unit failing was almost zero. Then he was rewarded for his faith.

Peeeeeeong!

"Ohhh!"

The promised signal appeared from Cork Island. The color of the signal flare was blue. It was the signal that indicated the leader of the enemy was destroyed and they should go.

Lebuck ordered the entire fleet. "Don't damage the island, since it will soon be our property again! Stop ranged bombardment and move forward! Land and show the enemies the full force of our strength!"

The resistance of the enemy would be low after losing their commander. The artillery and magic shot from the coastal fortifications weren't threatening at all. It would be a vain resistance!

"Full landing!"

"Assault! Assault!!"

The navy ships arrived on the coast and the soldiers poured out at once. The soldiers' morale was sky high from the assuredness of their victory. Peak Sword laughed from the fortress as he confirmed their appearance.

"The blue signal that you told me was correct. I was a little suspicious."

"I have already committed myself to Overgeared. I have no desire to lie."

"That is a very good attitude. Keep this attitude for the rest of your life and learn from God Grid."

"Thank you for giving me a chance."

Soldier who was killed by Peak Sword. As soon as he resurrected, he came to Cork Island and expressed his intention to surrender. Why did he risk his career in the navy? It was because he realized there was no future in the Eternal Kingdom.

Two nights before. Soldier was thrilled after infiltrating through the secret tunnel. Once he saw Peak Sword waiting in front of the

secret tunnel, he realized that the intelligence network of Overgeared was above the Eternal Kingdom. Soldier was convinced. The winner of this war would be Overgeared, not Eternal. Immediately after the war ended, Overgeared would develop into a national unit.

He made a decision. He would serve Grid and Overgeared, becoming a great success in that kingdom.

‘A perfect opportunity to be a founding contributor. The chance fell down from the sky.’

Soldier would succeed in the new country.

On the other hand, Peak Sword was also excited.

‘I waited for my stamina to fully recover before launching the signal and succeeded in making the weak navy land at my feet. Maybe...’

Was he going to break everyone’s expectations and succeed in defending Cork Island? It was a big jackpot.

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“Hoh?”

The second army that appeared to reclaim Borneo contained Seuron. He was amazed after attacking the Overgeared troops on the wall with his soul spears. The archers he thought were going to die were still alive?

‘They have 20% of their health left?’

Like any other game, Satisfy showed a disparity in strength depending on the level difference. It was virtually impossible for a level 100~200 user to survive the skill attack of a level 300 user. Katz was able to massacre the Borneo army using this fact.

Objectively, Seuron’s attack was superior to Katz, but the Overgeared members didn’t die. Who was Seuron? A unique class specialized in combat. His skill damage coefficient was so high that

it couldn't be compared with normal skills. But the lowly soldiers survived his skill?

"How is this possible?"

"If the soldiers' bodies are this durable, how strong are the knights?"

The Gauss players were buzzing. Their fear of the Overgeared troops started to grow out of control. However, Seuron was delighted.

'Truly the Overgeared Guild... Even the soldiers are overgeared.'

Seuron wasn't part of Gauss. He didn't have any obligations to enter the war and wouldn't even get rewards. It was because he wanted to pay Grid back for his frustration during the Reidan invasion and National Competition. He fought in this war in the hopes of damaging Grid.

'Grid, I wonder how you raised the soldiers so well.'

He became more motivated. What if he slaughtered Grid's soldiers and took away all their items?

"That Grid would become quite angry, right? Kulkul let's play once."

Seokeok!

Seuron wielded his sword. The +9 Wisdom Sword. A one-handed sword that increased the wearer's strength and intelligence simultaneously. It had compatibility with the Brutal Heavy Sword and he used it during the 2nd National Competition. It wasn't lacking compared to Grid's production items and it was in the same class as Kraugel's True White Fang.

Furthermore, Seuron had a passive skill where 'if he attacked a person or monster with his weapon, he would absorb some of the soul of the target and increase his weapon's power.'

"Kuaaaaak!"



“W-What is this? Keeok!”

The Gauss players and soldiers were killed. They were confused because Seuron, who they thought was a friend, started attacking them.

Seokeok!

Puk puk! Puok!

All of a sudden, Seuron swung his sword and then the Gauss soldiers and players turned to grey. The unexpected sight made the world shocked.

-What is with Seuron?

-Why is he killing his allies when he is fighting to defeat the Overgeared members?

The expression ‘ally’ wasn’t correct. Seuron wasn’t part of the Gauss Kingdom. Strictly speaking, he was a third party unrelated to the war. Seuron only entered the war in the first place because of an individual grudge, not in order to help Gauss.

“S-Seuron, you! Kuaack!”

7th on the unified rankings. A unique class specialized in combat. In addition, Seuron had powerful items. His sudden surprise attack wasn’t something that the Gauss army could respond to. The soldiers and players were all helpless. Seuron laughed at the Gauss players who were staring at him with angry and confused eyes.

"The weak people like you should be honored to have a chance to help me."

Paang!

Papapapang!

The Wisdom Sword started to resonate. Seuron exploited the souls from the many dead bodies on the battlefield and formed soul spears. It was the soul spears he had used before. But this time it was a little different and had significantly high magic damage.

Pepepepeok!

The soul spears once again hit the Overgeared archers on the walls. The momentum was much better than before. The vast majority of viewers watching the war were expecting the collapse of the archers. But Katz overturned their prediction.

"Blood Shield."

Kuwaaaaaang!

Just as Seuron seized the soul from corpses, Katz grabbed their blood to form a red shield and defend against the soul bombardment. It was the moment with those who exerted the greatest power on the battlefield, the Soul Predator and Blood Warrior, clashed.

Who would win? Everyone in the world showed great interest and expected a wonderful battle. But Seuron dismissed Katz.

"An epic class can't be compared to mine. You are several levels below me. Isn't that right?"

"...What?"

In fact, Katz had been nervous since Seuron appeared. He was exhausted from obstructing the advance of tens of thousands of soldiers for the past three days. At this time, he encountered a strong man he couldn't compete with. Yes, Katz recognized Seuron as an opponent. However, Seuron dismissed him and this hurt Katz' pride that he was famous for.

He gritted his teeth and showed his temper. "You beggar."

"What? Beggar?"

A high ranker was called a beggar? Seuron laughed as he doubted his ears.

"Calling me a beggar. It isn't realistic... You are at the level of a kindergarten student."

Seuron snorted. Katz looked down at him from the wall and

opened his mouth. He shouted in a voice that was loud enough for everyone on the battlefield to hear.

"I will give one billion yen to everyone who injures that beggar's body. It will be 100 billion yen for anyone who kills him."

"...?"

1 billion yen? 100 billion yen? If it wasn't Katz saying this, everyone listening would've laughed. But who was Katz? He was the son of a top conglomerate in Japan. His family's collection of assets ranked as one of the top 10 in the world. Even oil-rich Middle Easterns would envy him. The weight of the 1 billion and 100 billion yen that emerged from his mouth wasn't light.

-I am connecting to the game now.

-Forming a party to go and attack Seuron.

The ratings for the war broadcasts started to fall sharply. Most viewers stopped watching and started to access the game. The situation on the battlefield wasn't too different. The Gauss players, who were already hostile to Seuron, started pointing their swords at him. Seuron was forced to tense against such a huge number.

"This crazy guy...!"

Seuron gulped while Katz laughed at the sight from the war.

"You should know that you are X in front of money."

A problem that couldn't be solved by just being overgeared was solved with money.

# Chapter 551

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Borneo.

The Gauss players started to feel excited.

‘What? 9 million dollars just for inflicting an injury?’

‘900 million for killing...!’

How many chances like this would appear before ordinary people? It was low enough that it wouldn’t be strange if they never experienced it. Katz's proposal was enough to capture the Gauss players.

‘Money!’

‘I will become rich!’

Money! Money! Money! This was a capitalist society that produced new monsters, a very desirable phenomenon for Katz.

"Seuron, give me one blow please."

"No, please just die. Yes? Please."

The eyes of the Gauss players changed. They revealed their intent to kill a high ranker that they normally wouldn’t go against. Seuron was recognized as prey, like a chicken trapped in a poultry farm. Seuron gulped as he was surrounded by the Gauss players.

“Do you really believe his words? Aren’t you just fools?”

The average level of the Gauss players was 100, with no rankers among them. If Seuron were behind some fortifications like Katz, he wouldn’t care how many opponents there were. But unlike Katz, however, Seuron was alone in the middle of enemy territory. He was isolated among thousands of enemies. Even the ‘Soul Predator’ Seuron had to feel tense.

Seuron determined that he had to be careful and tried to speak with a calm expression, "This isn’t \$90,000 or \$900,000. It is 9

million dollars and 900 million. Does it make sense that he will keep this promise?”

In other words, it was worth billions of won. No matter how wealthy a person was, spending that much money just to hunt one person in a game? It was a bluff. Seuron was sure of it and people started to become dubious.

"It is a lot of money. No matter how rich Katz is, can he really spend this much?”

“That... I would’ve believed it if it was a more realistic amount.”

They could gain enough money to reverse their life if they dealt one injury to Seuron! This extraordinary condition ended up grabbing Katz’ ankle. The Gauss players started to doubt Katz words and Seuron felt relief.

"Kukuk! Kuahahahat!” Katz’ shoulders shook as he laughed from the wall. "People are fun. It is beyond your imagination so you deny it? Look, your imagination is too weak.”

That was the only problem they had? Then he would adjust the level.

"I will correct the amount. I will give 100 million yen to people who injure Seuron and 10 billion yen for the person who kills him. I promise in the name of the JIN Group. How about it? Are you going to believe it?”

People didn’t know how scary a madman with a lot of money was. Why? It was rare to see a madman with a lot of money!

“What are you doing? If you want to make money then you have to kill that beggar.” Katz prompted with cold eyes.

It was the spark.

“Waaaaaaaah!”

The players in the Gauss army no longer hesitated. Katz offered much better incentives than the quest rewards, making them all

rush towards Seuron. Seuron shrank back from surprise and roared.

“Shit...! Shit!! Overgeareddddd!”

The Overgeared Guild was a nightmare for Seuron. He was killed by a farmer in the invasion of Reidan and was unable to do anything big in the National Competition due to the Overgeared members wearing the items that Grid made. Seuron hated the Overgeared Guild, who left a stain on his life. He wanted to trample on them and get rid of the shameful past.

Yet now he was being trampled on with the power of money? Why did he get stuck in a situation where he was tied up with the Overgeared members? It was enough to drive Seuron crazy.

"Do you think you can leave a scratch on me?"

“Kill! Kill Seuron!”

“We don’t have anyone strong. Hit him at the same time! One hit means a lot of money!”

“It’s mine!!”

A clash between the angry Seuron and the money-blinded Gauss players! Katz enjoyed the fierce sight from the walls. The power of money that made enemies into allies caused the whole world to shake.

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Bairan’s siege had a special pattern. It was the first ever siege where the role of the one being sieged and the one attacking completely reversed.

Kiiiiik!

The firmly closed gate of Bairan once again opened.

“Hiik! Again!”

“D-Damage once again! Use the soldiers as a shield!”

The players belonging to Eternal started to retreat. The formations collapsed in an instant. The formations were a mess due to the players and the command system was temporarily paralyzed. The battlefield instantly became a mess.

At this time.

“I will show you my spirit today.”

Pon rose a white horse through the open gate and threw his spear. Rail Spear.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The lightning spear blew through the Eternal army like a lightning storm. Hundreds of soldiers and players turned to grey.

“Hiyah!”

Pon pulled out a new spear and ran out. He broke into the collapsed Eternal formation and wielded his spear. The soldiers were slaughtered. It was the scene of a one-sided massacre due to the overwhelming power difference. But the massacre didn't last long.

Just 100 people. Pon defeated 100 people before recovering his spear and returning.

“Foolish guys! I told you not to let the ranks break!”

"Reform the ranks! The enemy's next attack is coming!"

The commanders verified that Pon was gone and gave orders to the soldiers. They wanted the siege weapons that arrived late to be escorted. But time was too tight. In addition, the players were a problem. The average level of the players at Bairan was 140. Apart from a few people, the majority were low-level users who hadn't received military training. The commanders did their best but the speed of the formations was too slow.

In the meantime, Yura emerged from the gate.

"I can't let you use the siege weapons."

Peeng!

A Demon Slayer acquired black magic power each time they slew demonkin. She could use this black magic as a resource to activate special skills. One of them was black magic. This was a specialty of Yura who used to be first in the black magic rankings. She summoned black spheres and bombarded the enemy soldiers escorting the siege weapons. Her aim was the siege weapon and no one could stop her.

The elite Eternal soldiers were still only level 180. Their abilities were useless in front of Yura's agility and aggressiveness, making them fall into helplessness.

Kurururung!

"Shit! How long will we let her run wild?"

The Eternal players realized the seriousness of the situation when they saw the collapsing siege weapons and firmed up their hearts. They started to concentrate on attacking Yura. They were eager to clear the quest as they fired arrows and magic. Their average level was lower than the soldiers but Yura was tired from the war that lasted five days.

Pepepepeng!

"Ugh."

Yura started to allow attacks. She came out of the castle to fight, so she was physically and mentally at her limits. The good news was that Eternal's players were weak. The difference in level and items was so severe that Yura wasn't seriously injured. After barely enduring the attacks of the enemies and defeating the quota of 100 people, she returned to the castle.

Kuuong!

She flopped down as soon as the gate closed. Yura sat down. She gasped for breath as she sweated, while Pon spoke to her.



"The supplies are running out. The archers on the wall don't have as many arrows and are running out of potions. We might only be able to last two more days."

Yura, Toon, and other skills members of Overgeared were concentrated in Bairan. They alternated going out of the castle and attacking the enemies in order to protect the castle without a loss of troops. But this wasn't possible forever. They couldn't get enough rest so their stamina recovery speed was slow and the durability of their items was at the bottom. Their potions were also running out.

It was a desperate situation for Bairan. But Yura didn't want to give up Bairan.

"Definitely... I will definitely keep it. It will be dangerous for Patrian if Bairan collapses."

How much longer could they hold? Yura, Pon, Toon, and the Overgeared members. They risked their lives but wouldn't be able to hold on for more than two days. Bairan would be finished if there were no reinforcements.

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Chaaeng! Chaeeeeeng!

"Kikik! Kikikikik!"

Puk.

"Kiiiiik!"

Red Sun Forest. For Korean players, it was known as the 'Hypnotic Forest,' where strange sights could be seen. The dubrick racer, or the nimble creatures that were deemed 'unhunnable' due to their species characteristics were being slaughtered by a single swordsman.

Seokeok!

Puhahahak!

A speed that couldn't be avoided. The white sword belonging to Kraugel blocked the dubrick racers that were three times faster than humans. The monsters that were 60 levels higher than him died. He wiped the sweat off his skin that was as beautiful as a woman's and tucked his hair behind his ears. His high nose and deep eyes were revealed. The man was handsome enough to capture the hearts of men and women.

“Kraugel.”

Hao arrived at Kraugel's side. After discovering that Ares' men were aiming for Kraugel, he stayed by Kraugel's side for protection. Now he asked with an anxious expression.

“Is it really okay if you don't go and help Overgeared?”

Kraugel had a great liking for Overgeared, and couldn't hide his impatience while he grasped the war situation of Overgeared in real time. It seemed like he wanted to go and help Overgeared. But Kraugel continued hunting without heading to the Eternal Kingdom.

“Please let me know if there is anything stopping you from helping. I will assist you.”

Kraugel could tell what Hao thought in his heart, since he was now quite familiar with Hao. Kraugel made a bitter smile and said, “Grid will want to avoid getting help from me.”

“Why do you think that?”

“We are rivals before we are friends.”

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Pangea, the East Continent.

“Today is the third day...”

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

The White Hammer blacksmiths were uneasy. Grid had been constantly hammering for the last three days. Could a person be

okay after working three days without any rest? In particular, forging was something that required a tremendous amount of stamina. They were concerned about Grid's health.

"Captain White, what do we do if Grid falls down? Shouldn't he rest for a while?"

White shook his head at the concerned question. White was also showing signs of weariness. It was the aftermath of watching Grid work without sleeping for the past three days.

"Don't disturb the concentration of Pangea's Duke of Virtue."

Grid was a craftsman. Once he put his soul into making an item, he wouldn't stop for food and rest. The work was the most important thing to them. White knew this because he grew up watching his father. He never intended to disturb Grid. This was a great choice.

Grid was able to focus with White's support and succeeded in smelting the Red Phoenix Breath one day earlier than expected.

"Now... Now it is the real work."

Hwaruruk!

Grid increased the temperature of the furnace. The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience was activated for the fourth time and reduced his fatigue.

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Grid started the making of the Red Phoenix Bow. He had a vague inkling.

'The best masterpiece will be born.'

It was a well-founded confidence.

# Chapter 552

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'The Red Phoenix Bow is the strongest weapon.'

Grid thought this. Was it because he always did his best and wanted to be rewarded for his efforts? No, his faith didn't come from such a vague thing. It was an absolute conviction because of several reasons.

'The first evidence.'

The quality of the design was the best ever. The original version of the Red Phoenix Bow was likely to be myth rated.

'The second evidence.'

The quality of the materials used in the production was the best ever. The white phosphorus wood and Red Phoenix Breath. In particular, the material called the Red Phoenix Breath was likely to be equivalent to adamantium. Adamantium was a mineral that was collected from the world of the gods. In other words, the Red Phoenix Breath was a by-product of a god. It was a 'part of a god.'

'The third evidence.'

Grid's concentration was at its highest level. The effect of the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience had activated four times over the last three days. It was the first time since he became Pagma's Descendant.

'Thanks to the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience, I'm not tired at all and can devote myself to working without a break.'

It was a feast of the best conditions! They overlapped and would obtain the best results.

Ttiring~

[You can no longer smelt the Red Phoenix Breath. It is already in the best form.]

[Strengthened Red Phoenix Breath]

The aura of the Red Phoenix enhanced by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

Increases fire resistance by 40% even when carrying it in the inventory.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the Red Phoenix.

However, it can only be attached to items with a strong fire attribute.

Weight: 2

The strengthened Red Phoenix Breath contained a stronger flame than before. The flames in the ruby rose like they wanted to run wild.

‘Now I can make the bow.’

Grid made good use of the extra time to heat up the furnace. He used all his knowledge to handle the white phosphorus wood. Now it was only necessary to add the additional materials such as the minotaur horns.

‘It’s okay. The kids will be able to hold on well even without me. I don’t have to worry and just focus on doing my best.’

Grid wasn’t aware of it, but he was able to exert a higher concentration than usual in the production of this item because of his different mindset. His colleagues were in a crisis and he couldn’t help. Grid had to suppress his anxiety and nerves from imagining the worst situation and his concentration naturally rose during this process. He used a variety of tools during the production.

Chiiiik!

“...”

Grid stared at the water vapor that was generated by cooling the heated white phosphorus wood in the water. It shone firmly

without yielding. It looked like the starlight in the night sky.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated.]

“...Good.”

The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill once again activated! Grid smiled as sharp as a knife as his fatigue disappeared and his concentration stayed at the peak. The blacksmiths of the White Hammer smithy felt infinite awe as they watched Grid tirelessly work on the item for the fourth day in a row.

The next evening.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has been activated.]

Grid received a welcome notification window as he entered the final stages of the production. He attached the Red Phoenix Breath to the finished bow. Then a red aura appeared around the white bow. Grid prayed for the message ‘a legendary item has been completed.’

‘Please!’

Give him a legendary rating!

...It might be too greedy. Maybe he should pray for a unique rating.

‘Then I can use Item Upgrade to make it a legendary rating.’

The moment that Grid's mind weakened.

Paaaat!

There was a gorgeous sight as the Red Phoenix Bow completely accepted the essence of the Red Phoenix, the white bow turning an orange-red color. It was an intense color like blazing fire. Then...

[An unexpected situation has occurred!]

“...?”

Unexpected situation? A chill went down the spine of the expectant Grid.

'What the hell is this situation?'

Grid had been hit in the back of the head while playing the game more than once or twice. Grid's expectations were always betrayed. Thus, he assumed the worst. However, it was the opposite.

[The rating of the item you produced is higher than legendary.]

[It is the result of breaking the limits due to the production method, the materials, and the maker's commitment.]

"...Ah!!"

Grid was reminded of something. It was during the pope election episode. During the process of understanding and recreating the myth rated item Lifael's Spear, Grid's blacksmithing technique was upgraded from 'Witness of God's Weapon' to 'Understanding of God's Weapon.' Thanks to that, Grid had a very low probability of producing a myth rated (reproduction) item. But the odds were very low and had never happened before.

'I wasn't expecting this!'

At this moment, a myth reproduction was born. Grid was filled with a thrill that was beyond joy. The result far exceeded his expectations, causing excitement to flow like a tidal wave. But the result was different. The item made by Grid wasn't a myth reproduction.

[Congratulations!]

[You are the first player to produce a myth rated item!]

[The title, 'Watched by the Gods' has been acquired.]

[(Understanding of Gods' Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill has evolved into (Seeing the Gods' Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill.]

"Wow."

Grid's eyes widened. It wasn't a reproduction, but a pure myth

rating. Grid was so surprised that his heart stopped. His head was refreshed. Grid looked at the updated skill information.

[(Seeing the Gods' Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill Lv. 8]

There is a high probability of producing rare~ epic rated items.

There is a certain probability of creating unique rated items.

There is a rare probability of creating legendary rated items.

If certain conditions are met, there is a very rare probability of making a myth reproduction or myth rated item.

\* All stats of a production item will increase by 21%.

\* When myth rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +10 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +1,000.

\* Something special will occur with every three myth rated items created. (Currently 1/3)

“...”

Grid was happy, but frowned after a moment. The updated skill gave Grid a new penalty!

“No, dammit... Legendary items don't give me any stats now?”

No, wasn't this too severe? It didn't make sense that he would be treated like this when making legendary items. The price for making a myth rated item was too high. Grid's shoulders slumped.

'The future is uneasy...'

Something special would happen every time he made three myth grade items. Why did he feel like this might be a huge penalty?

"This damn Korean game."

It was too stingy to players. They didn't treat players well who paid a full fee every month. It was the typical attitude of a Korean game company. Grid couldn't confirm the details of the completed



Red Phoenix Bow when he heard a disturbance.

“D-Demon...!”

"Pointy-eared demon!"

“...?”

There was an uproar from the entrance to the smithy. The White Hammer blacksmiths cried out fearfully.

‘Pointy-eared demon?’

What type of monsters would scare the blacksmiths? Grid armed himself with the Sword Ghost and exited the smithy. Then he was shocked.

“Sticks!”

The pointy-eared demon that the blacksmiths were scared of. It was Sage Sticks. The person Grid had been waiting for! By the way...

"Why are you being treated as a demon?"

An elf. He was a noble existence. Elves were those who loved nature and peace, and were hostile to demonkin. They were historically honored and loved by people. It was strange that the blacksmiths of the White Hammer smithy would call him a demon.

Sticks reached out to Grid.

"I can't speculate, but the East Continent might have a difficult situation that is hard to untangle. Let's go back."

Now wasn't the time to think about the East Continent. His colleagues were the top priority. Grid nodded and grabbed Sticks' hand. Then the two people disappeared with a flash of light.

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"A stronghold of a small kingdom is at this level...?"

The Yak Guild that was one of the Seven Guilds. Bubab was the master of a small territory. Therefore, he was able to see how

magnificent the high walls of Patrian were.

‘The walls should be at least level 8.’

The durability was at least one million. It was natural that it would be difficult to scratch the walls with a level 100 or level 200 magic or skill bombardment. In order to break down the walls, at least a third advancement magician or high level siege weapon was needed.

‘If only I could have one of these fortresses.’

The Yak Guild had considerable manpower and capital, and they’d spent five months raising the wall by one level. Of course, every time the level of the wall increased, the amount of capital and experience required for the next level up would increase. In other words, a player couldn’t build level 8 walls.

‘Grid got it for free... Tsk.’

He noticed that Earl Ashur was on Grid’s side since the Reidan invasion. Grid had been raising Earl Ashur since the earliest days and consequently obtained this great fortress.

‘I don’t want to admit it...’

Grid was a very wide character. He wasn’t the same as other high rankers who relied on force or skills.

‘Being able to capture the hearts of NPCs. This is Grid’s greatest strength!’

If Grid was left alone, he would proceed forward without limits. Putting personal grudges aside, Bubab had an obligation to keep in check any high ranking competitors. But this wasn't an easy task. It was because there were too few third advancement classes in the Eternal Kingdom.

‘We have to use the siege weapons well.’

Eternal’s army had 12 catapults. But they weren’t effective. Patrian had prominent magicians such as Zednos, Laella, and

Euphemina. Their magic easily neutralized the catapults' attacks. In particular, the girl called Euphemina was a problem.

She used the best defense spell with the right attributes.

‘This monster... Did she obtain a legendary great magician class?’

Bubat clicked his tongue and turned his gaze to the leader of the Eternal army. Thousands of infantry tried to climb the walls of Patrian, but they couldn't deal with the pouring magic, arrows, and stones. In particular, the Overgeared unit led by Regas. They ran out of the castle for a while and when they did, Eternal's vanguard was severely damaged.

‘Fortunately, Jishuka is tired. Now that she's on a break, it's time to get rid of Regas.’

If they defeated Regas' group, it would be very easy to climb Patrian's walls. Bubat believed this and looked at Jeff and Ralph.

"We're finally going to act?"

"My body was becoming stiff."

"We can't just watch."

The damage dealers of Overgeared were busy destroying or keeping in check the siege weapons. It was a safe environment where Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph could finally show their true colors.

“The target is Regas!”

"Kill all those who interfere!"

Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph guided their guilds forward. They killed any Eternal soldiers who blocked the road without hesitation and reached Regas. Regas screamed while fighting with Eternal's soldiers.

“Avoid it!”

The Overgeared members who were part of the Silver Knights Guild. It was the moment when the 30 of them heard Regas' call

and tried to respond.

Kurururung!

There was the sound of thunder and the ground erupted. It was an earthquake caused by Bublat who was considered the best initiator.

“Aaaack!”

“Hiik!”

The average level of the Overgeared members in Regas’ unit was 230. They couldn’t resist the wide area CC used by Bublat and floated in the air. Regas barely escaped the CC and felt strained. Bublat grabbed the faces of two of the Overgeared members floating in the air.

Bublat smiled widely.

Kwajajak!

Bublat grabbed the faces of two Overgeared members and slammed them into the ground. It was the signal for the reversal.

# Chapter 553

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"Ugh!"

“Keuok...”

The Overgeared members had their faces pushed deeply into the ground. Following the air damage, they fell into a stunned state. Of course, the crisis didn't end there. Bubatz planned to completely destroy them.

Peok!

Peeeeek!

Bubat's one-handed hammer struck the back of the Overgeared members without hesitation. It was a cruel attack without any mercy.

"Gorose! Han Woochan!"

Regas' eyes shook wildly as his colleagues died. They were colleagues he'd fought with for the past week! It was also by Bubatz, a third party not involved in this war!

“Wicked person! I will never forgive you!”

Pachichik!

Regas kicked off from the ground. Among the third advancement classes, his Asura had one of the highest difficulties. The intense power of lightning wrapped around him.

“Uhh!”

‘There's no access!’

The Eternal soldiers were swept up in the rush and felt pain as their skin was torn and burnt. They tried to widen their distance from Regas. He used the precursor for the Asura's ultimate skill, ‘Send to Hell.’ That's right. Regas was in a cold rage. Regas decided that the biggest risk Bubatz had to be taken care of first, and he

needed to prevent the enemy forces from reaching him. So he chose to use Send to Hell for his first strike.

“Haaaah!!

Peeeeeeong!

The moment Regas kicked Bubat like a lightning bolt.

‘What?’

Regas was somewhat surprised. All the enemies he met so far always tried to avoid his ultimate move? On the other hand, Bubat excluded any evasion actions altogether. He crossed his arms and defended against Regas’ kick from the front. The cost was great.

Kudududuk!

Kuooooong.

Bubat’s arms twisted in a strange direction after receiving Regas’ kick and the ground he was standing on was dented like an excavator had swept through the spot. It was a scene where the terrible attack power of Send to Hell could be seen. Thus, it was amazing. Bubat was still standing!

“...!”

Regas was shaken.

“Cough!”

Bubat clenched his teeth and endured the pain. He ignored the warning windows that spoke about the damage and bone fractures as he laughed.

“Have you forgotten? It’s impossible for even Grid to kill me with one blow.”

Bubat’s hidden class ‘Crusher’ had a passive skill that ‘ignored damage after a certain level.’ Bubat was convinced that even a dragon’s breath couldn’t kill him with one blow. In addition, a Crusher specialized in close proximity CC, charging, and terrain

destruction. It was the reason why Bubat didn't flee from Regas. Rather than his broken arms, Bubat wrapped both legs around Regas' neck.

"I'll send it to you!"

Kwajajak!

Regas's body rotated 180 degrees and his head slammed into the ground.

"Keok!"

Dirt and stones were pushed into his eyes, nose, and mouth. At the same time, Regas experienced a strong pain that caused him to see stars. He was in a stunned state. Bubat wrapped his broken arms around Regas' back and kept smashing him into the ground.

"Kukuk! Puhahat! Your brain must be tired from fighting for the last few days!"

In the first place, a Crusher was the perfect counter to a martial artist. Furthermore, many of Regas' skills were on cooldown from when he was wiping out Eternal's army. Bubat knew this and aimed for this timing.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

Bubat kept slamming Regas' head into the ground.

[You have suffered 3,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,030 damage.]

[You can't regain your mental state.]

[Your body is in a restrained position. It is difficult to move.]

[You have suffered 3,980 damage...]

...

...

The warning windows continuously rose in his field of view.

Regas was aware of the serious crisis he was facing.

‘I will die.’

The martial artist class was more about attacking than defense. Victory was settled the moment he was caught by Bubat and made helpless.

“Regas! Endure it a bit more! We’re coming!”

The Overgeared members tried their best to rescue Regas, but the Yak Guild appeared in the gap caused by Bubat’s air CC. The Overgeared members were surrounded by the Yak members and couldn’t rescue Regas. It was difficult enough to protect their own lives. Bubat was delighted when he confirmed that Regas’ health had fallen to one third.

‘I can finally get revenge on Overgeared!’

Originally, Bubat had a good reputation for being undefeated in combat. But he was defeated by Grid every time in the National Competition and his reputation plummeted. He wanted to show a great appearance in this war that was being broadcasted across the world. After overwhelmingly defeating Regas, he would break down the walls with the army and take the heads of Jishuka and Euphemina.

‘Then I will intercept Grid who will eventually appear and kill him!’

He would reclaim the glory of the past! Bubat was having fun as he imagined it.

Syuk!

Then an arrow flew and pierced him. To be exact, it stopped just before it pierced him. Bubat was protected by Jeff and Ralph. Jeff blocked Jishuka’s arrow with a water droplet.

“Don’t you know that projectiles have no power in front of me?”

Like Lauel, Jeff was a qigong master. But his combat ability was



much higher than Lael. Lael specialized in climate and terrain changes as a flow master. Meanwhile, Jeff's third advancement class was 'Defying the Natural Order.' He possessed many skills that were excellent in combat. For example, he could neutralize projectiles like arrows.

"I will give it back."

Paang!

The water droplets. To be exact, Jishuka's arrow trapped in the water droplet shot in another direction. It was naturally towards Jishuka on the walls. It also had the same flying speed and attack power.

"That bastard."

Daring to return her own arrow? Jishuka's pride as the best archer was pricked and she frowned.

Papang!

She shot down the arrow with another arrow and turned her gaze to Regas, who was still caught by Bubab.

'I'm sorry, I can't help you.'

The magicians were desperately blocking the attacks from the catapults while the soldiers were stopping those climbing up the walls. Jishuka was currently the only one who could help Regas. However, her stamina was at its limits. It was impossible for her to use a skill. It would also be hard to rescue Regas from Bubab, Jeff, and Ralph with simple archery. They were some of the strongest rankers. There were few people who could easily neutralize them.

'One of those people is Grid...'

Grid naturally entered her mind. It was strange when she thought back to when she first met Grid. Jishuka never imagined when she first met Grid that she would rely on him so much. In the beginning, she just thought he was an idiot. But since then, he'd

left a clear mark on Jishuka.

It couldn't be helped. When she realized that he was Pagma's Descendant that she was looking for, when he first made an item, when he appeared in a crisis and saved her, etc. Grid was always special and intense. Almost like a drug...

“...Oh my, what am I doing now?”

This was a war. The screams of her colleagues and the soldiers never ceased, and the number of enemies crossing the wall didn't show signs of diminishing. It was absurd that she was thinking about Grid in the middle of this situation.

‘I'm tired.’

She realized it. There was no hope in this war. The enemies were stronger than Lael anticipated. Overgeared's strength was too weak.

"Well, we can start from scratch if we lose everything."

Becoming frustrated and giving up didn't fit her nature. Jishuka firmed up her heart and took out a new arrow from the inventory.

"I don't think we will lose everything?"

“...”

The battlefield filled with the sound of magic and weapons. It was so noisy that it was impossible to talk to the person next to her. Then why did she hear a clear voice?

“Grid...”

Jishuka turned her gaze in the direction of the voice. She smiled like the sun. Radiant, warm, and beautiful.

Above her head. Grid floated in the sky and smiled evilly, making him look like a goblin.

“Everyone has suffered.”

Kiiiiiiing!

Dozens of round white lights rotated around Grid as he observed the battlefield. Each sphere contained a strong aura.

"What is that?"

The battlefield. The soldiers started murmuring as they discovered the white spheres in the sky. There were multiple small moons?

"...Eh?"

The Eternal soldiers were unfamiliar with this phenomenon and started speculating. A black-haired man floating among spheres of white light. He was only the hero of Eternal and was now a rebel, Duke Grid.

"A-Avoid it!"

"Run away!"

Grid wouldn't produce a special scene without any meaning. The Eternal commanders hurriedly shouted but it was too late. The white spheres around Grid started to shoot all over the battlefield. They poured down on the battlefield like rain.

A reversal in the war?

"Kill everything."

This was what it meant.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeok!

Hundreds of grey pillars rose simultaneously. Then Grid landed beside Jishuka and handed her a bow.

"Congratulations on truly becoming overgeared, Jishuka."

# Chapter 554

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Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Dozens of white spheres hovered around Grid in the sky. The lights suddenly spread out and covered the battlefield.

“What is this?”

It was a wide range magic that had never been seen before. As the Eternal players were feeling confused, someone shouted.

“Magic Missile! It’s Magic Missile!”

Magic Missile was the lowest level magic. It had the advantages of a short cooldown time and activation time. In addition, the mana consumption was very small. This meant there was an obvious limit to its power. But Grid had clearly proven in the National Competition that his Magic Missile was different. Grid’s Magic Missile even hurt high rankers.

“They will aim for us!”

“A-Avoid it!”

The Eternal players started to run with all their might in order to avoid the bombardment. But there was no freedom on a battlefield filled with tens of thousands of people. In the confusion caused by the rush to get away, some people fell over and were turned to grey. They were players who died under the feet of their allies.

Peeng!

Pepepepeng!

Hundreds of Eternal players died.

Kuwaaaaaang!

Grid’s Magic Missile bombardment hit the ground. Did the fierce white flash pierce the hearts of the soldiers? No. That wasn’t their aim.

They hit the ground where thick shields were placed. The places where the siege weapons were. A hill filled with archers. The magic corps meant for increasing the speed of mana regeneration.

The places struck by Grid's Magic Missiles couldn't endure it and collapsed. Bubato watched the scene of the players and soldiers being devastated and felt alarmed.

"What is this bastard?"

Stopping Magic Missiles before they were launched and releasing them all at once?

"This is ridiculously overgeared!"

That's right. Bubato thought the reason why blacksmith Grid could use magic was due to artifacts. This was the most common sense interpretation. The voices of the Yak Guild members were heard in his ears.

"He intentionally caused an explosion by targeting the magic wards?"

"He also broke the siege weapons and killed the soldiers."

"That Grid, since when did he fight so cleverly?"

Originally, Magic Missile was a spell that dealt damage to a single target. Splash damage couldn't be expected because it was a penetration type of magic. But that story changed when it hit facilities or explosives. Jeff was angry at the Yak Guild members who felt admiration

"What's smart about that? It's a basic arrangement that junior high school students could do."

They knew that Grid was strong. But they shouldn't forget that the foundation of his strength was items.

"Don't shrink back just because you're overestimating them."

Jeff glanced at Bubato.

“What? Come and finish him off.”

He was talking about Regas stuck in the ground. They couldn't give him a chance to recover. It happened when Bublat nodded and was about to hit Regas with a hammer.

Kiiiiiiing!

There was an unknown sound and a heat filled the area.

“What...?”

Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph started sweating and they paled. A giant firebird appeared in front of their shaking eyes.

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"Congratulations on truly becoming overgeared, Jishuka."

[Ownership of the Red Phoenix Bow has been transferred.]

“Truly overgeared?”

Overgeared was overgeared, what did he mean by truly overgeared? Jishuka was puzzled when she suddenly got goosebumps.

‘Don't tell me.’

Did it mean an item she had been longing for since joining Overgeared? The bow had an intense color like flames were imprinted on it. Jishuka carefully guessed the identity of the bow that Grid passed her.

“Is this a legendary bow?”

Grid's odds of creating a legendary item were very slim. It was the same probability of a named boss dropping a legendary item. Therefore, it was rare for people to have legendary items in Overgeared. It was the same for Jishuka. Grid laughed at Jishuka's shining eyes.

“Let's see?”

A meaningful answer!

Dugun dugun!

After Grid's dramatic appearance, Jishuka's wildly beating heart became faster. She was filled with anticipation as she confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow. Then she became like a stone statue.

“Eh?”

What was with the rating of this bow?

“Legendary... No?”

[Red Phoenix Bow]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 1,203/1,203 Attack Power: 3,190

- \* Accuracy will increase by 60%.
- \* 80% increase in firing speed.
- \* Fire resistance will increase by 50%.
- \* Fire attribute skill damage will increase by 30%.
- \* 20% reduction in cooldown time of fire attribute skills.
- \* Causes splash damage equal to 12% of your total attack power to all targets in a one meter radius. A player in the same guild in the range of the splash damage will be healed.
- \* The arrows contain flames. It will added 4,000 fixed fire damage to your normal attack power and will cause burns. The splash damage doesn't apply to you. Once a critical strike is activated, the fixed damage will double.
- \* If the bowstring is pulled for more than three seconds, a protective shield is created to resist at least one status condition. There is a 2 minute cooldown. There is a very low probability that this shield is applied to party members.
- \* Every time you shoot an arrow, there is a chance to regain 1,000 health.

\* The skill 'Fly Up!' will be generated.

\* Passive skill 'Incarnation of Fire' will be generated.

A bow that is a myth beyond a legend.

The owner of this bow will leave countless achievements and will be the protagonists of hymns that future generations will sing.

It is made by Blacksmith Grid who has gone beyond his limits.

It is structurally perfect because it has the ideal shape of a bow. You can shoot faster, further, and stronger.

The breath of the Red Phoenix gives the wearer a mythical blessing.

Conditions of Use: Top three in the archer unified rankings.

Weight: 930

[Fly Up! Lv. 1]

Summons a copy of the Red Phoenix.

The clone of the Red Phoenix will deal fire damage equal to 800% of the total attack power to all enemies visible in the summoner's field of view.

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.

Mana Consumption: 2,000

Cooldown Time: 12 hours.

[Incarnation of Fire Lv. 1]

A persistent passive.

You have a body that is close to immortal due to the favor of the Red Phoenix.

Health recovery and stamina recovery will increase by 90%, and your stamina won't drop below 5.

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.



"U-Uh?"

Not surprisingly, Jishuka was an educated woman. One of her hobbies was reading. Therefore, her ability to read and understand sentences was excellent. In a short time. She confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow several times.

"Is this a dream?"

"..."

It was a puzzling reaction. But she didn't understand. Grid had created several weapons that were the strongest in existence, but this was the ultimate bow. Few people could readily convince themselves of this overwhelming performance.

"It isn't a dream."

"It isn't...a dream?"

Jishuka heard Grid's answer and recognized reality. She blankly took a few steps closer to Grid. Then she leaned her forehead against Grid's chest.

"Thank you for your efforts, Grid." Jishuka had been watching Grid for a few years. She knew how hard Grid worked whenever making one item. "You fought and studied hard on the East Continent."

Duguen. Duguen. Duguen.

Jishuka smiled warmly as she listened to Grid's heartbeat.

Gulp.

Grid's face turned red as he swallowed his saliva. The world's greatest beauty. A beauty completely to his taste had her face buried in his chest. Grid wanted to enjoy this time, but it was too unreasonable.

"Save Regas first."

Kkirik!

Jishuka suddenly pulled away from Grid and pulled back her bowstring.

Hwaruruk!

The jaffa arrow started burning. The entire battlefield filled Jishuka's eyes.

“Fly Up!”

The moment Jishuka's shout was heard from the walls...

Kiiiiiiing!

The cry of the Red Phoenix rang out on the battlefield.

Kurururururuk!

Hundreds of thousands of fireballs fell from the ground, emitting black smoke. It was a disaster itself. It was an overwhelming force that made even Grid, the maker of the Red Phoenix Bow, feel frightened.

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Kurururung!

“Pant...”

“What's this?”

Bubart, Jeff, Ralph and the hundreds of guild members led by them looked like they were possessed by ghosts. A firebird appeared in the sky and generated thousands of fireballs with a flap of its wings. It wasn't clear if this was a dream or reality.

It was an unreal sight. This was reality.

Thousands of fireballs poured out from the firebird and destroyed the battlefield in real time.

“What is this magic?”

The confusion of Bubart's party reached its peak. But they weren't rabble. They moved smartly in the midst of the confusion. They

used defensive skills and evasion abilities to block the fireballs.

"These fireballs only aim once at one target! We just need to block it once!"

Kwa kwang!

Pepeng!

Kurururung!

All types of magic and skills were used, making the viewers happy. Bubat's group barely managed to overcome the crisis.

"Heok, heok... Heok?"

They barely blocked the fireball bombardment. The faces of Bubat's party turned white as they looked around again. Eternal's players and soldiers. Close to 20,000 were burned and died at once. For those whose level was in the mid-100s, the fireball bombardment was a catastrophic disaster.

"Unbelievable..."

"Who's using such an ignorant magic... Don't tell me?"

They might be low level players and soldiers, but there wasn't a class that could 'sweep up' thousands of people at once. The monsters such as Kraugel, Agnus, and Grid couldn't do it. Therefore, Bubat was confident. It must be Earl Ashur. The great magician on Grid's side finally showed up on the battlefield!

"Shit! Retreat! Increase all magic resistance!"

The Yak Guild members started swapping their armor and accessories and the Jeff and Ralph guild members followed them. This was an obvious mistake.

Piing.

A fire arrow was shot from the top of Patrian's wall.

"Jishuka!"

Bubat belatedly noticed the flying arrow. This dumb woman was

as persistent as a cockroach. He couldn't understand what a single arrow like this could do.

“Don't be silly and stay down!”

Bubat was frustrated because of Grid and Earl Ashur. He was angry because he missed the chance to kill Regas. At this time, Jishuka's arrow was very irritating.

Peeng!

"You can't tie up my feet for long!"

Bubat used the small shield hanging at his wrist to block the arrow. He didn't bother using any skills to improve his defense. A Crusher was basically a tanker. He had high health, defense, and resistance. Bubat was even armed with the Undefeated King's equipment. He had no doubt that one arrow couldn't damage him. He intended to shake off Jishuka's arrow and laugh. But it was impossible to laugh.

[You have suffered 7,390 damage.]

[The area hit by the arrow has started to burn! You will lose 2,500 health per second for 12 seconds.]

"Kuaaaaack!"

Bubat screamed from the unexpected pain. There was an explosion and fire burned his body the moment the arrow collided with the shield.

‘This damn girl! She recovered enough stamina to use her skills!’

Jishuka smiled brightly at Bubat, who hurriedly took out medicine for burns.

"That was a normal attack."

“What?”

# Chapter 555

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"That was a normal attack."

"What?"

A normal attack? Bubat had pride as a tanker. If there was a defense power rankings, he was sure that he would be in the top 50. Yet a normal attack dealt nearly 10,000 damage?

"Nonsense!"

Jishuka's arrow was accompanied by a great deal of fire damage and splash damage. There was a normal attack with such powerful features in the world? It wasn't possible even for Kraugel, who had the strongest legendary class Sword Saint. Of course this was a skill attack. It couldn't be a normal attack.

"Do you think I'm a fool?"

Bubat's face turned red when distorted by pain. He was infuriated that Jishuka was making fun of him. The Yak members immediately stopped him from running towards the walls.

"We have to run away!"

"Don't fall for that lowly provocation!"

"Kuoh...!"

Bubat barely suppressed his anger. He remembered that he would die if he delayed the time.

"Jishuka! I'm not avoiding you because I'm afraid! You know! In a one-on-one fight, you would be stuck in the ground next to Regas!"

Bubat participated in the war because he knew that the Overgeared Guild would be in a tough situation due to the numbers difference. The reason he could easily defeat Regas was by putting pressure on him using the numerical advantage. Now that the disadvantageous position was tilting, he planned to retreat.

There was a reason he couldn't help overreacting to Jishuka in the world. It was due to a past event.

In the past, it had been four months since Satisfy opened. Grid was still level 40, and Bub at was level 100 and performing his class quest. The contents of the quest was to hunt 100 twin trolls alone within a week. It was before he was a Crusher, when he was still an ordinary tanker. Bub at sought out the twin trolls.

But he couldn't see any twin trolls in the hunting grounds. It was because Jishuka had run rampant and defeated the twin trolls. Thus, Bub at was irritated. The 300 twin trolls took one week to respawn and the probability of success was low due to his weak attack power. He was furious at Jishuka.

Therefore, he was determined. He would kill Jishuka and secure the hunting ground! Why didn't he explain the situation and ask her to concede the hunting ground? It was because Bub at's pride as a ranker didn't tolerate it. In the first place, Bub at thought that the PK system of Satisfy was the best.

The result? He fought her and died. Bub at wasn't able to get his class advancement yet and wasn't the opponent of Jishuka, who'd already completed her class advancement. He suffered from her arrows and died. One blow? No, it was nine blows.

Jishuka didn't easily forgive Bub at who tried to stab her in the back. She didn't leave the twin trolls hunting ground, continuing to shoot at Bub at. Bub at received two death penalties in four days and lost access to the game. He naturally failed the class quest. If he failed, it would take another 10 days before he could do the class quest again.

‘That damn girl!’

Bub at lost a fortnight because of Jishuka. In the early days of Satisfy, losing a fortnight was deadly, and his ID disappeared from the rankings for a while. Bub at still shook when he thought about that time. His chest throbbed from where Jishuka's arrow had hit

him nine times.

‘Wait and see.’

Kwaduduk! Bubat turned his back to Patrian’s walls. Despite the ghosts of the past and the pride he couldn’t get rid of, his top priority was to run away. Jishuka’s voice entered his ears as he was running away.

"Where are you going?"

Paang!

Jishuka once again fired an arrow. It was another fire arrow. Jishuka claimed it was a normal attack.

"This is the second shot!"

Bubat used an iron wall skill this time. It was the ultimate defense skill that reduced the amount of damage done by half. However...

Peeeeeeong!

Bubat’s face became dismayed as he blocked the arrow with a small shield on his wrist.

[You have suffered 5,695 damage.]

[The area hit by the arrow has started to burn! You will lose 2,500 health per second for 12 seconds.]

“Ugh!”

No, why was the damage reduction so small?

‘Don’t tell me it’s fixed damage?’

Furthermore, why was there a huge burn every time he got hit?

‘How high is the probability of fire damage?’

There was also the splash damage...

It was a really good attack skill. Of course, the cooldown time would be long. No, in the first place, Jishuka’s stamina was at the

limit. She might've recovered a little, but it would be depleted again after shooting a skill twice in a row. Bubab hurriedly pulled out burn medicine and screamed at the guild members.

“Don't slack off and retreat! There was no reason to delay any longer!”

They were already exhausted by the time Earl Ashur and Grid appeared. They had to flee before they became targets. Bubab ignored Jishuka and hastened his retreat with his guild members.

Paang!

Papapapang!

Continuous sounds were heard from the walls of Patrian and Bubab felt puzzled.

‘Again?’

It was the sound of flying arrows. It wasn't just one or two, but at least ten. What other archer could fire arrows from the walls that were 400 meters away? As far as he knew, there was only Jishuka.

“Don't tell me!”

Bubab turned his head back and his heart sank. It was because 10 arrows that looked the same as those that dealt great damage to him were flying.

“This is crazy!”

Continuously using skills? Wasn't her stamina depleted?

‘No, why is the cooldown of such a powerful skill so short?’

Perhaps it wasn't an ordinary skill.

‘Is it the ultimate skill of an archer?’

This ultimate skill was too dirty. Bubab cried out urgently, “Scatter!”

If they were gathered together, they would suffer great damage from the splash damage. As Bubab felt anxious and used a defense



skill, Jeff laughed.

“Have you forgotten?”

The third advancement class of the qigong master. He could restrain flying projectiles and return it to the opponent. He had a perfect counter to an archer's skills. It was the Qi Barrier that made an enemy's ranged skill ineffective. It was one of the ultimate skills of Defying the Natural Order.

"Don't worry about your back and just retreat."

Jeff laughed in a relaxed manner and consumed a large amount of mana to open the barrier. He didn't doubt it. The barrier would destroy Jishuka's attack and give her a sense of despair. But reality was the exact opposite. It wasn't Jishuka who felt despair, but Jeff.

“Heok?”

The fire arrows hit the barrier. Rather than being extinguished, it passed through the barrier without any resistance. In other words...

“This isn't a skill!”

Jeff made a disbelieving expression. In addition, Bubab and the guild members believed in Jeff.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The fire arrows hit them and they were swept away by an explosion.

“Kuaaaaak!”

This was after the bombardment of thousands of fireballs. A large number of casualties occurred and screams echoed on the now relatively quiet battlefield.

“This bastard! Why didn't you block it?”

Bubat grabbed Jeff's collar after confirming that some of the guild members had been injured. Bubab knew Jeff's abilities. He

thought Jeff would easily block Jishuka's skill. Yet the attack passed through? It was enough to make him suspect if Jeff was an Overgeared spy.

Jeff explained to the angry Bubat. "This isn't a skill... It can't be blocked by the barrier."

"It isn't a skill? Then what is it?"

"A normal attack."

"Eek! What nonsense are you spouting! Huh? Heok?"

Bubat's eyes widened as he inserted more strength into Jeff's hands. It was because he saw more fire arrows pouring from Patrian's wall. This time, there were more than 10.

"No, what the hell is this skill?"

Why did such a strong skill have a short cooldown? The fire arrows reached Bubat.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

A powerful explosion rocked the battlefield again. The area where Bubat had been standing became a sea of fire.

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Jishuka had perfect compatibility with the Red Phoenix Bow and became incomparably stronger than before. She laughed as she fired the bow and Grid looked at her warmly. The sharp and threatening eyes seemed endlessly gentle today.

'It's the first time I've seen such delight.'

In fact, Grid always kept Jishuka in mind. It had been ever since Jishuka listened to him and handed the Tzedakah Guild over. Grid felt a desperate desire to repay her. However, he didn't have a lot of chances to repay her. The rating was often low whenever he made her an item.

'I never made a legendary rated bow.'

But this time, he gifted her a myth rated bow. Grid was proud that he repaid the favor and sacrifices she had given him.

‘In fact, I wanted to use it.’

There were limits to Grid’s archery. It was especially fatal that the range of arrows was limited. On the other hand, Jishuka had a lot of exclusive skills to enhance the power of archery. Therefore, she could use the power of the Red Phoenix Bow properly. It was better to hand it over to Jishuka. The stronger she was, the stronger Overgeared would be and the more Grid would get in return.

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Jishuka devastated the battlefield with this bow. Grid felt reassured that she would play an active role in countless wars in the future. It was worth making a myth rated item.

‘This...’

Jishuka belatedly realized that Grid was looking at her and blushed. She was fascinated by the power of the Red Phoenix Bow and forgot that Grid was by her side.

‘...Would he like a woman who smiles when killing people?’

This was after Bubat’s party died. Jishuka bowed her head in a sad manner and Grid stroked her hair.

“You are great. You are literally a weapon of mass destruction.”

“Weapon of mass destruction...”

She heard that she was a weapon of mass destruction from her favorite man! Jishuka’s mindset became more complicated. Grid reached out to her.

“...?”

What was this? Jishuka looked at Grid’s big and thick hands and

was filled with anticipation.

‘Asking me to hold his hand, does Grid like me?’

Jishuka’s imagination unfolded and she tried to place her hand in Grid’s. Grid pulled back his hand in a startled manner and said.

"No, I’m asking for money. The value of the bow."

“...Ah.”

That’s right, it needed to be calculated. Jishuka’s eyes darkened. It wasn’t possible to determine the value of the Red Phoenix Bow. Everything seemed insufficient. In the end, she spoke after worrying about it.

"Shall we...get married? You will get all of my assets if we get married."

"...That’s a funny joke." Grid shook his head and signalled to Sticks. "Let’s go to Bairan first."

# Chapter 556

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“Let’s go to Bairan first.”

"Is Jishuka coming with us?"

Mass Teleport was a very complicated spell. A magic circle needed to be drawn every time. Depending on the number of users and coordinates, the form of the magic circle was different every time. That’s why Sticks asked the question before drawing the magic circle. Grid replied, "No, it will just be the two of us."

The reason why they needed to defend Bairan was to defend Patrian. Patrian was the most important. Jishuka couldn’t be allowed to leave if the enemy’s offensive was going to continue. Jishuka knew this better than anyone.

'It’s unfortunate that I can’t move with Grid...'

She couldn’t not use the power that Grid gave her. Jishuka wanted to be a useful person for Grid. She waved to Grid.

"Leave it to me. I will take care of Patrian. Let’s settle the accounts next time."

“Yes.”

Grid replied with a smile. He was sincerely relieved.

'I almost drank kimchi soup again.'

In the past, Grid was the master of drinking kimchi soup. Every time a woman looked at him or tried to talk to him, he mistakenly thought she liked him. He cared too much about the opposite sex and interpreted it the wrong way if the other person showed even a little interest in him.

But Grid realized it after the incident with Ahyoung. Reasonable grounds were needed in order to love someone. From this point of view, Grid thought that the best beauty Jishuka couldn’t be sincere about her offer. It was natural. Jishuka would be courted by all

type of competent, handsome, and personable men. Jishuka couldn't like him.

‘In the first place, why would a woman like Jishuka propose to a man first?’

He almost took the joke seriously, but got goosebumps when he thought about Ahyoung.

‘I couldn't tell it was a joke and almost misunderstood.’

He finally grew into a man who could read the mood! Grid felt his growth as he disappeared with a flash of light. Once Jishuka was alone, she couldn't bear it anymore and blushed.

"I was rejected..."

How many women in the world experienced being rejected after proposing to a man? Jishuka's chest hurt and she was also ashamed. She liked a man for the first time in her life and was rejected!

"You fool."

The big problem was that she proposed before they were even dating. It was likely that Grid thought she was a strange woman. She blushed with mortification.

“Hing.”

Jishuka wiped her tears and sniffed, unlike her usual self. She was a solo person who became smaller in front of the opposite sex. On the other hand, on the battlefield below the walls...

“Everybody forgot about me?”

Regas barely recovered from where he was lodged in the ground. He was very sad.

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Gangnam, Seoul.

The finest luxury mansion that surpassed 50 billion won in value

a year ago. Yura was sitting in the huge garden overlooking the Han River. Her dazzling white skin shone under the sun.

‘My body is heavy.’

Over the past few days, Yura had connected to the game until the daily access limit was reached. It was in order to defend Bairan from the enemy’s offensive. She needed to minimize the amount of time she left. As a result, fatigue pushed against her like the tide.

Her life patterns collapsed and the amount of food and exercise was insufficient. The biggest problem was that she couldn’t imagine when the enemy’s offensive would end. It was estimated that the Eternal Kingdom could mobilize approximately 500,000 soldiers. As long as Eternal had a complete food distribution route, it was possible that Bairan could deal with 100,000 enemies at once.

Could she hold on? Yura shook her head.

‘I have to hold on.’

She was working hard for Grid. They couldn’t lose in vain. Yura calmed her heart and confirmed the time. She could access the game in 30 minutes. She entered the living room and turned on the TV before taking off her clothes. It was for a shower. Her white skin was truly... Omitted.

『 Breaking news. I just received news that the Eternal army invading Patrian have been driven away. 』

Yura was heading to the bathroom and stopped when she heard noise from the TV. Patrian had excellent defensive features compared to Bairan. In addition, the average level of the soldiers that invaded Patrian was lower than those invading Bairan.

But it still wasn’t easy. There were at least 20,000 Eternal soldiers attacking Patrian, with the guilds led by Bubab, Jeff, and Ralph among them. Yet Patrian drove Eternal to the brink of collapse?

‘How is it possible?’

The TV started showing the Patrian war video, answering the question of Yura and the viewers.

『 As you can see, the primary strike from Reidan’s mage unit dealt a primary blow to Eternal’s siege weapons. Since then, the offensive of the army weakened. 』

『 The members of the magic unit are made of a species that is hard to see on the West Continent. Their skin color and tattoos are unique. 』

『 According to the information provided by Satisfy researchers, they’re an ethnic minority called the Ul Clan. They are said to have natural talent in magic. 』

『 Why are the Ul Clan in Overgeared? 』

『 The Ul Clan suffered destruction due to the Saharan Empire. They lost their home and Grid seemed to have obtained them in a timely manner. 』

『 Hah... Grid’s ability to attract and manage NPCs is truly exceptional. 』

『 It seems he can raise the affinity of NPCs very easily. At this point, it might be fair to argue that the ability to be easily acknowledged by NPCs might be the effect of his class or titles. 』

In the video, the Ul Clan suddenly appeared due to Mass Teleport. They bombarded the siege weapons deployed at the rear of the Eternal army and disappeared with Mass Teleport.

『 Even if it’s a species specializing in magic, it’s amazing that they can use Mass Teleport. I heard that only a few players and the great magicians can use it freely at this time. 』

『 No. If you look at the video closely, it isn’t the Ul Clan who are using Mass Teleport. Look at the person starting the Mass Teleport spell while the Ul Clan are attacking the siege weapons. 』



The video zoomed in and showed Sage Sticks. The experts were surprised when they saw him.

『 An elf...! Grid is also friends with an elf! 』

Satisfy's episodes were still in the early stages. The existence of other species were very rare and it was rare for the two billion users to actually encounter other species. Yet Grid already made friends with an elf!

『 Grid's affinity seems to be applied even to other species. Really amazing. 』

『 Truly God Grid... 』

『 It's the first time an elf has appeared. But why a male instead of female? It's disappointing. 』

Some of the experts feeling admiration talked nonsense, but there wasn't a problem. The nonsense represented the hearts of most male viewers!

『 Hum hum, in any case, Patrian's Overgeared members are able to breathe for a while due to the mage unit. However, a crisis will soon come. Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph were just watching the war and made their move. 』

This time, the video showed Bubat's group. Regas was quite exhausted but the power of Bubat's group was overwhelming as they easily suppressed him. Jeff and Ralph was also successful as they slaughtered the Overgeared members. They showed the dignity of the high rankers. But it was only for a moment.

『 At this point, most viewers probably expect Patrian to be occupied soon. The Overgeared members are in a desperate situation. But then Grid appeared. 』

The dignity that Bubat, Jeff, and Ralph showed? They fell into disarray the moment Grid emerged. Grid showed his majesty to the world as he fired dozens of Magic Missiles at the same time, devastating the army.

“Cool...”

Yura’s jewel-like eyes shone as she saw Grid’s appearance on the screen.

『 Now he’s handing over a bow. 』

Yura and the viewers witnessed the incredible sight of Grid giving Jishuka a bow. Then a firebird rose in the sky. The battlefield instantly turned into a sea of flames. Bubbat, Jeff, and Ralph were helpless before Jishuka’s arrows.

“The bow... What’s the rating?”

An unidentified bow that raised the user to a legendary level. It was an unusual performance compared to conventional legendary weapons. The experts guessed carefully.

『 It’s an extraordinary power, even considering the fact that the bow has good compatibility with Jishuka. In particular, the wide effect effects are overwhelming in a war. My guess is that it’s a quest only item. 』

A quest only item. It was an item indispensable for clearing a specific quests. There were causes where the item had transcendent function in order to complete the quest.

『 In other words, the Overgeared Guild has a quest to defend against Eternal’s offensive. In the course of the quest, Grid gained a powerful bow to prevent the enemy’s offensive and Jishuka became the incarnation of a fire god. 』

『 I agree. The reason why Grid didn’t show up during the war is now being explained. 』

『 Isn’t it great? Then the Overgeared Guild can prevent the Eternal invasion? 』

『 It’s difficult. How can they win a war just because of one item? Once Eternal secures a steady food supply and starts the artillery bombardment, all of Overgeared’s territories will be occupied in an

instant. 』

『 But the Overgeared Guild will gain a reputation in exchange for losing their territories. The prestige of a single guild that fought fiercely against a kingdom. They will be legends in Satisfy, and that should be good enough. 』

The experts were always making guesses. They were guesses based on speculation and were rational. The problem was that Grid's abilities were unreasonable. The speculation of the experts were unfortunately wrong.

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"Baron Duka and Earl Carrion have joined!"

"Marquis Bela and Earl Red have joined!"

As many as 100,000 people were gathered near Bairan. It was thanks to the leadership of the nobles under the command of the king. Chief Commander Duke Lucilliv smiled with satisfaction.

"Thanks to the advance forces, the rebels are already tired. Today we will occupy Bairan, putting Patrian into our hands!"

"For Eternal!"

"For King Aslan!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The morale of the 100,000 soldiers increased. The sight of the endless procession was spectacular. The beasts and monsters were surprised by the powerful march and ran away.

"Now the war will end and the people will be at peace."

The soldiers who joined from various places were making bright expressions. Grid, the one-time hero of the kingdom, who was now a rebel not loyal to the royal family. The soldiers were pleased that the man who caused turmoil in the kingdom was finally going to be punished and peace would return. It was like they were going to a picnic instead of a battlefield.

Only one soldier had a dark expression. A new recruit from Partu.

“Hey Ars. Are you tense?”

“...”

“Haha, it’s natural to be nervous. This is the first time you’re in a war. But don’t worry too much. There are 100,000 of us. The rebels will be destroyed and the war will be over.”

In fact, the senior soldiers of Partu were somewhat uneasy. All the young people in the land prior to the war and even beggars whose identities couldn’t be proven were conscripted into the army, turning military discipline into a mess. It wasn’t just from Partu’s territory, but other territories.

The size of the army wasn’t always advantageous. But what would happen? They could overwhelm the rebels with numbers.

“The rebels will never be able to endure the endlessly pushing army.”

Ars quietly listened to the words of the senior soldiers and muttered.

“Until the command system is lost.”

Ars’ gaze was fixed to Duke Lucilliv’s back. The leader of the 100,000 troops, Duke Lucilliv, was unaware of the gaze.

At the same time, in Bairan.

“100,000 troops are advancing from the direction of Partu.”

“What? 100,000?”

It was crazy. The sweaty and bloody faces of Pon and the Overgeared members were filled with frustration and despair.

“They have already moved such a large army? Lauel’s estimate was wrong?”

Lauel said that Eternal’s army and transportation system had a

blind spot. He predicted that Eternal wouldn't be able to operate an army of 100,000 for at least two weeks. But that was wrong. Eternal's army system was better organized than Lauel's analysis.

"Recently, Lauel has been making too many mistakes."

"He's managing the guild and the territories alone. He's too busy to be perfect."

"It can't be helped, even with geniuses. In any case, we can't hold on any longer. We need to retreat. Let's join Patrian."

The Overgeared members couldn't help thinking. How much better would it be if Asmophel was here? If the master of strategy led the army.

'...Sigh, there's hope even when he's playing as a soldier.'

Somewhere in the Overgeared territories, Private Ars was playing an active role. That's how Overgeared could withstand the enemy's offensive until now. Pon believed this.

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-It's finally done. The members can't hold on any longer. I will join the war.

Reidan.

Lauel heard a whisper and rose from the seat.

'Piaro and the water clan have arrived.'

Over the past week.

Lauel had scattered personnel throughout Eternal. It was in order to fully understand the military trends of the Eternal Kingdom.

'I think I'm getting hair loss.'

It was so hard and stressful that he lost hair in reality. A handful would fall out every time he ran a hand through his hair. But now wasn't the time to be afraid of becoming bald. It was time for him

to move. He needed to put an end to the making Grid a king project.

"Before I leave, I would like to ask this of you, Kasim. Please do this in preparation for the empire's raid."

Prior to directly leading the army, Lauel summoned Kasim and gave him an order.

Kasim felt admiration as he heard it. "This is a remarkable plan. I understand."

# Chapter 557

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‘Was he called Duke Lucilliv? The commander of this army is pretentious.’

The procession of 100,000 Eternal soldiers. The golden armor of the soldiers in the lead flashed in the sun. Tung! The relentless sound of drums shook the sky. This was the momentum of a great army. Anyone would be overwhelmed by the greatness. But it was just their appearance.

Most of the soldiers, apart from the ones in the lead, were wearing old leather armor, and their uneven marching was masked by the sound of the drums. The reason was simple. Half of the 100,000 soldiers weren’t professionals. More than half of them were rabble who hadn’t even completed basic training.

“How rotten... Why are we supposed to be involved in a battle between nobles?”

“What type of noble would attack the king? Shouldn’t the people unconditionally listen to the king?”

“What does it matter if the king is betrayed if we starve to death?”

The lowest class. They were always poor and hungry. They weren’t educated and didn’t have a lot of patriotism. Their purpose in life was just surviving.

“Hah... Who will take care of my family without me? My pregnant wife is caring for our kids alone...”

“Geez, wearing armor and carrying a spear is really difficult at this age...”

The ordinary people. They labored all their lives for their family.

“Sob sob... I want to see my mum. I’m scared.”

“My legs hurt too much... I can’t endure it anymore.”

Young boys who hadn't reached adulthood yet made up more than half of the 100,000 troops. The role of all these tired and struggling people was to die. The vanguard. Once they arrived in Bairan two days later, they were destined to swap places with the golden armored soldiers and stand at the forefront.

'But at this rate, they can't be used.'

Ars was in the same ranks as the vanguard. He had unusually bright blond hair and was cynical.

'The golden armor flashing in the sun was a burden on the eyes and the drumming sound was just a noise that increased fear. Their mental state will reach the limit before they arrive in Bairan.'

But Duke Lucilliv didn't know this.

The position of soldiers wasn't something that could be understood by nobles. A noble wouldn't think that such a marvelous march could put pressure on the soldiers. In the first place, they believed that people would give thanks just by receiving food.

It was hard to call them incompetent. It was a very aristocratic way of thinking.

'Was I the same in the past?'

Ars thought as he barely managed to chew the hard barley bread.

'Well, there will be a massive desertion at the next campsite.'

Then the first chance would come.

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The giants of the Eternal Kingdom referred to Marquis Steim and Duke Lucilliv.

Marquis Steim was a pioneer who revived the barren north, while Duke Lucilliv knew how to use his natural lineage. It was due to the power of Duke Lucilliv that he managed to gather the



powerful armies of Baron Duka, Earl Red, Earl Carrion, and Marquis Bera in one place.

Who were they? As the masters of great territories in Eternal, they were great swordsmen and led large armies. Prince Aslan, who was on the throne in place of the dead Prince Ren, couldn't move them.

“Indeed, the duke himself is commanding the army.”

Duke Lucilliv's barrack. Earl Red admired the 2,000 golden armored soldiers and 5,000 cavalry that were brought. It was admiration, not flattery. He thought the procession of troops following the golden soldiers was wonderful. On the other hand, Marquis Bera showed a little concern.

“You must've spent a considerable amount of money plating the soldiers' armor... And isn't it a waste? We can easily take Bairan and Patrian even if we advance normally.”

Duke Lucilliv sipped his wine and his shoulders shook as he shrugged.

“Marquis Bera, your way of thinking is too small. Plating? My soldiers are wearing pure gold armor. The army led by Duke Lucilliv can't be ordinary. Isn't that right?”

“Yes...?”

All the nobles in this place, including Marquis Bera, were amazed. The golden soldiers at the head of the procession. In other words, Duke Lucilliv had at least 10,000 soldiers. They were all wearing pure gold armor? How much money was spent? Lucilliv shrugged at all the eyes on him.

“Well, the armor is just decoration and their defense is lousy. The armor is thin because I lack gold.”

“...Duke, will your soldiers be safe from enemy attacks?”

Lucilliv lectured the careful Marquis Bera. “Why would my

soldiers be in danger? Isn't it possible for the thousands of other soldiers to finish the war in an instant? Will my soldiers even need to go out?"

That's right. The other nobles nodded at Duke Lucilliv's call. Their goal was to establish great merits in this war. It was shameful if they didn't participate in the war. They planned to occupy the rebel bases in an instant by directing the troops.

"Right, right. We can trample on and slaughter the rebels with our troops. The soldiers of Duke Lucilliv will increase the morale of our soldiers."

"Haha! That is my exact intention! I'm trying to make the war more advantageous by raising the morale of our allies! Right?"

"Indeed, the duke is great."

From their point of view, Duke Lucilliv's intentions were very good. More than half of the 100,000 soldiers were rabble, but that didn't decrease their value. They could be used as sacrifices in the vanguard. It would be enough to exhaust Earl Ashur's magic, which was considered the biggest problem. It was important to raise the morale of the soldiers who would be attacked by a large number of arrows.

But they overlooked one thing. Duke Lucilliv was able to pay for the gold armor of 10,000 soldiers because he took the money from the supplies area. That's why the 100,000 soldiers only had enough food for 14 days. Most of it was three month old food sold by Duke Lucilliv.

This was crucial to inducing a state of insecurity. The soldiers who had a tough march all day. Their physical strength was exhausted beyond the limit and their complaints soared to the sky after receiving their ridiculous meals. They were forcibly conscripted and couldn't even eat proper meals?

"Duke! Troops have deserted!"

A knight shouted after entering the barrack and Duke Lucilliv couldn't understand.

"No, why?"

This was a glorious chance for them to fight for their kingdom. Why would they desert? Marquis Bera ordered the knight on behalf of Duke Lucilliv.

"Catch and execute all of them! Show the soldiers how terrible it is to desert!"

"Yes!"

The knights received the order and immediately left. A total of 1,831 soldiers were captured while trying to escape and then executed. They were lower class citizens forcibly conscripted. They tried to beg for help, but ended up dying. The senior soldiers of Partu approached one soldier who was watching quietly.

"Don't think about trying to escape. At least our Partu is treating the soldiers reasonably. You must always be grateful."

"I'm afraid that if you run away, you'll end up dying like that. If you want to live, stay until the end."

"Aren't you much happier now that you can chew on dry bread rather than living on the cold streets?"

"Private Ars. I understand."

Ars' gaze was fixed on Duke Lucilliv's barrack.

'The duke didn't move, so there's no gap in his guards.'

Duke Lucilliv's guards were a few levels below the empire's Black Knights, but there were too many of them. Above all, the biggest problem was the other nobles around the duke. They could exercise considerable power and Ars couldn't jump in blindly.

'I will wait for the next time.'

The incident that occurred today was enough to firmly plant fear

and insecurity in the hearts of the soldiers. The morale of the soldiers was greatly diminished. Ars expected there would be more people trying to desert tomorrow.

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Bairan was in a great crisis.

The advance of the enemy forces could be seen from all the gates. The arrows fired by the Overgeared members were no longer as quick and strong as they were in the beginning.

"Your parents are suffering from poor circulation! Go home and blow on your parent's hands and feet!"

Huroi's cries were no longer effective in disturbing the enemy. As the number of enemies decreased to 10,000, Eternal no longer had any place to retreat and managed to damage the gates and walls of Bairan.

"This is serious."

Kuuong! Kung!

As the enemy's siege weapons kept striking the gate, the durability was rapidly falling. Yura became anxious as soon as the connection time limit was over and she entered the game.

"It's the end the moment that we allow the enemy to enter."

Yura and the Overgeared members had to deal with thousands of enemies at once? They would slaughter the Overgeared soldiers and trample everything in Bairan.

"Shit... I want to go outside and kill the enemy's momentum. However, the enemies will just enter if I open the gates now."

Pon gritted his teeth. His stamina was already on the verge of being depleted. He wouldn't be able to use any skills if he left the castle. In this desperate situation, Yura and Pon received Lauel's whisper.

-Lead the remaining troops and retreat to Patrian.

It caused a backlash with Pon.

-What about the people?

-In the end, Bairan's people are still Eternal's people. Why would the army bother killing people who didn't cause any destruction? Retreat with confidence.

-They're people who serve the rebel Grid. Are you sure they really won't be killed?

-They will be busy with looting and assaults due to the excitement of victory. But what can we do? We can't lose the soldiers that we worked so hard to nurture.

-You...! Can you so easily abandon the people who believed in and served Grid?

Bairan was originally the territory of the Tzedakah Guild. Pon and the Tzedakah Guild had been with the people of Bairan for a long time. It wasn't easy to throw them away. Lauel recognized this but they were currently at war. It wasn't possible for him to look at it with an individual's position.

-Is it possible to lost the tens of thousands of people in Reidan just because you want to protect thousands of people? Shouldn't you be calmer?

-Kuack!

Pon gritted his teeth. He understood Lauel's words with his mind but it was still unpleasant. In the end, he spat out words that he shouldn't have said.

-In the first place, it's because you are incompetent! What? We'll be able to endure the enemy's offensive to the end? They won't be able to organize an army of 100,000 for a long time? Stop talking nonsense! Everything you said was wrong! You incompetent...!

Pon's agitated voice became smaller. He belatedly realized his mistake. Who was Lauel?

He was someone who worked harder than anyone else for Overgeared. He took on the heavy responsibility alone. This was the burden they placed on him. They didn't help him enough. Now Pon was trying to put the responsibility on Lael when the situation wasn't good?

-...I'm sorry.

Pon sincerely apologized to Lael. He felt really sorry because it was Lael.

-No, I'm the one who should be sorry. In fact, I've deceived you.

-...?

-I have to fool my allies to fool my enemies. I secretly kept a plan from you in the hope that you would fight fiercely.

What was Lael saying? Pon didn't understand the words and Lael explained.

-Right now, I'm heading to Reinhardt.

-What...!

The capital of the Eternal Kingdom, Reinhardt. Now that most of the troops were gone, Lael was leading his army there.

-The war will end soon.

At the same time, in a mysterious place. Sticks was coughing up blood with a pale expression while Grid looked at him with concern.

'He just had to have a heart attack at this timing.'

Dozens of minutes ago. Mass Teleport was activated at Patrian. The curse of the gourmet dragon Raiders engulfed Sticks and he failed to manage his mana. Thanks to this, Mass Teleport was affected and Grid and Sticks landed in an unknown place.

'It's a place where whispers are impossible.'

They fell into a strange place. It was an instant dungeon where

nothing was visible. What was happening at Bairan? To Yura and his colleagues? Grid was nervous and uneasy, but couldn't express his displeasure to Sticks. Grid waited quietly while Sticks took his medicine and recovered.

'Is this the bad luck that came from making a myth rated bow?'

The gourmet dragon, Grid wanted to strike it hard in the stomach.

# Chapter 558

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“Cough cough! I-I’m really sorry. In this situation... I don’t want to hold your ankles.”

Sticks coughed while looking like someone who was about to die. However, he apologized because he was more worried about Overgeared than himself. It was a good attitude that Grid liked.

‘It’s because I made him use Mass Teleport several times...’

It was meaningless to be irritated. He wasn’t in a position to worry about Sticks’ sickness, but he couldn’t help feeling sorry and worried. Grid controlled his mind and smiled benevolently.

“Please don’t worry and just focus on recovery. You have to live a long and healthy life in order to pass on all your knowledge to my son.”

“G-Grid...”

Sticks’ voice trembled. The pointed ears that symbolized a high elf shook! The beautiful face turned red. He was moved by the words ‘long and healthy.’ Grid interpreted it this way but the reason for Sticks’ response was different from what he expected.

“Only wanting me to give knowledge to young Lord... Does that mean you want me to live a short life? Huh? Do you want me to die early? I don’t want to...”

“...”

As a high elf, Sticks had a strong commitment to life. He was 983 years old. There was a moment of awkward silence before Sticks suddenly felt afraid.

‘This strong magic power! Don’t tell me!’

He needed to recover and escape. Sticks hurried to recover. On the other hand, Braham’s soul was also fluctuating uneasily.

‘If this pathetic elf doesn’t recover, Grid will die.’



In the first place, Grid shouldn't have been in this place. Braham whispered to Grid.

'That elf will recover quickly. Don't waste time and gather Magic Missiles with the Alarm magic.'

Grid nodded.

"I will do so."

Grid was also disturbed by this place. His high insight warned him about something in the depths of the darkness.

'My pride is hurt.'

He tried so hard, but he was still very weak. Grid realized this and used Magic Missile and Alarm repeatedly. The loss of mana potions was very painful, but right now wasn't the time to save money. Then they left for Bairan after an hour.

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Kuuong! Kuuong!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

"Ohhh!"

"Finally!"

Bairan's southern gate failed to survive the ongoing attack of the siege weapons and collapsed. The soldiers were excited. In particular, the players shouted with joy. Over the past week. Most of the players had died many times in battle and received severe damage. Not only did they lose a lot of experience, some of them also dropped expensive items.

The strong counterattack of the Overgeared members caused them countless pain and frustration. But that frustration would end today. From now on, it was time to receive their rewards for the sacrifices they made throughout the war!

"Forward! Shoot!"

“Enter Bairan! First smash all of the Overgeared members!”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The purpose of the players' quest was to occupy Bairan! If they occupied Bairan, the rewards would be comparable to SS grade quests. An ordinary player's life could be changed with these huge rewards. The surging momentum seemed to pierce the sky. In particular, additional rewards could be obtained if they defeated the Overgeared members or soldiers. As they entered Bairan, they climbed onto the walls and started attacking the Overgeared archers.

"These damn scum! I suffered so much that I lost levels! Get lost!"

“Revenge!”

“Kuak!”

The Overgeared soldiers wearing Grid's set were very strong. The same level players couldn't beat them in a one-on-one fight. Even at the same level, the Overgeared soldiers were stronger than the Eternal players. However, the Overgeared soldiers were very tired and inadequate in numbers.

The Overgeared soldiers were unable to cope with the players constantly rushing in. They used Grid's Dagger (Entry Level) to try and protect their bodies, but it was hard to last long. As a result, the soldiers turned to grey one by one. This made the Overgeared members angry. How much time and money did they invest into the soldiers?

"You didn't even go to your mother's funeral!"

Huroi cried out and pulled out a long sword. It was Grid's Longsword that had been constantly improved since the days when the guild stayed in Winston. The players thought it was ridiculous.

“An orator is holding a sword?”

"There's no way you can wield it!"

An orator was considered one of the weakest classes in close combat. It wasn't possible for the players to shrink back from Huroi. They regarded the sword that Huroi was holding as a decoration. However, Huroi had a second class. As the Apostle of Justice's Partner, he could use a sword.

Chaeng!

Seokeok!

Chaaeng!

Puuok!

"Keok!"

"Heeok!"

Every time Huroi wielded his sword, one of the players died. The players were astonished.

"How can an orator use a sword?"

"It's a second class!"

They belatedly noticed, but it was already too late.

"Bah! Descend! Lord of the Skies above the Grasslands!"

The excited Huroi shouted.

Kiyaaaaaah!

"...!"

A dazzling explosion filled the sky. It was the advent of a huge wyvern. It was also a red wyvern! A wyvern that boasted the strongest fire attribute!

Kurururu!

The red wyvern in the sky poured out a breath and 50 Eternal players caught on fire.

"Aaaagh!"

"H-Hik!"

The players felt fear as flames burned their bodies. The lower level players were unable to deal with the damage and died.

“T-This...”

How was he so strong?

“I thought he was all talk!”

At the south wall.

Huroi was the only Overgeared member protecting this place. The players assumed that they could easily occupy it, but reality was terrible. In fact, Huroi wasn't on the front lines like Yura and Pon, and he also had the highest stamina. In particular, he was one of 100 people who owned a wyvern.

Strong. The south wall that Huroi defended became a hell for Eternal.

“I am the descendant of the great blue wolf!”

Seokeok! Puk.

Kwarururung!

Huroi flew on the wyvern and burned the Eternal players. Dozens of cameras watched as he proclaimed to the whole world.

"I am Grid's first servant!"

"Ser...!"

“Vant!”

A top ranker was just Grid's servant! The astonished Eternal soldiers were swept away by flames.

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The east wall.

“He's fighting really well.”

Pon watched Huroi at the south wall with admiration. The reason why he placed the smallest unit on the south wall was

because he believed in Huroi's strength. Now he felt rewarded for his faith.

"Huroi is also top class."

The people who had been with Grid from the beginning. Euphemina and Huroi. Unlike the other Overgeared members, they rarely revealed themselves in public. However, they had the highest level of combat power and versatility. They were with Grid from the beginning for a reason.

'Grid has a talent for choosing people.'

The Overgeared members urged Pon while he was thinking.

"The gates are beginning to collapse. We'll soon be pushed by the enemies."

"Let's run away while Huroi buys time."

It was time to flee through the north gate that Yura had opened. Huroi was able to get away at any time on the wyvern.

"Yes, let's go. Order a full retreat."

Pon was concerned about the residents of Bairan, but he had to trust Lauel. The residents of Bairan were fundamentally people of Eternal. The Eternal army wouldn't slaughter them.

"Full retreat!"

"Move through the north gate!"

The Overgeared members moved in an orderly fashion. They quickly commanded the soldier and archers on the walls and moved them to the north gate. The northern wall already contained the elites of Overgeared, including Yura, who opened the path.

However, Eternal didn't watch in silence. The Eternal knights moved to the north and blocked the path of the Overgeared members. Magic and arrows poured from all sides to tie up the feet of Overgeared and the knights attacked, causing great damage.

"Shit!"

It wasn't easy to take care of knights unless they were Grid. The Overgeared members couldn't use skills due to their low stamina and were caught by the enemy's offensive.

“(#%\$/@!P\$#~\*\$!%##(:\*!!!!”

The wyvern flew high in the sky and Huroi shouted in a loud voice. His curses spread through the battlefield. It was the moment when the skills of an orator were activated.

"That... Wicked person!"

“How can you insult my dead ancestors!”

“Do you have no parents?”

As the Eternal army converged on Huroi, the broadcasters around the world were busy trying to censor Huroi.

“Now!”

The Overgeared members didn't miss their chance to press ahead. They succeeded in securing their retreat and moved away from Bairan.

\*\*\*

『 The Overgeared Guild has abandoned Bairan. 』

『 There were limits from the beginning. They probably would've been wiped out if they persisted longer. 』

『 Bairan is just the beginning. Eternal has secured the route to attack Patrian by occupying Bairan. Now they can launch a full offensive against Patrian and the Overgeared Guild won't be able to withstand it. They will lose Patrian and Reidan sequentially. 』

『 It's only a matter of time until all the territories of Overgeared Guild fall. 』

『 It's the aftermath of expanding their forces too hastily. They couldn't avoid an economic and diplomatic catastrophe. The

Overgeared Guild will have to live quietly like dead rats for at least one year in the future. 』

Bairan had been the stage of an intense war for the past week. Eternal's flags were stuck all over the ruined walls. Now that Bairan was once again the territory of the Eternal Kingdom, the thousands of players who participated in the Bairan occupation were surrounded with golden pillars symbolizing a level up. The amount of experience was enough to raise their level and skills, and they were also pleased with the epic and unique rated items they received.

The commentators relaying the war predicted the future situations.

『 The players of Eternal have become stronger in an instant. They're growing as a result of the Overgeared Guild's rebellion. 』

『 The king of Eternal is still young. Opportunities are overflowing. Based on their growing military power, they will soon invade the Gauss Kingdom and expand. 』

『 The future of the West Continent might... Eh? What's this? 』

The commentators suddenly became confused.

Duong! Duong!

Kung! Kung! Kung!

The sound of 100,000 soldiers marching and their drums! The procession of a golden army came to Bairan. The commentators had covered many events in Satisfy, but this was the first time they were overwhelmed.

『 Eternal's army...! 』

『 This is too huge! This large army will soon be advancing to Patrian! 』

The commentators were filled with excitement. They couldn't help feeling excited since it was the first time they witnessed a

100,000 large army. It was the same with the viewers. They realized that this was a war and how strong one country could be.

Thanks to this, viewership of Bairan's battle started to rise steeply. However, the broadcasting stations soon reached a point where they stopped with tears in their eyes.

Why? It was because Duke Lucilliv, commander in chief of the 100,000 strong army, was trying to do something ridiculous. After gathering the thousands of Bairan residents into the center of the city, he had them stand in a line with bows aimed at them?

『S-Surely he isn't going to execute so many people? 』

『 They're just ordinary people. It's their lord who rebelled. Why should they be held responsible and put to death? 』

『 It's really terrible. 』

The commentators and viewers felt uncomfortable. The Bairan residents were going to be executed just because they were Grid's people. No one could watch as the people, young and old, cried out in fear after becoming targets of the bows. The broadcasters realized it was a scene that young viewers couldn't watch and tried to stop it.

Pahat.

A light flashed in the sky and a man appeared. He had hundreds of white spheres around him. The breeze blew through black hair, revealing sharp eyes.

“Grid!”

Yes, it was the emergence of Grid. The master of this rebellion had shown up in front of 100,000 soldiers! Duke Lucilliv was stunned for a moment before shouting.

“Catch him!”

[The ‘Fight the Rebel Leader’ has been created!]

The Eternal players received a new quest.



"Eh? Why isn't anyone here...?"

Grid started sweating. The timing of his appearance was too unfortunate.

# Chapter 559

---

At the center of Bairan.

More than 9,000 people were tied up in a row. It was due to Duke Lucilliv's words.

"You didn't leave here, despite Bairan becoming a den of rebels. It's clearly a crime. Your taxes and labor have filled the rebels' stomachs. As a result, you're also against the royal family."

The Bairan residents were no longer people of Eternal.

Duke Lucilliv judged. "They are not qualified to live on Eternal's lands. Kill them. All generations will be destroyed and the graves of their ancestors torn down."

"...!"

The residents of Bairan thought it was unfair. Someone with courage tried to plea for mercy, but they weren't allowed to open their mouths. The senior magicians used silence magic to forcibly shut the villagers' mouths.

"Hup...! Oof!"

They couldn't talk? Desperation filled the eyes of the residents. At the very least, they wanted Duke Lucilliv to spare their children or parents. But Duke Lucilliv gave the command without caring.

"Kill them."

"Oof! Oof!"

The residents tried to resist. They couldn't move because they were bound tightly by rope. The soldiers overpowered them and they became the target of the bows.

"This is impossible..."

More than half the 100,000 troops were conscripted soldiers. They trembled with fear as they watched the unbelievable sight in

front of them.

“Are they really going to kill all these people?”

“This is nonsense... Why are they guilty? Wasn't it the country's incompetence that the land was taken away by rebels in the first place, rather than the people's fault? Why are they placing the sin on the people?”

"They're facing death for just being in the presence of rebels! Even the young children who don't know anything!"

Their commander was someone who didn't care about the lives of the people. As soon as they realized this fact, the morale of the common soldiers was sharply reduced. They lost confidence in their commander. It was the moment when their mental state was broken down after their physical strength was pushed to the limits from the hard march.

‘From now on, only fear can be used to control them.’

Ars made an unpleasant expression.

‘I guess there will be more deserters tonight.’

The number of people who deserted on the way from Partu to Bairan came close to 6,000. It would soon go over 10,000. Ars stared at Duke Lucilliv's back.

‘There will be a chance very soon.’

Duke Lucilliv had a small crack that he wasn't aware of. The command system of the army would eventually break down and cause confusion. Wouldn't it be ideal if Duke Lucilliv revealed a gap at that time? Based on the result of his observations, Duke Lucilliv placed his own safety as the top priority. He was always protected by 300 guards and 10 senior magicians, so Ars found it hard to find a chance to assassinate him.

‘If not, I need to rush to the front.’

If the situation reached that point, he didn't mind sacrificing his

life for his master. In the first place, his life was saved by Grid. Therefore, he could offer his life for his lord.

‘I will entrust my revenge on the emperor to Piaro.’

The moment a bittersweet smile appeared on Ars’ face.

Paaaat!

A light flashed in the sky and Grid appeared.

“M-My Lord...?”

Private Ars from Partu. His actual identity was Asmophel of Overgeared and now he felt shocked.

‘Why is My Lord here?’

It was a situation where the troops protecting Bairan had already retreated! Then why did his master run to this place alone?

‘Don't tell me?’

His lord came to save the people left here?

“Unbelievable...”

A lord who faced 100,000 troops alone in order to defend his people. Asmophel’s chest was hot as he looked up at the sky.

“I would like to see the kingdom that My Lord will establish.”

A king who thought about the people, rather than his own life. It was certainly stupid. The king was an irreplaceable entity, yet he was risking his life to protect the people? In the days when Asmophel was a noble, he would’ve laughed at the thought of such a king.

But now Asmophel was looking at the world from the viewpoint of a soldier and his heart was different. He thought Grid looked nice. He wondered how Grid’s kingdom would look. Therefore, he would protect his lord.

‘I will protect you. I will be the force that carries out My Lord’s faith and will.’

Kkuok!

Asmophel's hands shook as he held a spear. He started to move among the 100,000 troops as a bombardment was launched at Grid.

\*\*\*

"Eh?"

Grid doubted his eyes when he arrived in Bairan with Sticks. The familiar faces weren't there anymore and an army filled the city.

"Why is no one...?"

Grid discovered the flag of Eternal planted on the walls and the soldiers wearing golden armor.

"...You? Shit."

Grid's face darkened as he panicked for a moment.

"Are they dead?"

These bastards who took his land! His dead colleagues and soldiers! Grid couldn't suppress his rage while Sticks, who was tired from continuously using Mass Teleport, hastily tried to calm him.

"Pant... Pant... Grid, calm down. Do you think your soldiers and knights will be so easily beaten?"

Right now, they were in the middle of enemy territory while the number of soldiers were like grains of sand in a desert. If Grid lost his temper and acted emotionally, it was inevitable that he would die. Grid barely regained his coolness at Sticks reminder and asked in the guild chat.

@Grid: What happened to the members protecting Bairan?

@Pon: It wasn't possible to protect it, so we retreated. Sorry we couldn't keep it Grid. We'll be sure to get it back.

@Ibellin: Brother Grid! Why did you come back so soon? Weren't you planning to stay on the East Continent for a long time?

@Vatnenr: The bow you gave Jishuka is amazing! It is really great!

“Sigh...”

Grid was relieved when he saw Pon’s answer. He thought it was the worst situation where all the power in Bairan was exterminated.

“Let’s go. It was a strategic retreat.”

The number of enemies was really countless. Grid hadn’t seen such a large number even on TV. It was hard to imagine fighting them alone.

“...?”

Grid was feeling overwhelmed when he noticed the Bairan people. They were all sentenced to death, regardless of gender or sex. He gazed at the targets that the bows were aiming at.

Flinch.

Grid stopped in place.

Smith, who taught him how to make the jaffa arrows. The young people he repaired the walls with after stopping the invasion of the Yatan Church. The girl who gave him fruits and the elderly people who told him stories. Grid saw the people he had built ties with in his beginner days.

‘They’re going to be hurt?’

Grid’s anger skyrocketed. He was someone who valued his bonds. In other words, it was unacceptable that Eternal tried to ‘steal’ what was his.

“Grid?”

The enemy archers and magicians were already starting the attack. Sticks cast a shield spell and made an uneasy expression as he saw the attacks filling the sky. Grid looked very serious.

"Sticks, go to Patrian first."

Indeed.

"Is it necessary to stand up against such a large army alone? It's out of the question with how many there are. There were 100,000 enemies. I know your strength, but it's suicide to deal with 100,000 alone..."

"But isn't it shameful to step back like this? I, the leader of Overgeared, retreated when meeting the enemies? It would shame the honor of my colleagues who fought for me."

Grid was conscious of the cameras from the broadcasting stations all over the world.

'Watch.'

His power had grown steadily since the 2nd National Competition. Was he closer to the position of the best now? It was a good opportunity to let the people assess him. In addition, he was curious himself. He wondered if he could play an active role when it was a battle of 1 VS 100,000.

'There's 20 minutes until the alarm of Magic Missiles go off.'

He would fight with all his strength until then.

'My top priority is to secure the escape of the people.'

Braham whispered to Grid.

'Do you understand? For a legend, the concept of numbers is meaningless. A legend isn't afraid to move against one million people, let alone 100,000. In other words, if you and I are together, the 100,000 soldiers... Well, it doesn't have to be together.'

The only thing that could overcome a transcendent existence was someone with similar strength. There were only a handful capable of that. Grid nodded and laughed.

'I will look at the situation and call you if needed.'

‘Bah. I’ll do it if you insist.’

Grid confirmed Braham’s answer and his eyes became serious again.

‘This is an opportunity to gauge the gap between me and the previous legends.’

The first one who came to mind was Lantier on the Behen Archipelago.

“I will check it and then challenge him again!”

Chiiiiing!

Grid had hundreds of white spheres around his body. The first thing he needed to do was deal with the archers aiming their bows at the people of Bairan.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcend.”

[Attack power is doubled. Your basic attacks will be converted to ranged attacks. This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

"Normal attacks will suffice."

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Grid separated Sword Ghost into two pieces and swung his arms without stopping. 7~8 energy blades per second poured down from the sky towards the Eternal archers.

"Kuaaaack!"

It became pandemonium in an instant. Hundreds of soldiers instantly died. It was insane firepower!

“Eek! First turn off the flying magic!”

Marquis Bera hurriedly shouted. A magician from his territory immediately cast a spell. It affected the mana circuit of all magicians within range, making it impossible to use Fly. Yet the magic didn’t work on Grid. Grid used Fly through Braham’s Boots



rather than his own magic.

“No! The magic didn’t work?”

"It’s due to a magic artifact!”

The magicians panicked at wasting a difficult spell in vain. But there were 100,000 soldiers. Other people were attacking while the magicians struggled in vain.

"Shoot! Continue shooting!”

The elite soldiers gathered from various places. They succeeded in breaking down Sticks’ shield with arrows and magic before focusing their attacks on Grid. Grid was an easy target once fully exposed.

‘It’s deadly to be in the sky when hit.’

After allowing a few magic bombardments, Grid swapped boots and landed on the ground. Then he was surprised. He deliberately landed in a narrow space between buildings. However, all four sides were already full of enemies.

“Die!”

The Eternal soldiers pushed at Grid. Due to their large numbers, they forgot about Grid’s strength and were courageous.

"Hiyaaaah!”

Right in front.

Ten soldiers stabbed with their spears at the same time. The viewers around the world wondered how Grid would respond.

-It’s impossible to counterattack against all 10 people.

-I think he’ll wipe them all out with an attack skill. But using a skill consumes a lot of stamina.

-By the way, how many people will Grid kill?

-The Eternal soldiers have an average level of 160... I think Grid will kill at least 5,000.

It was a really short amount of time. The amount of time it took the viewers to write a sentence.

"Get lost."

Grid pulled out Failure and swung it. Yes, he just swung it. It was a normal attack.

Jjeejeeong!

"Kuaaaak!"

The 10 Eternal spearmen were struck by it and died.

-...

-...

The chat windows of the Internet broadcasting sites stopped like there was a lag.

"This is funny."

As the world fell silent, Grid laughed. He was excited when he recalled that the world was paying attention to him. However, he wasn't careless. There were a number of elite knights and magicians in the 100,000 troops, so he was always on guard.

However, a group of third advancement troops were under attack by a private.

# Chapter 560

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Blood flowed under the blazing sun and screams echoed.

Grid wore a bizarre half mask that made it unknown if he was laughing or crying. Every time his sword swung in a half circle, 10 soldiers died. Sometimes it was 20 soldiers when he drew a full moon. The shark-shaped blue greatsword tore the soldiers' armor apart.

"There were rumors that his swordsmanship is strong."

Well, he already had a reputation for having great swordsmanship. But there was one thing that was hard to identify.

"What are the white spheres circling around him?"

Baron Duka. He was one of Eternal's great swordsman that emerged after Chucksley. He earned Duke Lucilliv's favor thanks to his strength and was promised the title of an earl after this war. Of course, this was on the premise that his performance was sufficient. If he could directly cut off Grid's head, he would become a marquis instead of an earl.

Baron Duka watched Grid with interest while his deputy spoke up.

"According to the analysis of the magicians, it's estimated to be Magic Missile. It's probably through an artifact like Fly magic."

"Hoh... Magic Missile that isn't immediately launched."

There were exactly 113 white spheres around Grid. The reason was clear. It was to help in combat. Grid intended to protect his own body and release a Magic Missile when he was in a crisis.

'There are also the four golden hands called the God Hands.'

Every hand guarded Grid's rear while holding hammers. The amazing thing was that the hammers swung by the God Hands killed the soldiers.

‘Strong.’

It was a perfect harmony between strong swordsmanship and overwhelming artifacts. Grid had great power as a legend.

‘It might be different if he was armed with ordinary weapons. Still, I wouldn’t dare fight him alone.’

But Baron Duka wasn’t afraid of Grid. There were 100,000 troops here. Grid would kill the soldiers surging like a tsunami and become exhausted. It was impossible for Grid to block all the attacks. Right now, he was accumulating wounds by allowing the attacks from magicians and archers.

‘In the next few hours, he will become exhausted.’

Then he would bring the knights and easily overpower Grid.

“Hmm?”

Baron Duka smiled wickedly at the thought.

Step step.

He heard someone coming up the stairs. The clock tower in the central square. Baron Duka came him in order to see the battlefield at a glance and ordered his troops not to let anyone up. Then who was coming up?

‘Marquis Bera?’

There was no one else who would be authorized. Baron Duka naturally thought that the owner of the footsteps was a noble like himself. However, that wasn’t it. The clock tower had six floors. A soldier came to the spot where Baron Duka and his deputy were standing.

It was a soldier wearing leather armor. A private with a low status who was conscripted.

‘How did a soldier come here?’

The deputy went forward to question the soldier on Baron Duka’s

behalf.

"It's scandalous to leave your position during a war. What unit do you belong to? No, why did you come here in the first place?"

A non-regular soldier, Ars. He answered while pointing his spear.

"I am a soldier serving under Grid. The reason I came here today is to take Baron Duka's head."

"...?"

Bark bark.

Why did he hear the sound of a dog barking? The absurd introduction of the soldier made Baron Duka and his deputy go blank.

"Haha."

Baron Duka regained himself and laughed. Of course, it wasn't a laugh of enjoyment. His real feelings were expressed by his deputy.

"You're crazy."

The deputy made an angry expression and pulled out his sword without hesitation.

"Grid's spy! I will have your head!"

Baron Duka's deputy was also a master with the sword. He could easily kill one soldier.

Seokeok!

The sharp blade extended towards Ars' neck. The sharp sword reached Ars' neck in an instant. The deputy didn't think much of it. The soldier in front of him would die without even realizing his head was separated from his body. But it was strange.

'Eh?'

Where was the soldier whose head should've been cut off? And why was his gaze falling towards the ground?

Duk.

The head of the deputy fell to the ground. That's right. The deputy hadn't realized his head was cut off when he died.

"...What's your identity?"

Grid's subordinate had swiftly used the spear to cut off the deputy's head. Baron Duka stared at the scattered ashes of his deputy and then the bloody spear. Ars picked up the sword and replied, "I am Grid's soldier."

"Nonsense!"

A person who could make a great swordsman nervous couldn't be a lowly soldier! Killing intent filled Baron Duka's eyes. His sword headed towards Ars. It was an incredible swordsmanship that cut from the left and right without a time difference.

Chaaeng!

However, Ars angled the spear to block the two swords at once and laughed at Baron Duka.

"Your swordsmanship is poor compared to other great swordsmen."

Baron Duka had just recently become a great swordsman. It was lacking compared to when Piaro was a great swordsman of the empire. Ars had been growing steadily while serving under Grid and Baron Duka wasn't a match for him. Baron Duka got chills as he realized the difference between their skills.

"You are...! Kirinus!"

The best spearman on the continent was serving Grid?

"Reidan's Spearsmanship 3rd style, Splitting the Seven Seas."

Peeeeeeong!

Baron Duka's sword was deflected and the golden spear moved in a straight line. This was the technique that Nautilus of the Red

Knights couldn't withstand, so Baron Duka was devastated.

"Kuaaaack!"

Baron Duka was swept up by the golden flash and disappeared. Ars finished his mission and descended the clock tower. His next target was Earl Carrion. The earl had become a great swordsman one step ahead of Baron Duka. Ars would wipe out anyone who could threaten Grid.

\*\*\*

'This is easier than I thought. Is it still early?'

Death in the game wasn't comparable to death in reality. It didn't mean a complete ending. But users who played the game were more afraid of death than anything else. They were frightened of losing their level and hard-earned items.

Yes, Grid was amazing. He thought he was crazy when he plunged into 100,000 troops alone. But his fear disappeared as he fought. He displayed his overwhelming power and felt pleasure rather than fear.

[Critical!]

[The +9 Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated!]

[You have dealt 155,900 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 149,540 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt...]

The level, stats, and items of the general soldiers were poor compared to Grid. Grid's basic damage was like skill damage and all the soldiers within range of the attack were killed in one blow.

"Magic Missile."

Grid refrained from using skills in order to preserve his stamina. He used Magic Missile which didn't consume any stamina because

it was the lowest level magic. His maximum mana increased and it wasn't difficult to use. He also wanted to raise the level of Magic Mastery that he learned from the Behen Archipelago.

“You monster!”

“Die!”

Puk! Puuok!

Grid wasn't Kraugel. He had ranker level control, but that didn't mean he was a god. He couldn't completely block the attacks of all the soldiers. But it didn't matter.

[You have suffered 230 damage.]

[You have suffered 155 damage.]

“Good, good. You're doing very well. Hit me more.”

The benefits to Grid were significant after receiving damage from many people at once.

[Weapons Mastery has risen to Lv. 5.]

[The experience of Tiramet's Belt (Unique) has increased by 0.01%!]

His skill experience and item's experience rose at a tremendous pace. Grid was becoming stronger in real time.

‘If this continues, Weapons Mastery will hopefully gain one more level today and Tiramet's Belt might accumulate 30% experience.’

Weapons Mastery was a passive skill that raised his attack power and speed no matter what weapon was worn. Magic Mastery was a passive skill that raised the power of magic. Tiramet's Belt reduced damage and allowed him to summon the vampire Tiramet if it reached the legendary rating.

Grid was pleased with this growth. He was able to reduce the stress of having demonic power rise every time he killed a person. At this moment, Grid perceived the battlefield as a workplace.



There was no tension. Why?

‘None of them are a match for me.’

The 100,000 troops. It was literally just numbers. There were no enemies who could threaten Grid.

‘Are there no knights?’

Braham spoke to the curious Grid. ‘The enemies are waiting for you to become tired. Then they will commit their true power.’

‘I know.’

He needed to be vigilant. Grid controlled his mind and saw the soldiers rushing at him with shields.

‘Now they are using tactics?’

Use the shields in the lead to block Grid while attacking Grid from the rear with spears. Duke Lucilliv used basic, but efficient, tactics to press at Grid. It was a means to reduce losing troops and accelerate Grid’s stamina consumption. But what if he pierced through?

“Do you want to stop my sword with these cheap shields?”

Seokeok!

Grid wasn’t burdened by the shields. From the public’s point of view, the soldiers with large shields seemed very strong. But Grid slashed at them without hesitation. Then.

“Kuaaaaack!”

The sword pierced through their shields and armor, killing the soldiers.

“Heok.”

The spearmen who believed in the shields panicked. Their upper bodies were exposed and Grid rotated, cutting at them.

Seokeok!

“...!”

An overwhelming attack that made the combination of shields and spears useless! The morale of the Eternal army fell rapidly after they witnessed this.

[The morale of the soldiers is at the bottom. The soldiers' attack and defense will drop by 20% and their recovery speed is reduced.]

“Wow.”

The Eternal players were shocked by the warning windows that appeared before them. They couldn't catch the timing to attack Grid. They coveted the rewards for the 'Fight the Rebel Leader' quest, but could they really obtain it? It was more likely that they would be killed by Grid.

Grid's momentum shot to the top.

Pepepepeok!

Then the magic bombardment from the rooftops of the two-story houses surrounding the central square began. Duke Lucilliv grabbed Grid's eyes with the shield infantry and used the magicians in this gap.

[You have suffered 2,200 damage.]

[You have suffered 930 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,660 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,490...]

...

...

“Ugh.”

Grid's face became tense for the first time. The magic damage was quite burdensome because he was wearing Triple Layers, not the Holy Light set. The bombardment poured at him from all directions. It was difficult to avoid or stop. However, did he

replace his battle gear with the Holy Light set? No, it was meaningless. The damage from the pouring arrows would just increase instead.

The reaction of the viewers was updated in real time.

-Crazy;; Hundreds of magic spells are pouring down. It's a big hit.

-The Overgeared members wouldn't be able to withstand that. —  
—; It seems really dangerous.

-A reversal... It's the end for Grid.

-5,000 people is nonsense. ⇨⇨ He couldn't even kill 2,000 people. ⇨⇨ Kraugel would've killed way more. ⇨⇨

Pepepepeok!

In the midst of the magic bombardment.

“Item Transformation.”

Grid transformed two of the God Hands protecting him. They changed to a bow. The Red Phoenix Bow. One Red Phoenix Bow was held by two God Hands while the other was held by Grid.

“Fly Up!”

Kiiiiiiing!

Bairan Castle. Two red phoenixes appeared in the sky above it.

# Chapter 561

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[Item Transformation]

A skill that can be triggered if the legendary mineral ‘pavranium’ is possessed.

It transforms the pavranium into the shape and performance of a specific item.

- \* It can only transform into items you have learned how to make.

- \* The duration of the transformation is 3 minutes. After the transformation is released, the pavranium will return to its original form.

Skill Mana Cost: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: 6 hours.

It was the power that Grid obtained in return for making the 15th legendary item. It was a skill that maximized the value of pavranium. So far, the skill had been used to reproduce the myth rated Lifael’s Spear. Now he used it to reproduce the Red Phoenix Bow.

Pagma’s Descendant lacked wide area skills compared to other combat classes. The Red Phoenix Bow was a good item to overcome this shortcoming. Of course, it was impossible to completely reproduce the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. The prerequisite for the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow was the Red Phoenix’s Breath. As the essence of a god, it couldn’t be reproduced by pavranium.

The Red Phoenix Bow that Grid reproduced was the legendary rated one that he gave to Han Seokbong.

“Fly Up!”

[Fly Up!]

Summons a copy of the Red Phoenix.

The Red Phoenix's clone will deal fire attribute damage to all targets within 300 meters of the summoned spot. The damage is 600% of the summoner's total attack power.

Mana Consumption: 3,000

Cooldown Time: 24 hours.

It was a terribly weak effect compared to the Fly Up! attached to the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. The attack range was too bad. The myth rated Red Phoenix Bow attacked all enemies within the player's field of view, while the legendary rated bow had an attack range of 300 meters.

But 300 meters wasn't a small range. Wide area skills with such a large range were actually very rare. It didn't matter if this wasn't the Fly Up! of the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. The legendary rated Fly Up! would be used! It was a superb wide area skill.

In addition, the myth rated Fly Up! also had limitations. It was difficult to exert the full effect when the user's view was restricted. In terms of stability, the legendary rated Fly Up! was better. It was more efficient. However, the disadvantage was that it attacked all targets within range. In other words, it didn't differentiate between friends of foe. But right now, there was only enemies here. All of them were enemies except for the inhabitants of Bairan.

"Fly Up!"

Kiiiiiii-!

The white phosphorus arrow was fired at the same time by Grid and the God Hands, leaving the Red Phoenix Bow and soaring into the sky. At the same time, the cries of birds rang throughout Bairan and two red phoenixes appeared. Birds surrounded by flames. The size was as big as a house. The Eternal soldiers fell into a panic as they saw the giant birds blocking the sun.

"Phoenix!"

“Grid summoned them!”

There was no limit to Grid’s power!

Flap.

The birds in the sky flapped their wings and flames fell to the ground. Duke Lucilliv sensed the danger and screamed at the soldiers.

"Spread out!"

It was in order to minimize the loss of troops. But the large number of troops was a disadvantage. Bairan was full of Eternal soldiers. The place was too narrow to allow escape. Before they could move a few steps, their bodies collided, their feet became tangled up and they collapsed. The fireballs bombardment commenced above their heads while they were trapped in the streets and defenseless.

Pepepepeok!

"Aaaaack!"

These were the screams of the survivors. The soldiers burnt by the flames couldn’t even scream as they turned to ash. A scene where thousands of soldiers were targets of the falling fireballs... People started sweating at the overwhelming sight.

"The magicians as well...!"

Duke Lucilliv felt anxious from his position on the walls. In front of Grid, the number of troops was meaningless. The battlefield was devastated. The bulk of the soldiers were lost. In particular, the loss of the magicians forced him to make a decision.

"Send out the knights! We’ll only receive more losses if this continues!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

Finally, the real battle started. Around 5,000 knights in the mid-200s assaulted Grid.

Duke Lucilliv laughed. "They're different from the soldiers!"

It was painful to lose knights. However, the ultimate goal of this war was Grid's death. They needed to devote resources to take care of Grid.

'The curse doesn't care if he is a creature of the gods.'

He had prepared a curse. A curse that only worked on immortal beings. It was an atrocious curse that increased the player's death penalty by up to three times. It could cause fatal damage!

Grid looked at the confidence Duke Lucilliv and released the transformation of the Red Phoenix Bow. Then he transformed the other two God Hands into Red Phoenix Bows.

"Don't you know I have two more left? Fly Up!"

Kiiiiiii-!

Grid fired the bow and two more firebirds appeared in the sky.

"Heok!"

"This doesn't make sense!"

The 5,000 knights approaching Grid hastily stopped in place. It felt like a dream that such a powerful skill was used twice in a row.

"A-Avoid it!"

The knights started to flee between the soldiers. They used the soldiers as shields to protect their lives. But Fly Up! It attacked all targets within a certain range. Using people as shields were meaningless.

Kurururung!

Fireballs that poured like rain!

"Kuaaaack!"

The knights were struck by burning fireballs and screamed in horror. But knights were knights for a reason. Most of them didn't die from the blow. The vast majority of them barely lived. But.

[The hidden passive ‘God's Command’ has reset the cooldown of Fly Up! If reused within three seconds, no resources will be consumed.]

"There is still one remaining."

Kiiiiiii-!

The red phoenix appeared once again. The knights couldn't understand and shouted.

"This is impossible!"

It was a cry that was full of misery and wishful thinking. They turned to ashes from the fireballs. It was the moment when the proud knights of the Eternal Kingdom were destroyed. Duke Lucilliv was stunned as he lost his main forces in vain.

"T-This doesn't make sense...!"

There was no way for even a great magician to use large magic spells consecutively. Grid's power was infinite. Duke Lucilliv was filled with doubt and fear. He was afraid that he really might lose 100,000 troops to Grid.

'No! Absolutely not!'

Duke Lucilliv and his 100,000 troops couldn't be destroyed by only one enemy. He would be labelled as the most incompetent person in the history of the West Continent. Duke Lucilliv needed to avoid this situation and decided to convene the elite group.

"Baron Duka! Earl Carrion! Earl Red! Marquis Bera? It's your turn!"

They were the great swordsman and magicians who boasted the strongest power. The knights and soldiers they fostered were excellent compared to the Eternal Kingdom. Duke Lucilliv believed they would be able to kill Grid, even if they received damage.

However...

"Where is everybody?"



They couldn't be seen at all? Confusion filled Duke Lucilliv's eyes. It was enough to drive him crazy.

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『 What are we seeing right now? 』

Jishuka summoned a red phoenix above Patrian. Experts from all the the world evaluated as a quest item. The power from a player was so strong that it must be a force that could only be used during the Eternal Kingdom's war quests. But now they realized that might not be the case.

The bow that summoned a red phoenix. Grid had several of them.

-Grid can summon the red phoenix five times in a row, although it's weaker than the phoenix summoned by Jishuka. No matter how weak the red phoenixes summoned, doesn't Grid's summoning ability seem much stronger than Jishuka?

-I agree. It seems comparable to Meteor, which is a rumored high grade spell.

-What was Grid doing after the National Competition? How did he become so strong in such a short period of time?

-Don't try to understand him. Did you see how easily he beat the vampires? He is a king/god gamer.

-Right now, I think that the candidates to win the 3rd National Competition are South Korea and Brazil. Summoning a phoenix alone would end the war.

-Now people are shutting up. Those cursing Grid are silent.

The viewers around the world admired the sight. Grid summoned five red phoenixes in a row and destroyed more than 10,000 troops. Was there a player capable of destroying 10,000 troops in the blink of an eye? People started speculating. It was only Grid capable of doing this, not Kraugel.

The basis for it was as followed:

『 We shouldn't overlook one thing. Grid hasn't shown most of the skills he used during the National Competition. 』

『 Grid still hasn't fully revealed his abilities. 』

\*\*\*

Akaru Fortress.

It was located on the edge of the Saharan Empire. Geographically, it was facing Reidan's direction and the reason for the fortress' presence was to watch and keep in check the Saharan Empire. It was a neutral state but it wasn't necessary to keep it in check. Like other kingdoms, the Eternal Kingdom also offered a tribute to the empire. As a result, there were few troops deployed to Akaru Fortress.

But the atmosphere had changed in recent years. The noble called Grid revolted in the Eternal Kingdom, causing the Eternal Kingdom to be in turmoil. The Saharan Empire didn't intend to miss this gap. In particular, the Saharan Empire had long since coveted Reidan. Now that the Eternal Kingdom was in turmoil, they planned to invade Reidan and take control.

Now 20,000 elite troops were deployed to Akaru Fortress and this was a golden opportunity.

"The Eternal Kingdom has moved 100,000 troops."

"There's a group deployed from Reidan in response."

"Now Reidan is empty."

This was the time. The time had come to enter Reidan with no bloodshed and plant the flag of the empire. What about the Eternal Kingdom? The empire was just giving strength to the kingdom suffering due to the rebels. They were just protecting Reidan while the kingdom was recovering. After this, they could casually occupy it.

The takeover of a territory by a powerful nation! Earl Turich, commander of Akaru Fortress, didn't even think about it. He moved without any hesitation towards the empty Reidan. But he was forced to stop the march of the army.

‘This is impossible!’

The mountain range that was between Reidan and Akaru Fortress. As they crossed the mountain range, they saw tens of thousands of Reidan soldiers in the vast desert. The large army was united and training in the same movements. The imperial soldiers got goosebumps.

“How can tens of thousands of soldiers move the same?”

There wasn't a hair out of place. The tens of thousands of troops were doing the exact same movement with the spear. It was obvious with a glance that they were the elites.

"...We have to step back."

Earl Turich judged and gave an order to his army. He never imagined it. There were actually only 1,000 soldiers training in the desert heat. The reason there seemed to be tens of thousands? It was due to the shadows that the 1,000 soldiers made under the sun.

“Using my shadow soldiers strategically... Earl Lauel is really a great person.”

Kasim's heart thumped as he saw the imperial army retreat beyond the mountains. He became even more convinced that Grid, accompanied by powerful forces and talent, would surely destroy the empire.

# Chapter 562

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The fortified city of Patrian.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

The night passed. Fire arrows relentlessly poured all over the place, lighting up the darkness.

“Shit...! This is nonsense!”

The players belonging to the 4th Patrian Reclamation Army. They believed that the 1st to 3rd armies would've been able to limit the power of Overgeared and that the war would end the moment they arrived. Instead, they became desperate in just half a day.

The woman called Jishuka. She held the Red Phoenix Bow and became a true godly archer. She transcended the strength of a player. An infinitely strong firepower that could be used from a distance! She was the worst weapon of mass destruction and the Eternal army turned to ashes in front of her.

“How do we defeat that?”

The Eternal army fell into a panic. It was hard to think about breaking through the fire arrows that killed hundreds of them with multiple shots.

“What are the archers and magicians on our side doing? Turn Jishuka into a corpse! Don't give her a chance to attack!”

Someone shouted with frustration in the frozen atmosphere. There was a cynical response in return.

“Don't you know that Jishuka is a godly archer?”

“Her archery skill level is unrivalled. Her range and accuracy are on a different dimension from us.”

“We have to get within 200 meters to attack Jishuka. But Jishuka

won't allow us to get there.”

“...”

Patrian was the largest fortress in the Eternal Kingdom. The wall that Jishuka was on wasn't just strong, but high as well. Jishuka's power was maximized. Her Hawk Eyes allowed her to see the entire battlefield and kill the dangerous elements first. Eternal's odds of victory became smaller.

[The morale of the soldiers has decreased!]

[The stats of all soldiers will drastically fall!]

“This is crazy.”

The players saw consecutive notification windows talking about the weakening of the the soldiers. They realized they would have to abandon recapturing Patrian. They couldn't accept it. What was this absurd balance where one player blocked tens of thousands of people?

"It doesn't make sense that an existence that makes the existence of the army pointless actually exists.”

"Jishuka needs to be nerfed. She is OP enough to block 20,000 troops alone.”

The players grumbled.

Some players refuted it.

“That is nonsense. Jishuka put a lot of effort into becoming strong. Don't you think it's better to do your best instead of not working as hard as her?”

This was a fact that players couldn't overlook.

"We are players like her. One day we can be as strong as her. We shouldn't be feeling jealousy right now. We should be admiring her.”

Unlike NPCs, a player's potential was infinite. The Eternal

players were reminded of this by Jishuka and dreamt of one day becoming rankers.

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"Why did he ask this?"

15 minutes ago. Grid had asked questions in the guild chat window. The question was about where all the people protecting Bairan were. After that, there was nothing. The Overgeared members including Pon and Yura were worried about Grid.

"Judging by the tone, he's in Bairan..."

"Don't tell me that he is isolated among 100,000 troops?"

"...It seems so."

"..."

The reason why Grid didn't say anything in the guild chat window was because he had no time to talk while being attacked.

"I'll go there."

The Overgeared members worried about the worst situation. One of them was Yura. But she stopped the Overgeared members who wanted to go to Bairan.

"Don't be so hasty. It isn't clear yet."

What if Grid wasn't there when they returned to Bairan? They would just suffer a meaningless death from the 100,000 troops. It was correct to wait for Grid to talk again.

"In the first place, Grid would've summoned his knights if he was really in danger."

"..."

They were convinced after hearing about the knights summoning.

'Youngwoo-ssi, I believe in you.'

Yura's beautiful face was filled with a strong trust.

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[Your demonic power has reached 10,000!]

[Your coordination with dark magic power has increased!]

[Resistance to dark magic will increase by 10%!]

[Resistance to divine magic will fall by 10%!]

[The functions of the Blackening skill has been upgraded!]

[One of the conditions for the memphis' evolution is satisfied!]

His demonic power naturally rose due to the mass killing. Grid was relieved when he saw the notification windows.

'So far, it's positive.'

Demonic power was a stat that had opened since the best demonic beast of hell, Noe became his pet. Grid always felt anxious about going to hell if it rose to a high value. He thought he might change into a demon if his demonic power increased. Fortunately, it didn't seem to be a species change just yet.

'In the first place, it isn't that easy to change species.'

In addition, it said that he could 'freely' access hell if his demonic power increased. This didn't mean he would be forced there. Looking back, he wondered if his fear of demonic power had no basis.

'I have Blackening and Noe, so it might be better for my demonic power to rise...'

As Noe and Blackening became stronger, his force would increase by one step. The penalty of divine power resistance falling? It was worth it. Grid had a high rapport with most religions, including the Rebecca Church. On the other hand, he was a complete enemy of the Yatan Church.

It meant Grid was more likely to be attacked by dark magic than

divine magic. The effects of the increase in demonic power were appropriate for the current Grid.

Pa pa pa pa pak!

Hundreds of arrows fell towards Grid as he thought this. The magicians were destroyed by the five consecutive red phoenix summoning so the archers tried to slow down Grid. Grid instinctively avoided them and checked his health gauge.

[You have suffered 250 damage.]

[You have suffered 190...]

...

...

The arrows fell on Grid who was wearing Triple Layers. He ignored the arrows as he took a potion, rotated his body like a windmill and swept his greatsword through the hundreds of soldiers.

“Hah...”

Duke Lucilliv expressed his admiration. Grid swept through the formation in an instant. The biggest problem was Grid’s stamina. The duke thought Grid would become tired after some time, but he was still fine.

‘There’s no end to this damage. I have no choice but to send them in.’

Kkuok!

Duke Lucilliv made a decision.

"My brave soldiers! Cut off the head of the rebel!"

At the same time.

“Waaaaaaaah!”

The soldiers of Duke Lucilliv that were on the walls. The soldiers in golden armor jumped down from the walls. They rushed wildly



towards Grid. The moonlight shining on their golden armor was spectacular.

-Finally, the elite troops!

-It's the real battle from now on.

The soldiers in the golden armor were different. Their strength seemed different from ordinary soldiers and the actual movements wasn't ordinary. They moved through the allied soldiers and quickly reached Grid.

“For the glory of Duke Lucilliv!”

“Die!”

The golden soldiers aimed their weapons at Grid. The players belonging to Eternal didn't miss this gap.

“Now is the perfect time!”

“We will go!”

These players were highly trusted by Duke Lucilliv. They believed that Grid would show weaknesses during the process of fighting the golden soldiers. The moment that the golden soldiers were about to hit Grid.

“The timing is great.”

Kakiing.

There were 113 white spheres hovering around Grid. They became rays that shot in every direction. This was the effect of Alarm.

Pepepepeok!

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Cough!”

The golden soldiers in the lead screamed.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave.”

Kurururung!

A blue wave of energy swallowed the area around Grid. Grid's eyes widened as the golden soldiers died.

[You have defeated an elite soldier of Duke Lucilliv.]

[A Sharp Longsword has been acquired.]

[A gold nugget has been acquired.]

[A gold nugget has been acquired.]

[A gold nugget...]

...

...

“...Wow.”

The soldiers Grid killed so far only gave old weapons or leather. However, Duke Lucilliv's golden soldiers gave him gold. Soldiers giving him gold? Grid's eyes became larger.

[Gold Nugget]

It is worth 50 gold.

Weight: 5

A gold nugget worth 60,000 won was in his inventory! Grid became too excited and revealed a gap. The players mixed in among the golden soldiers and rushed towards Grid. The third advancement players succeeded in approaching Grid.

“Grid, I have no hard feelings towards you!”

"Please understand that it is because of the quest rewards!"

The rankers made excuses as they used skills.

Kwarururung!

The intense skills of the third advancement users would kill Grid.

"I don't have hard feelings towards you either. But please leave

your items behind.”

“...!”

Did he really relax and allowed a surprise attack? Question marks appeared over the heads of the high rankers.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Grid’s health fell by one-third after being hit by the skills of the high rankers. Yes, one-third. Grid’s defense and health was ridiculously high, making it rare for him to lose a lot of health in one go. But the high rankers had thought differently. They had been determined to put Grid in at least a critical condition with those attacks. But Grid only lost one-third of his health?

‘What is this defense?’

‘Crazy overgeared!’

The high rankers turned pale. Something glittered when they were trying to link up with the following skills. It was a very thin thread. It shone in the moonlight.

‘What is this?’

The moment they had that question.

“You will be my shield.’

Kwack!

Grid’s grim voice was heard in their ears as a silver thread wrapped around them and restrained them.

[Your body is bound by something unknown!]

[It is a powerful binding! It isn’t easy to escape! This will last for 5 seconds.]

“What...?”

Five seconds of captivity? The bodies of the high rankers floated in the air. They were tied up like a spider web and were beaten by the golden soldiers.

-Wow...

-Look at Grid's smile.

Grid used the silver thread with dazzling hand techniques and five high rankers hung behind him as a barrier. It was in stark contrast to his expression. Grid was smiling while the high rankers were crying. This sight could only be seen as disturbing.

One of the rankers who was bloody from the golden soldiers' attacks couldn't help asking.

“Overg... is it possible to join Overgeared?”

# Chapter 563

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The silver thread unfolded like a spider web and refracted beautifully in the moonlight. The flashing silver was reminiscent of a chandelier and Grid in the center was like an arrogant king. He looked around with cold eyes. He was so tranquil that it was hard to believe he was isolated among tens of thousands of enemy soldiers. He caused the audience and give high rankers captured by him to feel thrilled.

“Overg...is it possible to join Overgeared?”

It wasn't because their life was at risk. The high rankers felt a real dignity from Grid. They had a desire to follow him from the bottom of their hearts. They couldn't help falling for Grid's absolute power and dignity. However, Grid misunderstood. They had just tried to kill him before asking to join the guild, so how could they be sincere?

'These guys are speaking lame things because they don't want to die.'

Even stupid people wouldn't fall for it!

'I am different. Hut!'

Grid gained a lot of insight from his accumulated experience. Setting aside his insight stat, Grid's mind managed to puzzle out the intentions of the five high rankers.

“No. I won't accept you.”

“...?!”

The rankers were very embarrassed. Who were they? Rankers who achieved their third advancement. They were in the top 10 of the rankings for their class. The Seven Guilds also wanted to recruit them. Yet Grid refused to let them join the guild after they applied for membership? They could only think of one reason.

‘Is it because we tried to kill him?’

They could understand Grid’s feelings. How could Grid trust those who tried to kill him and the guild members? The high rankers wouldn’t accept it, let alone Grid.

‘Then it can’t be helped.’

‘I will humbly accept my death today and pledge to him next time.’

The high rankers hanging from the silver thread closed their eyes. They expected Grid to kill them. However, it wasn’t Grid who attacked them. It was Duke Lucilliv’s golden soldiers.

Puuok!

Puuooook!

The blades that aimed for Grid ended up hitting the high rankers that were used as shields.

“Cough!”

The golden soldiers were second advancement soldiers. The soldiers of Duke Lucilliv exerted strength different to the Eternal soldiers.

Flinch.

Grid hesitated as he was about to deal the final blow to the high rankers who groaned with pain. Far away, in the central square of the city. It was because he saw soldiers of Eternal aiming their bows at the people of Bairan.

‘Those bastards!’

They couldn’t overpower him, so they wanted to use hostages!

‘Why?’

Why was it always the weak who needed to make one-sided sacrifices? The unhappy memories of his school days made him feel more unpleasant. Grid grimaced and his face distorted like a

demon. He was above to move there when he stopped.

‘Stay calm.’

The old Grid would’ve run over right away to rescue the hostages. But in the process of making the Red Phoenix Bow, he realized how important it was to be calm. He tried to remain calm as he thought about what his best choice would be. First, he killed the enemies attacking the high rankers before bringing the rankers in front of him.

“...?”

The high rankers were confused when they were freed from the silver thread. They expected to die. It was five seconds of captivity. It was possible to shorten the time depending on the individual’s ability. However, it would still allow Grid to strike them once.

Being hit by Grid made it highly likely they would die instantly. In other words, Grid could kill them at any time. Yet he was sparing them?

The rankers were puzzled as Grid continued to beat the enemies.

"As I said earlier, I have no intention of accepting your application to join the guild. I can't trust people who tried to kill me just a moment ago. Isn't that right? But I will give you a chance."

“...?”

"From now on, you will fight for me. Cut down any enemies blocking my way."

“...!”

It was a test to see if they deserved to be members of Overgeared. It was good that Grid was testing them. It was a golden opportunity and an inspiring event for the high rankers.

‘Giving us a chance before punishing us for trying to kill him? Grid has great personal skills!’

‘I now understand why other bigwigs are following him.’

Grid had excellent insight that could look into a person’s heart. The high rankers replied to Grid at once.

“We’re going!”

Pahat!

The high rankers shouted and surrounded Grid at once. They started to slaughter the golden soldiers targeting Grid. They were indeed high rankers in each class. Duke Lucilliv’s soldiers couldn’t interrupt them. Grid felt relief when he saw it.

‘I thought they were going to hit me in the back of the head. Fortunately, they didn’t.’

Indeed, it was important to maintain his composure. It was possible for the high rankers to deal with a large number of soldiers while he rescued the hostages. Grid equipped the Ideal Dagger and used Quick Movements to run towards Bairan’s residents.

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‘The golden soldiers are just bait!’

Duke Lucilliv knew how endless human greed was. Despite being second in the kingdom and having tremendous wealth, he still wanted more wealth. He was confident that Grid was the same as him. Grid would briefly lose his mind when the golden soldiers dropped gold lumps every time they died. In this gap, Duke Lucilliv would act.

The central square. After making it seem like the residents of Bairan were going to be killed, he placed magic traps, guards and elite knights in the streets that Grid would have to go through.

‘He will definitely want to protect the people.’

Grid was bound to fall into this perfect trap!

"Kukuk!"



Duke Lucilliv smiled wickedly. The Bairan residents under the silence magic inwardly screamed.

'Duke Grid, you absolutely can't come here.'

'Don't fall into the trap of that evil person because of us!'

Tremble tremble.

Despite death being around the corner, they were worried about Grid. It was natural. Grid confronted the 100,000 troops to save them. The people had no choice but to care about Grid who tried to save them. Duke Lucilliv felt excited while the villagers' fear created a heavy atmosphere. On the other hand, the soldiers felt strong doubts.

'Why are we serving the Eternal Kingdom?'

'It's true that we were born and raised in the Eternal Kingdom. Therefore, we love the kingdom and paid the taxes. But the kingdom treats us like cattle.'

'Being forced to sacrifice ourselves because of a war...'

'Taking the lives of innocent people...'

The behavior shown by the kingdom they served wasn't good. The 60,000 non-regular soldiers were disappointed in the kingdom. They started to doubt the reasons for their loyalty. This was the result of Duke Lucilliv's behavior.

Duke Lucilliv had royal blood flowing in him. As a great noble of the Eternal Kingdom, his duty should be to save the people. Yet he didn't act like this at all and it made the non-regular soldiers think that all nobles were like Duke Lucilliv. Most of the non-regular soldiers conscripted from their respective territories saw the actions of Duke Lucilliv.

Then what about Grid? He was different.

In the distance.

Kuwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Grid ran through the enemy in order to save his people. Despite his body becoming bloody, he only looked at the people and not himself. The non-regular soldiers started thinking. This was a person they wanted to serve.

On the other hand, Duke Lucilliv thought that Grid looked stupid.

"Putting yourself in danger to save these people, I can't understand it at all. Well, I'm able to gain larger achievements thanks to you."

Duke Lucilliv didn't read that the atmosphere of the soldiers was changing. For him, the common people were just pigs without any brains. He couldn't even think that they would dare to oppose him. As Grid's momentum rose, the duke proudly grasped his bow. Then he aimed it at one of the beautiful residents of Bairan.

"If you can't protect what you want to protect... Will your heart hurt?"

Kkirik!

He wanted to see Grid scream. The moment that Duke Lucilliv smiled wickedly and was about to pull back the bowstring.

Peeeeeeong!

There was a loud sound in Duke Lucilliv's ears.

"What?"

Duke Lucilliv perceived danger and instinctively paled.

Next.

Teong!

One of the senior magicians guarding Duke Lucilliv was stabbed by a spear that pierced through the shield magic. The magician's eyes widened.

‘Breaking the shield with an ordinary spear?’

How great was the person who threw this spear?

The other magicians and Duke Lucilliv all turned their eyes in the direction the spear came from. A soldier stood there. He was wearing leather armor that was covered with dirt and blood. He was a very handsome man with noble blond hair that didn’t match the rest of him.

Private Ars. His face was delighted as he gazed at Duke Lucilliv.

‘I finally reached here.’

It was a really long time. Ars had been sleep deprived for several days as he kept staring at Duke Lucilliv in order to find a gap. It wasn’t easy when Duke Lucilliv always had guards by his side. Now it happened thanks to Grid.

“I’ll finish it quickly for My Lord.”

Now that the loyalty of the non-regular soldiers was collapsing, the effect would be magnified if he defeated Duke Lucilliv, the one oppressing them. Most non-regular soldiers would put down their weapons and this war would end. Ars rushed towards Duke Lucilliv.

“Stop him!”

The magicians beside Duke Lucilliv tried to cast spells but it was too late. Ars narrowed the distance to Duke Lucilliv in an instant.

“You!”

The moment Duke Lucilliv felt his life being threatened!

Pahat!

The spear about to pierce Duke Lucilliv’s body disappeared in a flash of light, along with Ars.

“...?”

Duke Lucilliv and the senior magicians were stunned.

At the same time.

"M-My Lord?"

Bairan City.

Asmophel looked at Grid with a very perplexed expression after Knights Summoning was used. Grid killed two of Duke Lucilliv's guards and shouted.

"Asmophel! Stop looking blank and do your job! The kids told me that they didn't know where you were!"

"..."

Do his job? Asmophel felt wronged. But now there was no time to explain. Asmophel nodded and blocked Duke Lucilliv's guards.

Grid summoned Noe, Randy, and Iyarugt.

'More!'

More! More! More! The group of high rankers, Asmophel and the pets quickly broke through the enemies. The distance with the central square narrowed to a certain number. Grid didn't miss this opportunity and immediately used Blackening. Demonic power had reached 10,000 points and Blackening was further strengthened.

"Freely Move!"

Grid avoided all the guards, knights, and magical traps at once. This was the strength of the Secret Hero title.

"...!"

Duke Lucilliv and the Eternal troops stared like they had seen a ghost. There was an awkward silence before Grid came face to face with Duke Lucilliv.

"Hah, that's right. A trash that makes me tired."

The sun rose behind Grid's back, shining on his black hair. After a terrible and fearful night for the Bairan people, a brilliant

morning arrived.

"The position of the weak who can't resist, I will let you experience it for the first time today."

The sun of Reidan illuminated all of Eternal.

# Chapter 564

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Impertinent. Scandalous. Unpleasant. Shocking.

‘I want to tear him apart!’

Duke Lucilliv was furious as he faced Grid. Who was he? He was the younger brother of the late King Wiesbaden and the uncle of the present King Aslan. He had the most noble lineage in the Eternal Kingdom. No, even if his lineage wasn’t mentioned, he was still the most powerful man in the kingdom. He was even treated well by the prestigious nobles of the Saharan Empire.

‘A guy without any lineage dares to insult me?’

It was an attitude that couldn’t be accepted.

“Grid...! This behavior is too vulgar! You don’t even know filial piety and basic etiquette!”

Duke Lucilliv shouted with a red face and Grid shook.

"Even if I have manners, why should I be polite to trash? And what is filial piety? Don’t use words that are so difficult.”

“T-This...!

Again! Again! Again!!

Using the word trash for a noble like him? He couldn’t help doubting Grid’s brain.

‘Don’t you understand how noble the royal lineage is?’

Duke Lucilliv forgot the seriousness of the situation and became concerned. Grid pointed a dark blue sword at him. No, it was like a wooden sword rather than a longsword because there was no distinction between the handle and the blade. Duke Lucilliv’s tension was released.

‘That’s right. He won’t dare hurt me. If he doesn’t submit to me, the hostages will eventually die.’

“Duke Lucilliv!”

"Protect the duke!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The moment that Duke Lucilliv and Grid face each other. The Eternal troops deployed all over Bairan flocked to Grid, surrounding him by over 90,000 troops. It was an obvious crisis for Grid. Duke Lucilliv saw Grid as a beast trapped behind barbed wire.

“Experience the position of the weak who can’t resist? You are the one who will experience it.”

Duke Lucilliv pulled out a handkerchief to shield his mouth and nose from the dust caused by the movements of the soldiers. He truly acted like a noble. On the other hand, dust was nothing for Grid who always lived a fierce life. He was willing to eat all of it.

"You'll see soon."

Kwajijijik!

Duke Lucilliv misunderstood that this was a wooden sword. Grid moved with the +7 Sword Ghost. The Eternal soldiers, including Duke Lucilliv, doubted their eyes.

“D-Demon...?”

A little while ago, the sun was rising when Grid reached here. It wasn’t possible to grasp Grid’s appearance because of the shade. But now. As the sun rose in the sky and the shade covering Grid disappeared, Grid’s appearance became clear.

Darkness swelled. His white skin contrasted with that. White skin and red eyes. He was similar to the demons described in books. It was difficult to see him as an ordinary human.

“D-Duke Grid is a demon, not a human?”

“His strength makes sense now...”

The soldiers muttered. Asmophel's expression wasn't good as he belatedly arrived at Grid's side.

'The hearts of the soldiers who feel envious towards Grid are starting to shake!'

Grid had to remove the misunderstanding that he was a demon. But how? The moment Asmophel thought this. Grid judged that the soldiers had misunderstood and put on the Holy Light Crown. The crown used by Pope Franz who sealed Marie Rose, the strongest vampire. There was no need to talk about the divinity coming from it. The demonic energy Grid was giving off paled next to it.

"Ahh..."

The eyes of the soldiers towards Grid changed once more. After envy and fear, there was now awe. Grid started a spectacular sword dance.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Linked Kill Wave."

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Black energy blades flew like a gale towards Duke Lucilliv. It was also twice in a row!

"There is one more Linked Kill Wave."

-?

Was this a video replay? The viewers fell into confusion.

\*\*\*

Was there a need to have a large piece of land on the West Continent? There was a total of 17 kingdoms and a wide variety of ethnic groups on the continent. But in the end, the influence of the Saharan Empire couldn't overtake it. It was right to call the West Continent itself the Saharan Empire. Some scholars had pessimistic interpretations.

The power of the Saharan Empire was overwhelming. All



kingdoms on the continent gave tribute to the empire, learned the culture of the empire, and some small nations even followed the empire's orders.

"...But I will change the landscape of the continent. The Eternal Kingdom will become the focal point of all nations in the shadow of the empire."

Eternal's 14th king, King Aslan.

He was a prince who had studied in the empire. Of course, it wasn't from his desire, but because it was compulsory. Throughout the time of his studying, he experienced great contempt from the nobles and royalty of the empire. He didn't want his descendants to experience such humiliation. He decided to change the world.

He had grand aspirations. He had no intention of making the sacrifice of his brother Ren in vain. After killing his brother and becoming king, he was determined to leave behind great achievements. Aslan was confident at first. He was sure that he was better than his brother after winning the throne.

'My first goal is to build Eternal into a fully neutral nation.'

It was a challenge to become self-sufficient enough to stand up to the empire, who were able to exert pressure in the fields of economy, military, and science. This was why King Aslan was obsessed with Grid. He tried to keep their relationship as good as possible, despite the fact that Grid was a dangerous person who declared he wouldn't be loyal to the royal family.

But eventually it failed. Grid caused a rebellion. The worst thing was that the most reliable person in Eternal, Earl Ashur, was acquired by Grid. King Aslan became desperate. He lost strength before he could build up his strength and he saw that Eternal was walking down the path of defeat.

'I hate the circumstances where I had to pin my brother's death

on Grid.'

Over the past few months, Eternal had been declining. In order to recapture the territories taken by Grid, most of the kingdom's funds were used for war supplies and developing the soldiers. In addition, the young people who were the future of the kingdom were conscripted into the war. What meaning was there in condemning Grid and successfully reclaiming the territory? In the end, the kingdom would be ruined!

"Kukuk... I'm also incompetent."

King Aslan's heart became sick.

The reason he'd killed his brother was because he had a big dream in mind. Now that this happened, the justification for losing his brother disappeared and King Aslan's heart became sick. He was drinking another cup of wine when somebody knocked on his door.

There weren't many people allowed to knock on the door of the king's bedroom.

"Come in."

King Aslan spoke in a hoarse voice. The man who entered his room after receiving permission was Chucksley. He was the best swordsman in Eternal and was loyal to the royal family. In addition, he was one of the few people who knew that King Aslan was Prince Ren's killer.

"A guest from the empire has come."

Chucksley spoke gently, while Aslan replied cynically.

"Is the payment for making me king still lacking? Ah~ that's right. Are they here to get compensation for the solo number knight who died from a soldier?"

Aslan had borrowed the empire's power to become king. He wasn't being used by the empire, he was using them. But now the

situation was reversed. He couldn't escape his destiny of being the empire's puppet.

“Kukuk... The late king must feel sorry. How terrible is it to see his son kill his own brother and hurt his kingdom.”

"Your Majesty, please pay attention to your behavior."

Chucksley resented Aslan for killing Prince Ren. However, he had to serve Aslan. After all, Aslan became king and Chucksley had to give his loyalty to the royal family. Chucksley was concerned when he heard Aslan's words. King Aslan's chest hurt looking at him.

‘I'm saddened that he has met an incompetent master and lost his talent.’

Chucksley had become a great swordsman with his own abilities. This wasn't common even in the empire. It was said that there was no one better than Chucksley except for Piaro, Asmophel, and the top three solo number knights of the present Red Knights.

If King Aslan had created a good environment for Chucksley, he would've become one of the best talents of the West Continent.

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“It has been a long time. This is late, but congratulations on becoming king.”

“...!”

King Aslan was very surprised when he entered the reception hall. Was it because the guest from the empire just nodded instead of kneeling before the king? No, that wasn't it. The guest who came from the empire wasn't someone who needed to be polite to the king of Eternal!

"Prince Benoit...?"

The empire's 3rd prince! Unlike the other members of the royal family, he had a weak presence in the empire. He rarely showed up for official appearances and he wasn't someone with a loud nature.

In any case, he was still a prince of the empire. It was tremendous, since he was 3rd in line to the throne. Why did he come to this small kingdom directly?

King Aslan was surprised by the unexpected visitor and asked. "Yes. I haven't seen you since I studied in the empire. Prince Benoit, why did you come to this place?"

He spoke in a polite tone. Prince Benoit smiled at King Aslan's caution. It was a warm smile like sunshine.

"Are we fellow alumni since we studied in the same place? I heard you were in a crisis and came to help."

"Cri-sis?"

Yes, he was in a crisis. But a crisis that made the prince of the empire come running over...

King Aslan was able to question it when Chucksley came in and shouted.

"Your Majesty! It's an emergency! I received intelligence that the rebel army is marching here!"

"What?"

King Aslan stiffened like a stone statue. Grid still had an army to fight back? Even if the size of the army was small, there were few troops stationed here. Most of the troops were committed to the war. King Aslan turned his gaze to Prince Benoit who was still smiling brilliantly.

"Is this the crisis you were talking about?"

Benoit didn't deny it. He nodded and handed King Aslan a comb. Yes, a comb. It was a tool for combing hair.

"What is this...?"

Prince Benoit whispered to the confused King Aslan.

"It is a tool to summon a great demon. You should try it."

In that gap, Benoit would find Piaro and the Amethyst Shield.

# Chapter 565

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King Aslan's monologue and Benoit's appearance! This secret episode was watched in real time by the black magician player Rose. She had the authority of a quest performer.

[Prince Benoit has succeeded in delivering the summoning tool!]

[You have gained one level from the quest reward.]

[You have acquired 10 stat points from the quest clear reward.]

[Gulbas' Staff has been acquired from the quest clear reward.]

[The 'Summoning of a Great Demon (4)' quest has linked to the Summoning of a Great Demon (Final Part) quest.]

[Summoning of a Great Demon (Final Part)]

Difficulty Level: SS

Faithful servant of Yatan, thanks to your hard work, a great demon will soon descend to this earth.

The only thing left is to wait...

Quest Clear Condition: King Aslan summoning a great demon.

Quest Reward: Varies depending on the great demon summoned.

Rose's face brightened as she saw that the quest was renewed.

'The story ended up this way. It became faster due to the war caused by Overgeared. Thank you, Overgeared Guild.'

Rose rose to 1st in the black magician rankings after Yura changed to a hidden class. Following Yura, Rose became Yatan's Servant and engaged in all types of activities. She spread fear and confusion throughout the world and in the process, she obtained a SS difficulty linked quest. It had been three months since she met Prince Benoit, whose interests matched hers.

"Are the offerings good enough?"

Prince Benoit asked her.

Rose nodded. "Yes, Reinhard is a rich and peaceful city. There are many good quality virgins."

"That's good."

Prince Benoit made a happy expression while Rose expressed concern.

"What if King Aslan doesn't summon a great demon?"

In order to summon a great demon, sacrificing a large number of virgins was needed. Would the king of a nation hostile to the Yatan Church actually sacrifice his people to summon a great demon?

Prince Benoit replied in a certain manner.

"King Aslan is brimming with ambition. He wants to avoid a deadly end and won't be able to escape from the temptations of the great demon."

"Then I'm glad."

Now they just had to wait. Rose asked a question that she had been wondering since she met Prince Benoit.

"I always wondered. What's your reason for summoning a great demon?"

Prince Benoit wasn't a believer of Yatan. Rose observed him and knew that he wasn't a evil human who wanted to destroy the world. She had no idea why he was obsessed with summoning a great demon. Benoit stared at her curious eyes before looking out the window. His eyes were lonely as he gazed at the sky.

"There's someone I want to meet."

"Who is it? What type of person are they that you need a great demon to meet them?"

Rose clearly differentiated between NPCs and humans. NPCs were simple superior artificial intelligences. She didn't look at the

circumstances of feelings of NPCs. She was like ordinary players. This was a mistake. She was unable to grasp the mood and missed the opportunity to raise her affinity with Prince Benoit. She didn't realize this herself.

“Don't rush just because you are curious. I might have to summon a few more great demons, making you my greatest helper. I don't want to kill you.”

[Prince Benoit is emitting a killing intent.]

[The bloodline of the Saharan Empire that has ruled the West Continent for many years is beyond superior. You are feeling an 'irresistible' fear. Your actions will be restricted for five seconds. Defense and magic resistance has decreased by 23%. Some skills and spells can't be used.]

"I-I'm sorry.”

The 1st ranked black magician within the top 50 of the unified rankings was neutralized so easily?

‘What is this power? This is the royal family of the Saharan Empire?’

Rose got goosebumps. Her ambition to make the Yatan Church the most dominant power on the West Continent blurred in front of the empire.

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The result of the two consecutive Linked Kill Waves fired with the influence of Blackening. It could only be expressed in one way.

-Crazy.

It was insane firepower! The knights protecting Duke Lucilliv who were targeted by Grid? Their expensive heavy armor and large shields were useless as they turned to grey. The defense magic from senior magicians? It couldn't even be used.

"Kuaaaaack!”



Duke Lucilliv let out a terrible scream as he allowed some of the bombardment from Linked Kill Wave. Grid approached as he was struggling with pain. It was at a speed that the cameras found difficult to capture.

-Wow... Isn't Grid faster than before?

-It seems like the agility of a third advancement assassin.

-What is that agility? I wonder if he's wearing items that increase his speed.

Blackening's strength had been increased after his demonic power exceeded 10,000 and now it increased attack power, magic power, and agility by 30%. This 10% increase played a large role for Grid who had high stats. His movement speed was significantly different from before.

“You!”

Duke Lucilliv was furious. His anger wasn't solely focused on Grid. His anger headed towards the helpless knights, magicians, and soldiers who couldn't stop Grid. He only had incompetent subordinates! Duke Lucilliv lamented and eventually pulled out his sword directly.

It was his final means of protecting himself after the formation failed to stop Grid. But he was just a high ranking noble. Did pulling out his sword have any meaning? The viewers thought that Duke Lucilliv would die from Grid's sword. However, Grid was alert.

'He survived a hit from Linked Kill Wave.'

The duke of a kingdom. He was a named NPC. He had high defense and stamina as the default and could have unexpected combat abilities.

'I will test him.'

Grid judged that if he used a big technique, the duke would

become angry. He broke through the soldiers' defenses and finally approached Duke Lucilliv.

Swaeek!

The Sword Ghost that had a much faster attack speed than Failure! It moved in a straight line towards Duke Lucilliv.

"A lowly person like you won't be able to kill me!"

Duke Lucilliv shouted and blocked Sword Ghost with his sword.

Teong!

At the same time, there was a heavy air flow.

Kiririk!

Duke Lucilliv rotated his sword and made Sword Ghost point towards the ground. His sword then aimed at Grid's exposed chest.

"Preach the greatness of Eternal's royalty in hell!"

At this moment. Duke Lucilliv was delighted. He believed that he could take Grid's life with his own hands. But it was impossible. It was true that Duke Lucilliv's swordsmanship was excellent.

Puok!

[You have suffered 2,500 damage.]

Duke Lucilliv's stats were relatively normal. The damage failed to penetrate Grid's Triple Layers.

"If I was going to be beaten by you, then I wouldn't have come here in the first place."

Grid whispered in Duke Lucilliv's ears and wielded Sword Ghost.

"Hiik!"

Duke Lucilliv paled and stepped backwards.

"We will protect the duke!"

A group of 10 senior magicians acted simultaneously to protect Duke Lucilliv.

Chaaeng!

The magic shields overlapped. Their defense transcended common sense and Sword Ghost couldn't pierce through.

“Now! Hit him!”

The knight and soldiers rushed towards Grid who was blocked.

-It looks like this is the end.

-Grid fought well.

-It's amazing that he managed to kill so many of the 100,000 troops in the first place.

There was no more hope. The viewers predicted Grid's defeat. But the result was the exact opposite.

“Pinnacle Kill.”

It was the strongest single attack skill that ignored 100% of the target's defense. It got through the defense of the shield and struck Duke Lucilliv.

“Ku... Kuaaaaaaaack!”

“...!”

This couldn't be. The senior magicians were at a loss for words as Duke Lucilliv started turning grey. But the knights and soldiers already reached Grid. Swords, arrows, and spears all aimed for Grid.

Puk!

Puuooooook!

“Cough!”

Grid allowed a large number of attacks and started coughing up blood. The dying Duke Lucilliv smiled as he was covered with Grid's red blood.

“Kukukuk! The perfect companion to hell...!”

Of course, he was aware of the fact that Grid could resurrect. However, there was a curse that would affect the resurrection. Grid's death penalty would be huge. Duke Lucilliv wanted Grid to feel despair. But the result?

"I...I'm fine."

Grid didn't die. He smiled wickedly and cut off Duke Lucilliv's head. Then he used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave, on the knights and soldiers around him and shouted.

"The duke, I have killed him!"

[The enemies have confirmed the death of Duke Lucilliv!]

[You have succeeded in reclaiming Bairan!]

[The title skill 'Confront 100,000 Enemies' has been acquired!]

Confront 100,000 Enemies

Type: Passive

The more enemies you have around you, the higher your defense.

There is a limit to the increase.

"T-This is impossible..."

Grid swept through the enemies by himself and eventually cut off Duke Lucilliv's head. He stood in a devastated area and the 60,000 non-regular soldiers looked up at him. An absolute monarch who had the power to defend the people and would sacrifice his lives to protect the people. The cries of the Bairan residents entered the ears of the non-regular soldiers who wanted to serve him.

"I'm alive thanks to Grid!"

"Thank you. I love and respect you!"

"Grid is our everlasting idol forever!"

"My grandchildren will praise you!"

"Waaaaahhhhh! Hooray Grid!"

“Hooray Reidan’s sun!”

The shouts praised Grid. This was the spark. The fascinated soldiers saw the happy and ecstatic residents and revealed their intentions to Grid.

“W-We would like to be your people.”

"Please accept us!"

They didn’t want to live in a kingdom that treated people as livestock. The non-regular soldiers eagerly begged him. In fact, they doubted if Grid would accept them. From Grid’s perspective, they were enemies. They didn’t want to die so they asked humbly.

But Grid’s choice was different. Asmophel whispered the story to him and Grid turned off Blackening and straightened the Holy Light Crown. Then he reached out to the soldiers.

“I won’t disappoint you.”

“...!”

Grid’s smile was bright and warm like the sun. A noble was smiling kindly towards the common people? The non-regular soldiers vowed to follow Grid for life.

[You have obtained 63,387 people.]

[Congratulations! The number of people serving you as exceeded 100,000!]

[You have achieved the minimum qualifications to establish a kingdom!]

# Chapter 566

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It took effort to make a beautiful smile. One famous actor said, 'It's necessary to practice to make a smile that appeals to everyone.'

It made a lot of sense. Did everyone look pretty when smiling? Wrong. Unfortunately, some people couldn't make pretty smiles, and Grid was one of them. In the past, people felt uncomfortable whenever he laughed. Was it simply because he was ugly?

No. Smiling was a strange concept for Grid, who had no reason to laugh. When he smiled, his expression became awkward. This was a crucial factor. But now it was different. Grid gradually became used to smiling in the process of increasing his valuable bonds. Now he could deliver a smile that gave a good impression to everyone. His life had changed. This was one of the gifts that Grid acquired.

"I won't disappoint you."

Grid made a warm smile and declared. The hearts of the Eternal non-regular soldiers thumped. Their eyes became red and their blood boiled. The lowly people and commoners of the Eternal Kingdom. They had always been disappointed by their monarchs. No, they didn't have any expectations in the first place. For them, a monarch was nothing but a person who abused and exploited the people. Of course, not all rulers were like that. But the rulers that they'd experienced were the worst.

However, Grid seemed to be different. They felt a strong sense of trust from his behavior, words, and expressions.

"The later generations of my family will follow you!"

"I will go home and bring my family!"

"Hooray Grid! Hooray Grid!"

"..."

Grid felt a strong sense of empathy and responsibility from the cheers. He recalled the first time he encountered the people of Reidan. The residents had felt despair because they couldn't rely on anyone. It was like he was looking at the past.

‘I will let them know what happiness is.’

Of course, this wasn't volunteer work. He wouldn't do anything without gaining benefits. Grid would play a reasonable role with them and take advantage of them.

‘60,000 people...!’

He secured a labor force and a source of taxes!

“Okay. Asmophel, dispose of the remnants of the enemies and repair Bairan. The five people here will help you.”

Asmophel couldn't hide his joy as he bowed deeply to Grid.

"As you wish."

Grid wasn't aware of it, but entrusting Asmophel with the Bairan repair operations was the best choice. Asmophel now had experience as a soldier and had a better understanding of the lowest class people than anyone else. He knew how to effectively lead them.

“Log out.”

Grid took a break and left the game.

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‘It was surprisingly easy.’

Grid felt giddy at the end of the battle. Duke Lucilliv showed an unexpected ability and Grid's movements were stopped. He allowed the enemies' attacks and the immortal passive was activated. If Duke Lucilliv had struggled a bit longer, Grid was the one who would've died, rather than Duke Lucilliv. The 50% drop in health due to Blackening was truly deadly.

However, if Grid used all his power, then the war would've ended more easily. The battle of 1 vs 100,000 was much easier than expected. Of course, Youngwoo also knew that he didn't do it alone.

'Asmophel's help was great.'

Shin Youngwoo dissolved cocoa powder in warm milk and leaned against the window. He didn't become aware of it until later. Asmophel had been dressed as an Eternal soldier. Nobody strong in the Eternal army threatened him. This was due to Asmophel's actions.

'60,000 people pledged allegiance to me today.'

The TV was relaying battlefield videos of Patrian, Cork Island, and Borneo. Youngwoo watched his colleagues and subordinates fighting for their lives in various places.

'Everyone is doing their best.'

The time will come soon.

'I will rise to the throne after this war is over.'

Yes, it was time to be king. It was a timely fashion. He had a big desire to make it worthwhile for everyone who followed him, not just to fulfill his self-desire. The kingdom name that he had been thinking about for a long time.

'Overgeared Kingdom.'

The Overgeared Guild built the kingdom, so the name should definitely be Overgeared. Then what would be the symbol of the king?

'...Overgeared King!'

Kkuok!

Youngwoo gripped his cup of cocoa tightly. He was thrilled as he thought about himself being king.



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『 I heard there are many people who criticized and mocked Grid for fighting 100,000 troops alone. 』

『 That's right. Grid was so overconfident in his own strength that most people foresaw Grid's imminent death. 』

『 But didn't Grid retake Bairan? 』

『 He didn't simply recapture it. He absorbed at least 60,000 of the 100,000 troops. Immediately after Grid killed Duke Lucilliv, 60,000 soldiers knelt in front of Grid and swore allegiance to him. 』

『 I watched the video. It was a scene that caused goosebumps. The number of views exceeded 200 million in half a day... 』

『 What made the remnants of Eternal's army obey Grid? 』

『 I think they were impressed to see Grid take on 100,000 troops to save the people of Bairan. It's also likely that Grid advanced knowing this. 』

『 Do you mean that Grid hit 100,000 troops with the intention of absorbing Eternal's soldiers? 』

『 Isn't that right? It's scary to see Grid's brilliance... 』

『 I have a question. Would Kraugel be able to break through 100,000 troops and cut off the head of the leader? 』

Everyone knew that Kraugel was stronger than Grid. It had been formally proven at the National Competition. It was a hot topic. If Grid could do it, then Kraugel probably could as well.

『 It isn't impossible when considering Kraugel. He has more abilities than Grid. However, I don't think he has the defense and stamina to withstand a lot of attacks. 』

『 In addition, looking at simple damage and breakthroughs, Grid is definitely better than Kraugel. In a war against a large number of people, Grid is probably superior to Kraugel. 』

The international media from each kingdom praised Grid. Grid's performance in the war was undoubtedly perfect and great. God of War Ares also acknowledged it.

“Wonderful.”

A middle-aged man placed crisp and salty potato chips in his mouth and drank coke. He wiped the potato chips powder off his hands and spoke to one of his closest aides, Scott.

"Bring me another coke from the fridge.”

“You're truly carefree. Is this the time to be drinking coke?”

Scott couldn't resist raising his voice.

"Don't you realize the seriousness of the current situation? The title of the first king will be taken away by Grid! Our Ares army must support Eternal right now! We have to trample on the Overgeared Guild!”

The activities of the Overgeared Guild was enough to frustrate Scott and the other Ares troops. From Satisfy to the present, they had been moving without hesitation to build the Ares Empire. While the other rankers announced their names to the world and enjoyed wealth and honor, they wandered around unknown, repeatedly fighting in wars.

The first player to build a kingdom would naturally be Ares. They would be rewarded for their efforts. The Ares army thought this. Ares shrugged at Scott as he watched the members of Overgeared on the TV.

"The empire is between us and Eternal, and we're at war with the empire. What path can we use to move the army to Eternal?”

"Is there a need to move the army? Just send a few small elites like me and Luck. Then we can interfere with those guys!”

"Ah.” Ares scratched his groin before patting Scott's shoulder. "Being ambitious is good, but don't forget our goal is the Saharan

Empire. Don't be so obsessed with the immediate loss."

Ares pulled a coke out of the fridge, drank it, and lay down in the capsule.

"Didn't you see the war video? The commander, Duke Lucilliv, was incompetent. He didn't have the leadership ability to manage 100,000 troops in a narrow city area. In front, Grid wasn't fighting 100,000 against 1. It was a battle against thousands. The world doesn't know this and they are praising Grid for going against 100,000 people."

"..."

"The Saharan Empire will be deceived by that reputation. They will start watching Grid. We have to look for that gap."

First king? He didn't want to miss that title, but he wouldn't cling to it. He would devour the Saharan Empire.

'Grid, please make more of an effort.'

It would be good if Grid attracted the attention of Agnus. Ares laughed as he connected to Satisfy. Among his numerous titles, he had 'First to Slaughter 10,000 People' and 'First to Slaughter 20,000 People.' It was the reason why Grid and Jishuka didn't get the titles, despite slaughtering masses of people.

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There was a fatal weakness in the Overgeared Guild. It wasn't possible to produce siege weapons due to a lack of technology and resources. In order to produce siege weapons, a wide range of materials and technologies were needed as well as a blacksmith.

Lauel was worried about this until he found something in the fields. A unique class who used various animals to improve their livestock farming efficiency. Lauel asked the pet master. Could the super large monsters be trained and used as a siege weapon? Originally, super large monsters weren't easily tamed, but he had a ray of hope because of the unique class Pet Master.

Nyangmong was naive. He replied that it was possible. A Pet Master could completely tame and educate super large monsters that were twice as big as wyverns. The price was great. He had to release the precious cat type and puppy type monsters that he'd trained in the past into the wild. It was to train the super large monsters that occupied three pet inventory spaces.

‘My cute babies... Are they starving because they can't adapt to the wild?’

In particular, he was worried about the short-tailed cat. He was a rough and arrogant cat who wouldn't find a mate and would die alone of old age.

‘I hope he doesn't cry because he misses his job... Cough!’

The march to Reinhardt. The Overgeared members encouraged Nyangmong, who had fallen into a serious depression.

"I'm sure your kids are doing well. They're monsters, so living in the wild is probably much more enjoyable for them."

"That's right. Monsters should live in the wild. They're probably playing around and enjoying life right now."

Nyangmong's expression became darker.

"...It makes sense. It's more fun for them to play with their friends. That's right. Those children have found happiness after leaving me. I have been taking away the children's happiness in the meantime."

"..."

The Overgeared members stiffened. The Korean actor Kim Doohyun who was famous in Hollywood. They thought he was a normal person, but he wasn't. He had a strange personality like other members of Overgeared. Grid, Lael, Huroi, Regas, Peak Sword, Vantner, Toon, Katz, etc. Why were all the top players of their guild so strange?

‘Is it a curse or something?’

‘I shouldn’t go to South Korea...’

As the Overgeared members were feeling seriously concerned, the army got closer to Reinhardt.

Chief Commander Lael shouted, "Subordinates of the great war god Grid, it's the eve of war and I know that the blood in your veins is boiling. But rest is the most important thing. Visualize the Frost Queen's Breath and cool your blood. We will stop here."

“...Ah.”

No, why couldn't he just give a simple command to stop? Was it necessary to add the nonsense? Lael might be an ineffective person as commander of the front lines. He was the type of commander who reduced the morale of the soldiers. Lael let out a strange kukukuk laugh. Half of his face was covered with one hand as he laughed.

‘Reinhardt...’

He would conquer it in two days and give it to Grid. He didn't doubt that the timing of his Reinhardt invasion was perfect. But there was a variable. It was caused by Prince Benoit.

"Bring the virgins!"

On Reinhardt's walls. King Aslan confirmed Overgeared's army in the distance and made a decision.

‘I will summon the great demon!’

# Chapter 567

---

The 33 great demons who ruled hell. There were countless books and documents on their mighty power. It was said that every time a great demon appeared on the earth, several kingdoms were destroyed and humanity experienced a large crisis.

King Aslan was well aware of how dangerous great demons were. But he didn't have any other choice. He wanted the throne to revive the kingdom, but he would end up destroying it. It couldn't happen.

'I will be too ashamed to face my brother in the underworld.'

He couldn't let the kingdom be taken away. He would rather rely on a great demon. King Aslan was leaning towards this idea when he heard a bizarre voice in his ears.

"Your selfishness, anxiety, regret, despair, fear, and anger. I like all these feelings. Give me pure blood. Invite me to the earth. In return, I will listen to one wish."

'Great demon...!'

An old comb that could often be seen. The voice was coming from the great demon summoning tool that Prince Benoit gave him. He couldn't tell if it was male or female, young or old. Just listening to it caused his legs to shake and dizziness to occur.

King Aslan was afraid. When he felt the great demon whispering in his ears, his human life felt like a rotten rope. It could be broken at any time. However, a great temptation that was proportional to the intense fear dominated King Aslan's mind.

In return, the great demon would listen to one wish.

'My wish will be fulfilled?'

The last words of the great demon constantly hovered in his ears. King Aslan gulped and asked for confirmation.

"Definitely... You will definitely fulfill my wish?"

"I'm one of the 33 supreme rulers of hell. I have my honor as a supreme ruler. My promises will be absolutely realized in the future. Now, tell me. What do you want? Eternal youth? Infinite riches? Great beauties?"

Everything was wrong. King Aslan didn't want youth, riches, or beauties. He had only one wish.

"Make my kingdom the ruler of the continent! I don't want my descendants to feel the same disgrace that I did! I want my bloodline to be praised as the greatest on the continent!"

"...Deep inferiority always produces sweet results. Kukuk, good. I accept your wish."

Now he had to pay the price. The sacrifice of 9,999 virgins to bring the great demon to the earth! King Aslan made a firm decision.

"Bring the virgins!"

[The Summoning the Great Demon (Final Part) quest will soon be completed.]

"Heheh."

Black Magician Rose was watching the quest in real time and became very excited.

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"It wasn't a short amount of time. In terms of reincarnation, it's an eternity."

Lauel had followed Grid for two years. In Satisfy time, it was a long six years. In the meantime, Lauel had done many things. He led Grid to absorb the Tzedakah Guild and built a strong foundation for the Overgeared Guild. Then he took on the overall operation of the Overgeared Guild to expand their forces to the current state.

If it wasn't for Lael, the current Grid and Overgeared Guild wouldn't exist. Lael was deeply moved.

'I'm fortunate to be able to serve the lord of my destiny.'

Lael decided to serve Grid because of his blacksmithing abilities. Grid would be able to gain many talents, build a huge guild, and earn a lot of profit from his blacksmithing abilities. But Grid went beyond Lael's expectations. Grid's talent was unique. He not only improved in blacksmithing, but showed excellent growth in all aspects.

Thanks to that, the Overgeared Guild became stronger more quickly than Lael expected. It was enough to set a goal to build a kingdom!

'Now there's only one step left.'

Conquer Reinhardt in front of him. The scale was 1.5 times bigger than Reidan and the population was 800,000! It was surrounded by endless walls and moats. The quality of the territory was different. The structure was enough to block even one million troops. But Lael didn't shrink back. He knew that the interior of Reinhardt was empty. Most of Reinhardt's troops had been sent to invade the Overgeared territories.

'There are less than 10,000 troops stationed in Reinhardt right now.'

He estimated that there was likely to be 8,000 troops if he added the security guards and royal knights. On the other hand, he was only leading 3,000 elite troops wearing Grid's mass production set. There was Lael, Faker, Ibellin, other top talents of Overgeared, and Jude armed with Dainsleif. In addition, there was the 'greatest power in a war,' Great Magician Ashur and his son Bland.

Was that all?

"The reinforcements from Siren have arrived!"

"W-Water Clan King Maxong has come in person!"



"I have come to repay your grace."

Maxong was extremely strong when fighting Grid, despite not being in a perfect state. Now he fully recovered mentally and directly led 500 warriors to join Lauel's army.

"Piaro has returned!"

"I developed a bean that grows in the sea, but there's no taste... The water clan doesn't eat it."

A legendary farmer. The ultimate person beyond Grid had also returned. It wasn't over.

"Reinforcements from the Rebecca Church have arrived!"

"R-Reinforcements!"

"His Holiness himself!!"

"Hi everyone."

"Where's Grid?"

Damian, who joined the ranks of the best players. He had a number of useful wide area buffs and joined with Isabel, one of Rebecca's Daughters. They would give wings to the elite troops of Overgeared.

"An army has arrived from Pedro!"

"It's Earl Chris and his subordinates!"

"If we help build Grid's kingdom, we can request item commissions? Then there's no reason not to help."

There was Damian and Chris, the leader of one of the Seven Guilds. The top players had joined. Lauel looked at them and was convinced.

"Now I can easily conquer Reinhardt, even if I don't release my sealed power."

It was because the members of Overgeared each played an active role in different areas. Peak Sword on Cork Island, Yura and Pon in

Bairan, Katz in Borneo, and Jishuka in Patrian. Each one of them played a much bigger role than Lael expected. Thanks to this, Eternal lost troops and Reinhardt was empty.

'Everybody is great.'

Lael felt proud and thankful. There was only one regrettable thing. It was that Grid's return to the West Continent was accelerated. He wanted to show that he could do this without Grid, but he ended up relying on Grid in the end.

'Grid seems to be in a dangerous situation right now.'

Grid had asked about the situation in Bairan. A day had passed since then with no news. It was likely that he felt a sense of responsibility and invaded Bairan alone.

'There's a high possibility that he's surrounded by 100,000 troops right now.'

There were too many enemies, even if it was Grid. It was dangerous. He needed to hurry. He had to conquer Reinhardt and then head to Bairan. Lael felt a strong sense of responsibility and shouted, "Full assault!"

"Jude. Go. City wall. Crush."

"This is a good land for farming."

"Let's eat this hot potato before it becomes cold."

"Why don't I see Grid?"

"Isabel-chan is beautiful, even when she can't forget her first love."

"...How are all these people gathered?"

Chris thought there weren't many normal people. But they were some of the strongest people on the continent. Their momentum pierced the sky.

Kung! Kung! Kung!

The overwhelming strength of Nyangmong's super large pets struck Reinhardt's gates.

"We have to kill those who resist."

Earl Ashur used a wide area magic that made the archers unable to shoot their arrows.

"Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth."

Kwarururung!

Piaro cleansed the fields and planted seeds. A large number of vines grew and shot up the walls.

Sususuk.

As the vines rose, Ibellin and the Overgeared soldiers swiftly climbed them and overpowered the enemies on the walls.

"Jude. Kill. A lot."

"Take this greatsword!"

Jude and Chris rotated their big greatswords like windmills. Pope Damian strengthened everyone with his buffs. King Maxong and his warriors infiltrated the city by diving into the moats and assassinated the enemy leaders.

-What am I seeing right now? The Overgeared Guild is a players guild, right? What's this?

-Even the soldiers ——;;

-I'm sorry to break the admiring atmosphere, but what is that NPC doing? ⇨⇨⇨ Why is he farming on a battlefield? ⇨⇨⇨

-The king of the water clan is crazy. No spilling a single drop of blood, no matter how many soldiers he faces...

-The rumor that Overgeared Guild acquired Siren is true...

-Earl Ashur is too much. One hand gesture will cause death.

-He isn't one of the continent's 10 great magicians for nothing.

But how did Grid acquire so many NPCs?

-Forget about the NPCs. Chris is helping Overgeared for some reason.

-Doesn't Chris have the same weapon as Grid? I'm sure there's some type of deal between them.

-Damian is shouting God Grid today.

-The pope is a bit...

-Rebecca's Daughter is so pretty. She's prettier than everyone apart from Yura and Jishuka.

-Isabel-chan ⇨ ⇨ ⇨

“Perfect! It's perfect!”

Lauel climbed onto the occupied walls and contemplated the battlefield. He was excited as he watched the strong Overgeared Guild. However, he soon noticed something sinister.

“This?”

10,000 young women were lined up in front of the palace. The Overgeared members, who were trying to get into the palace to kill King Aslan, stopped in their place. The 10,000 women were weeping and their bodies shook from anxiety and fear.

Everyone except for Jude.

“Jude. King. Catch.”

Step.

Jude held his blood-soaked greatsword and took one step closer to the palace. King Aslan, who had been sweating and hesitating, eventually closed his eyes tightly and cried out.

“Fire!”

At the same time. The knights, loyal to the king under any circumstances, threw torches at the 10,000 terrified women.

Hwaruruk!

Flames rose instantly. The 10,000 women covered in oil started to burn. Terrible screams filled Reinhardt.

“Crazy..!”

The Overgeared members couldn't comprehend the cruel sight. Their faces turned white.

[The 32nd great demon Belial has appeared.]

[You are deceived by Belial's beautiful appearance.

[Resistance to status conditions has dropped by 50%!]

[Skill and magic casting time have doubled and attack speed is reduced by 20%.]

[Belial is the queen of fire. The flames surrounding her are very hot. You will receive 2,000 burn damage per second once you get close to her.]

[Resistance to fire is 0%.]

[The intense heat will cause 500 burn damage per second. It can't be resisted.]

[Belial is the queen of darkness. The demonic energy she emits seduces your mind and stimulates your desire for murder. When attacking Belial, there is a high chance of falling into a confused state and attacking your allies.]

[Resistance to dark magic is 0%.]

[Use of black magic is blocked.]

“...!!”

The advent of an incredible existence! The Overgeared Guild and the entire world were astonished.

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An old watchtower on the outskirts of Reinhardt.

Prince Benoit was standing in a spot that nobody noticed. He checked the appearance of the great demon and frowned.

‘It’s a failure.’

This wasn’t the great demon he wanted. He didn’t expect the great demon that he wanted out of 33 great demons to show up the first time. However, he still couldn’t help feeling disappointed. He shook off this lingering feeling and left Reinhardt.

His destination was Kesan Canyon. It was the assumed hiding place of the former Red Knights captain, Piaro.

‘I need the Amethyst Shield.’

At the same time, in Seoul, South Korea.

“Kan jajang...so much...”

Shin Youngwoo enjoyed a delicious taste after a long time. His fatigue was completely washed away.

There were two hours left before his Satisfy access restriction was lifted.

# Chapter 568

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A group of players causing a nation to fall into a crisis? The Overgeared Guild's invasion of Reinhardt was very exciting. It was like they were the protagonists of Satisfy. The viewers wondered if they could be like Overgeared one day, and smiled as they used their imaginations.

The Overgeared members' move made their competitors nervous while offering great hope and surprise to the public.

『 The conditions to establish a kingdom are shown below. It's one of the pieces of content about Satisfy that the S.A. Group released. 』

First, have at least three major cities. Second, have at least 100,000 people. Third, 60 million gold was needed for the founding.

『 The Overgeared Guild have two major cities. Reidan and Winston. If the Overgeared Guild succeeds in conquering Reinhardt today, they will meet most of the qualifications to establish a kingdom. 』

『 Isn't Winston the territory of Marquis Steim? 』

『 Strictly speaking, it is the territory of Irene, Marquis Steim's daughter. Irene is Grid's wife. If Grid can raise his affinity with Irene to the maximum, then Winston can easily be transferred. 』

『 Finally, a kingdom will be established by a player! 』

『 Haha... It isn't as easy as it says. Is it that easy to maximum the affinity of a NPC? It's uncommon for players to raise the affinity with a certain NPC to 90 or more. In particular, the relationship between Grid and Irene is a couple. Once a couple lives together, they will find faults with each other and minor things will pile up. This will cause affinity to lower. In particular, they are married, not just a couple. 』

『 Well, it isn't a problem even if Grid fails to build a good relationship with Irene. The Eternal Kingdom will be filled with chaos the moment Reinhardt is occupied. Once the kingdom is split up into dozens of parts and filled with confusion, isn't it easy for Overgeared to occupy one more major city? 』

A kingdom built by a player? The world evaluated that it would be better than the existing kingdoms. A player had modern and progressive ideas, unlike the royalty and nobles on the continent, who had feudal ideologies! A kingdom set up by a player was highly likely to develop in the direction that the other players agreed with.

『The founding of the Overgeared Guild's kingdom is just the beginning. NPC forces currently dominating the continent will gradually lose their place to player forces. Someday, the continent will entirely belong to players. 』

『 I can already imagine the players dominating the continent. There will be many incidents and countless heroes will emerge. 』

『 A new hero might emerge from all the people watching the broadcast right now. 』

The commentators of each country were almost certain of Overgeared's victory. The power of Overgeared contained a great magician and the pope. They would occupy the empty Reinhardt and set up a kingdom. But there was an unexpected development.

King Aslan sacrificed 9,999 virgins to summon a great demon. The great demon was a goddess on a chariot pulled by six cerberus. From head to toe, Belial was covered in flames. The 32nd great demon. She looked at them with bewitching eyes and smiled.

“Seeing all these humans... It's really exciting.”

“...!”

Those who met Belial's eyes shrank back and the commentators were astonished.



『 G...Great demon! 』

『 How can such a big chapter unfold? The founding of Overgeared's kingdom is over! 』

Satisfy's bosses were classified into three major categories. Field boss, dungeon boss, and named boss. A named boss was by far the strongest. The peak of the named bosses were the great demons. Satisfy set up great demons as a source of evil, and players needed to repel them.

-I thought that the great demons raid content would be opened in a few years...

-Why did a great demon appear now? Who can raid a great demon?

-The difficulty of fighting a great demon is too high;;

-XX. Are you kidding me? I left my character in Reinhardt, but I can't log on.

-You will die as soon as you log in. ⇨⇨⇨

The flow of Satisfy was made by players. The actions of billions of players crossed each other, creating many new stories. The same was true for the emergence of a great demon. The actions and choices of the players accumulated, resulting in the moment when Belial was summoned.

Who played such a crucial role? The moment that the world was wondering this.

"I am honored to see the great ruler of hell."

It was Rose, who had risen to 1st on the black magician rankings. As the members of Overgeared stood like stone statues in front of Belial, Rose fell to her knees and greeted the great demon.

"I am Rose, a servant of Yatan. I would like to add my feeble strength so that your life on this earth will be more enriched. Please give me permission."

-That woman is the culprit.

-Damn Yatan Church.

-Anyway, kill all the Yatan bastards. I was kidnapped in the fields and offered as a sacrifice for black magic;;

-Hah... It's terrible to think of the great demon and Yatan Church spreading all over the place. We won't be able to move around hunting grounds.

-Why so negative? Isn't this situation interesting? The game is more fun with steady stimulation.

-I also enjoy it. There will be a lot of profits from quests to fight against the great demons.

-What's the meaning of a quest when it's impossible?

As the viewers were joking around, Belial looked at Rose with pleased eyes.

"You're a bold kid. I like it. I will spare you."

"Thank you! I'm so happy."

Rose's face flushed as she confirmed the positive answer. She made a rapt expression and Ibellin shouted.

"Can you please explain the situation right now?"

Ibelin was very annoyed. The opportunity made by scattering the Overgeared members all over the place was ruined because of the appearance of a great demon. There was no way he could be calm.

Rose scoffed at his anger.

"I was just faithful to my role. I'm sorry that I damaged the Overgeared Guild in the process, but I had no choice? Someone else has to suffer in order for a person to gain benefits. In the beginning, not everyone can be the same. Kukuk, isn't this what the world is like?"

Her facial expression and words were completely hateful.

"The conclusion is that you will be hostile to our Overgeared Guild?"

It happened when Ibellin frowned and expressed killing intent towards Rose.

"Free Farming Peak Style, Pounding Mortar."

"...?"

Rose doubted her ears. A battlefield where blood and screams were always present. A lunatic was talking about farming in a place where the great demon of fear emerged?

'It's Pounding Mortar?'

Pounding Mortar. It meant to put grains in a mortar and grind them. Rose couldn't believe it.

'What's a crazy farmer doing in the middle of the battlefield? Heok?'

Rose's face suddenly turned white. She instinctively looked up at the sky because the ground and surroundings darkened. Then she saw something immense filling the sky. That's right. An extremely huge mortar!

"W-What is this?"

The mortar was used to grind grains. Common sense meant it should be a size that people could hold. The mortar that appeared in the sky was too big. It seemed to be well over 100 meters in diameter.

Kuwaaaaaaaang!

There was a sound that tore at their ears. It was like the sound of dozens of fighter planes. The huge sound rang out through Reinhardt.

"H-Hik...!"

Rose felt danger. The super-sized mortar in the sky fell towards

the ground!

“D-Diamond Shield!”

She could grasp the situation later. For the moment, she had to live. Rose moved with that thought. She tried to defend herself by deploying the highest defense magic that overcame the fatal weakness of a black magician. The staff she received in exchange for summoning Belial gave her greater strength. But.

Kuuuuuuong!

The mortar was too big and heavy. It wasn't at a level that she could deal with.

“...!”

Rose couldn't even scream. The huge mortar crushed her mind and body as she felt great fear and pain. It was the worst death. A terrible scene of a player being crushed to death.

[Defense is meaningless.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[The durability of Guruk's Magic Robe (Legendary) has decreased by 230. There is a risk of breakage. The maximum durability of the item has dropped.]

[The durability of Dolphina's Magic Shoes (Unique) have decreased by 188. There is a risk of breakage. The maximum durability of the item has dropped.]

[The durability of the Harmony Gloves (Unique) have decreased by 193. There is a risk of breakage. The maximum durability of the item has dropped.]

[The durability of Belial's Staff (Myth Reproduction) has decreased by 91. This item can't be repaired. Please be careful when using it.]

[You have died.]

[32.8% experience has been lost.]

[Superior Mana Potion (1,000 Pack) has dropped.]

‘XX...! XX!! XXX!!!’

She wanted to curse angrily at the notification windows, but the dead were silent. Rose couldn’t say anything, as she had to observe the black and white world from the view of an observer.

[You have rejected the resurrection.]

[20 seconds left until auto resurrection is activated.]

‘Eh?’

What the hell was that Pounding Mortar? The angry Rose looked around and became astonished. The Overgeared members and soldiers were safe from the mortar? Was that all? The great demon Belial. The being who had the power to destroy humanity was coughing up blood!

“A-A human hurt me?”

Belial was confused. One arm was completely lost because of the mortar. If she hadn’t tried to avoid it, she would’ve suffered terrible damage. She was blindsided by human techniques! The chariot she was riding on was smashed to pieces.

Yiiip... Yip!

The six cerberus pulling the chariot were all dying.

“You dare...! You dare!?”

Belial’s furious gaze fixed on a middle-aged man standing between the Overgeared members. The man was holding a hand plow in one hand and a sickle on the other hand. He smiled and spoke to the other Overgeared members, including Lauel.

"I will buy time while you all retreat."

They all realized. Piaro, he was ready to die.

# Chapter 569

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The fortified city of Patrian.

"The enemy isn't invading anymore?"

Yura and Pon, who retreated from Bairan, worked with Jishuka to defeat the Eternal army. They could finally take a breath. The invasion of the enemy stopped almost 10 days after the war began.

"My whole body is aching."

Jishuka's stamina was close to infinite when she held the Red Phoenix Bow. But the mental fatigue of humans couldn't be ignored. She leaned against the wall and longed for a break when an uproar occurred in the guild chat window.

"Reinhardt..."

"A great demon has appeared?"

Jishuka's eyes became bigger and she jumped up. The Overgeared members, including Yura, were already prepared to head to Reinhardt.

"Let's go."

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"I will buy time while you all retreat."

"...!"

Absolute supremacy. A powerhouse on the level of a 'sun.' It was Piaro. It wasn't necessary to add a lot of modifiers to express his strength. He was unbeatable. Everyone was equal in front of Piaro's hand plow. Those hit by Piaro's hand plow would die.

Now this unbeatable man said that he would 'buy time.'

Before big fights against strong people: Work in the fields with him.

He would take care of it, etc.

These were the words he normally said.

The Overgeared Guild became shocked.

'Piaro, who normally wishes for a struggle with the strong...'

'He isn't enjoying this?'

'T-Then Piaro isn't a match for the great demon?'

'How strong is a great demon?'

Satisfy's setting meant that great demons were naturally strong. They were the biggest enemy that threatened the survival of humanity. In fact, they could see Belial's force. The flames and demonic power around her were very threatening. Their hearts sank just looking at her.

But Piaro was a legend. He was a named NPC who pioneered a new legend with his own power. The previous legends opposed great demons, so why couldn't Piaro?

As everyone questioned this, Ibellin laughed. "Ah, Master. We should we retreat? Isn't it too much? Do you intend to solo a great demon alone?"

Almost all the senior members of Overgeared studied with Piaro. They sparred with Piaro and maximized their control abilities. In particular, the swordsmen listened to Piaro's advice and their skill level rose. One of them was Ibellin. To Ibellin, Piaro was his eternal idol and teacher. He admired and loved Piaro. Ibellin didn't want to acknowledge Piaro's weak heart.

'A great demon isn't a big deal for Master! I'll bet on it!'

He thoroughly denied reality. Despite Piaro smashing one arm, Belial's health gauge remained the same. Ibellin stared at her and moved.

Pahat!

He was also strong. He would use his strength to fight the great demon and plant courage in Piaro. But reality was cruel. Ibellin

narrowed the distance to Belial and wielded his sword.

[Belial's flames are too hot. You will receive 2,500 burn damage per second.]

[Belial's darkness has invaded your heart.]

[It has caused a delirium. You can't attack Belial.]

[The desire for murder is triggered. Find the nearest human and attack.]

These notification windows popped up.

Duguen!

Ibellin's vision flashed red. His spirit was stunned as he took back the sword attacking Belial and turned to strike at his closest ally. The person was Faker.

Chengkang!

"T-This...!"

He couldn't even attack? Ibellin's face distorted. Faker had blocked his attack with a dagger and muttered.

"The confusion is only applied for one blow."

It was fortunate. It would've been more desperate if Belial's confusion caused them to attack their allies for a 'certain period of time.' Faker glanced towards Lael in the rear. It was a gesture that asked what they should do. The silent Lael finally opened his mouth.

"Piaro, lead the soldiers along with Maxong and retreat."

What was Lael doing when the great demon appeared? He didn't question it. The situation was too urgent to think about why a great demon had appeared. Lael only thought about how to break through the worst development. Then he was convinced after the great demon managed to cope with Piaro's Pounding Mortar.



It was impossible to kill the great demon. Reinhardt's occupation had failed.

‘Piaro is still growing.’

In other words, his level was low. Piaro had only been a legend for 4~5 years. Lauel thought that Piaro needed more time to be able to deal with a great demon like the former legends.

‘I can't lose Piaro and the soldiers.’

He had to think about the future. He didn't need to be obsessed with the occupation of Reinhardt when it was impossible. It was imperative to retreat while minimizing the damage. Piaro, Maxong, and the soldiers who they raised with difficulty needed to return unharmed.

Of course, it was up to the players to buy time!

“Earl Lauel! I will buy time!”

“...”

Piaro couldn't accept the order to retreat, but Lauel ignored him. He spoke to Damian.

"Damian, can I ask you to buff all the Overgeared members?"

Confirmation was necessary before entering the battle. Could Pope Damian's holy buff threaten the great demon? In addition, what were the odds of resisting Belial's delirium when attacking her?

"All members of Overgeared except for Piaro attack Belial."

The order was immediately executed. The 200 members of Overgeared, including Faker and Ibellin, attacked Belial. The former Silver Knights members were included. Most of the mid-200s users were forced to attack their allies instead of Belial. It was the same for Faker and Ibellin. They were affected by Belial's confusion and attacked each other.

Lauel frowned at the sight.

‘It can’t be resisted?’

Belial didn’t allow any melee attacks. Everyone became ‘confused’ and attacked their allies.

‘Then what about ranged magic or attacks?’

Lauel completed the spell late due to the penalty of a 20% decrease in casting speed and bombarded Belial with the other magicians. Of course, there was also great magician, Earl Ashur. However...

[Belial has used Mirror Shield.]

[Only 30% of your magic damage is applied.]

[The remaining 70% will be returned as damage to you!]

Pepepepeok!

“Kuaaaaack!”

It was the worst. There was no hope. The melee attacks caused confusion while magic attacks were neutralized and reflected. That was Belial. She seemed vulnerable to ranged physical attacks such as arrows, but she didn’t get hurt because of her high defense.

Lauel and the Overgeared members realized what the ‘minimum conditions’ were for raiding Belial.

It was a legend. Only people who could resist abnormal statuses could try and raid Belial. There was only one decision Lauel could make here.

"We will become a human barrier until Piaro and the soldiers retreat. Don’t attack Belial first. Just defend. Damian and Chris. It would be appreciated if you could help Piaro and the soldiers retreat."

Damian and Chris weren’t members of Overgeared. He had no intention of forcing them to sacrifice themselves.

Chris nodded.

“Believe in me. I will thoroughly protect the soldiers of Overgeared as long as I can commission an item.”

Damian shook his head.

“I will stay and fight. Isabel will be sufficient to escort Piaro.”

However, an unexpected development occurred.

“I will also stay and fight.”

Isabel, Rebecca’s Daughter. She pulled out Lifael’s Spear, one of the Rebecca Church’s three divine artifacts, and approached Belial.

“I-Isabel-chan! Stop!”

Damien shouted with a pale face. He was afraid that Isabel might get hurt. But Isabel didn’t stop moving. In the first place, the reason for the existence of the Rebecca Church was to destroy the Yatan Church and the demonkin. Among them, Rebecca’s Daughters were at the forefront of those who fought the demonkin.

Isabel couldn’t overlook the emergence of a great demon.

“White Transformation.”

Kuhwaaaaaaang!

Isabel’s brilliant hair and eyes turned white as she opened up her sealed power. She smiled at the sad Damian while surrounded by a golden aura.

“I will repay the favor to Grid. Your Holiness, leave this place to me and go with the Overgeared members.

“I-Isabel-chan! No! No!”

There was no time to stop her. Isabel gained a transcendent ability from White Transformation in exchange for her lifespan. Time had passed since the Drevigo and Pascal episodes. The current Isabel was much more powerful than she was in the past, and could easily overpower even Pope Damian. She broke free

from Damian's hand and threw herself at Belial.

"How ludicrous!"

Belial had been angry since she was wounded and now her gaze focused on Isabel.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Belial's strong flames collided with the golden aura around Isabel's body and caused a shockwave to shoot through the whole area. The ground shook and parts of the palace came tumbling down. Several Overgeared members and soldiers died.

"Isabel-chaaaaaan!"

Damian only became a pope to save Isabel. Now he had to sacrifice Isabel? Damian's sad scream rang out while sadness filled the hearts of Lael and the Overgeared members.

"Eek!"

Piara was furious. Lael was Grid's representative. Piara didn't dare disobey his command, but he couldn't stay still against Belial. He had to do something for the many young women who were sacrificed. He stopped as he was about to run out and help Isabel.

It was because he heard Lael's voice. "Stop. If you take one more step, you are no longer Grid's subordinate. Have you forgotten about everything he has done for you?"

"..."

"I will say it again. Retreat with the Overgeared soldiers."

Lael felt sorry, but he couldn't help Damian. In the end, Isabel's power as Rebecca's Daughter was precious.

'I will pay off this debt someday, Damian.'

Lael gave orders with a dark atmosphere. He was turning a blind eye to Damian when he received a whisper.

-I'm going now. Hold on a little longer.

-Y-You!

Lauel's body stiffened like a stone statue. The person who sent him the whisper?

-If my power is combined with Piaro and Damian, we might be able to seal the great demon.

-Kraugel!

The sky above the sky. The strongest player who showed his abilities that were beyond Grid before obtaining a hidden class. He acquired the strongest legendary class, Sword Saint, and was now running towards Reinhardt. Lauel's brain moved quickly.

At the same time, in Seoul, South Korea.

“ ... ”

Shin Youngwoo woke up from sleep and stared at the TV with an ugly expression. He barely shook off his irritation as he thoroughly observed the great demon Belial. Sehee ran in at that moment.

"Oppa! Right now...!"

"Just relax and sit down. You'll go with me."

Sehee's shaking hand was caught by his as she was pulled to the seat.

# Chapter 570

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Shin Youngwoo was thinking fiercely.

‘Will Belial have a weakness, just like Hell Gao and the fire stones?’

A great demon’s home was hell. It was unreasonable for them to exert their full strength in the human world. There was a precedent with Hell Gao, so Belial was likely to also have a penalty.

‘I need to find her weakness.’

He could only watch as the Overgeared members death with Belial.

Youngwoo believed that this was his current role, rather than fretting about not being able to run to the battlefield right away. He kept calm and cool and thoroughly observed Belial. He watched her skills, her voice, her actions, and even her expressions and eyes.

It was a good decision. All of Grid’s growth became the nourishment for Shin Youngwoo.

Meanwhile, Sehee was blushing as she sat next to her brother. How long had it been since she sat side by side with her brother...? She recalled a childhood memory. But the pleasure only lasted for a short moment. Sehee’s eyes shook while she was recalling old memories. Her lips pouted.

It was because the great demon on the TV was almost naked. She was basically naked except for the important parts that were covered with flames! People needed to be at least 17+ in order to see it!

“Are you okay?”

“Huh?”

Youngwoo was bewildered by the glares his sister kept sending

him. It really was difficult to be an older brother.

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A king's first duty was to protect his people. This was the basic principle that established the relationship between the king and the people. But King Aslan broke that principle. He sacrificed his people to summon a great demon. He abandoned the king's authority on his own. It was an unfathomable event that would go down in the history of the West Continent.

"The king killed my daughter!"

"The king killed my sister!"

"The king killed my friend!"

"The king killed them!"

"Aslan isn't a king!"

Outside the walls of the palace. The people felt hatred as they cursed and blamed Aslan. Smoke filled the skies of Reinhardt. It was the remnants of the 9,999 innocent virgins burned at the stake.

King Aslan didn't care about the people who were angry, sad, or crying. The curses and accusations poured in one ear and went out the other. He thought it was better to endure the people's complaints than to ruin the kingdom.

'The people of a small kingdom are different from the people of the best kingdom on the continent. My determination today will lead to future splendor for all of you... You will know someday.'

King Aslan rationalized his misguided behavior for summoning a great demon. He witnessed the sight of the huge mortar falling from the sky.

Kukukukukung!

"Heok...!"

Was this a punishment from the gods? The guilty conscious buried deep in his heart rose and King Aslan fainted.

“...Ha!”

“Your Majesty!”

“Your Majesty!”

“...”

A familiar voice was heard. King Aslan opened glazed eyes and looked relieved. He didn't seem to be in hell if he was seeing Chucksley.

“You're alive... What is that mortar that fell from the sky?”

Chucksley explained to the confused King Aslan.

“It was a technique used by an Overgeared member. One of the great demon's arms was destroyed.”

“What?”

A fatal wound was dealt to the strongest monarch of hell. No, Belial wasn't the strongest. She was the 32nd great demon. The anxious King Aslan hastily looked out the window. He was worried that Belial would've died before King Aslan's wish was granted.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Kurururung!

The view outside the palace was pandemonium. It was in ruins. The Overgeared members were on fire from Belial's flames. No, it looked like a one-sided battle. Belial was slaughtering the Overgeared members.

“Ha! Hahaha! That's right! A great demon wouldn't be beaten so easily!”

‘Yes, Belial. Don't forget the reason for your summoning. Defend the kingdom and defeat the outsiders! Make Eternal the most powerful kingdom on the continent!’



Madness filled King Aslan's eyes as he cheered on the great demon. Chucksley was surprised by the sight.

‘The king has changed.’

He wasn't the right person to be king from the beginning. There had been some cause at the start. King Aslan's sin couldn't be forgiven, but at least he was qualified to be a king. But not anymore. King Aslan was going crazy.

‘...The end.’

Chucksley realized that the kingdom his ancestors spilled blood and sweat for was facing its end.

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“Sky Dragon's Tears!”

Kururung!

They had to hold on until Kraugel arrived. Lauel withdrew the order to retreat and struggled along with Piaro, Isabel, Maxong, and the other Overgeared members. Only the soldiers were left behind. The ultimate weather change of a Flow Master. Thunder and rain filled the sky and dampened a bit of the flames emitted by Belial.

"Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field."

Kurururung!

Piario's pitchfork moved through the damn ground. It was amazing. He looked like the god of agriculture. The land that Belial was trampled on was cleared for farming in an instant.

“Are you kidding me?”

Clearing fields during a battle? Even Belial couldn't be calm, despite being one of the 33 great demons of hell. She ridiculed Piario as her flames exploded around her. Isabel intercepted her attack in order to allow Piario to act.

"Rebecca's servant! You're ridiculous!"

Belial hated Rebecca, the goddess of light, due to their opposite temperaments. Her flames clashed with Lifael's Spear as she reached out and grabbed Isabel's neck.

"Kuock!"

Isabel was exhausted after competing with Belial for a while. She was grabbed by Belial and her face smashed into the ground. Fortunately, the land cleared by Piaro wasn't firm, but soft. Her pretty face was covered with dirt, but there wasn't any significant damage.

"Isabel!"

Damian hurriedly healed Isabel. Isabel soon got up, but Belial didn't care about her anymore. She crossed the land that had become a rice field and reached Piaro.

"Cough!"

Piaro's face hardened as he sowed the seeds. She was 100 meters away while he was still sowing. Belial's movement speed was ridiculously fast. Piaro was feeling panicked when a black shadow moved. The person was Faker.

Chaaeng!

He couldn't attack Belial, but he couldn't defend against her attack. He crossed his daggers and prevented Belial's stab. It was the moment when the dagger for murder turned into a dagger for protection.

[Your perfect defense has failed.]

[You have suffered 9,830 damage.]

[The distance with Belial is too close! You will receive 500 heat damage and 2,500 burn damage!]

"Kuk!"

Faker shook. There was a monster like this in the world? His eyes shook as he glared at Belial.

‘An ordinary human could respond to my attack?’

That’s right. Faker’s swiftness and control was admired by even a great demon. However, it didn’t have much significance right now. In the future, Faker could threaten a great demon if he reached the fourth advancement or fifth advancement. However, he only had his third class advancement currently.

Hwaruruk!

Flames exploded from Belial’s hands and penetrated Faker’s chest, turning him to grey.

“Faker!”

The person who wiped out the Ice Flower Guild was killed in an instant? Lauel, the Overgeared members, and the viewers were in shock.

"Free Farming 1st Style, Sowing."

Papat! Pa pa pa pat!

Thanks to Faker’s sacrifice, Piaro was able to plant a large number of seeds.

"This is the end...!"

This person kept doing something in the fields. Was he mocking a great demon? Belial was annoyed at the person who took one of her arms and didn’t focus. She passed through the dying Faker and attacked Piaro. She wielded her flaming hands and feet like lightning bolts.

But the Overgeared members weren’t doing nothing after Faker’s sacrifice. Several Overgeared members already stood in front of Belial. It was a human barrier to protect Piaro. This was the role of the Overgeared members in battle.

“Kuaaaack!”

10 Overgeared members died from Belial's attack.

"Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth."

The angry Piaro blessed the seeds planted in the ground. Then!  
Kwadududuk!

Hundreds of seeds instantly sprouted and grew into trees. They weren't ordinary trees but beautiful trees that seemed to live for hundreds of years. They became natural prisons and locked Belial in.

'Instantly raising trees?'

Even the elves couldn't do this. She honestly admired it, but the result was useless. Belial was the queen of fire! She thought Piaro was foolish for locking her into wood.

"It's enough if I burn it!"

Hwaruruk!

Belial exploded her flames around her in order to turn the trees to ashes. However, Maxong was one step faster.

"It is up to here!"

As the water clan king, Maxong was an expert with water and cast a spell.

Kurururu!

It was like a blue dragon ascended. Blue water rose from the ground where Belial stood, trapping her inside.

[The flames surrounded the 32nd Great Demon Belial have temporarily disappeared!]

[You are free from the terrible heat!]

Maxong. He was the king of a species. Now that he overcame the sadness of losing his daughter, he was a powerhouse equivalent to Piaro. Of course, that was only if he was fighting in the sea. Still, he now displayed his strength.

“Now Piaro!”

“Yes!”

Belial was engulfed in the pillar of water.

“Fated to Perish.”

Piaro took advantage of the gap and used the most powerful single target skill. His hand plow pierced Belial’s forehead.

Puk!

“...!”

Fated to Perish was an absolutely invincible skill that had a 100% chance of instantly killing the target. Of course, targets classified as bosses couldn’t be instantly killed. However, critical damage could be dealt.

“Kuk...! Kuaaaaaaaack!”

Belial couldn’t bear the pain and let out a terrible scream. It was a different reaction from when she lost her arm.

『 ... 』

-...

The commentators and viewers around the world were silent.

Great demon. The process of raiding the worst and strongest boss...

-This is an agricultural promotional video.

-Farming is really great.

-Let’s all take up a hand plow.

Piaro seemed to be saying that. Many people watching the raid video started to become interested in the farmer class. This was the strength of a legend. This was Piaro, who pioneered the path of a new legend with his power alone. Piaro was special.

The chairman of the S.A. Group, Lim Cheolho, paid direct

attention to him.

“To me...! Wounding me two times!”

Belial grabbed her forehead that was hit by Piaro’s hand plow and fired demonic energy in all directions. She broke through the water pillar and trees restraining her and escaped. She finally noticed the reality of Piaro.

“Now I understand. You’re a legend?”

Sword Saint Muller. A transcendent existence who humiliated several great demons hundreds of years ago.

“You’re the reincarnation of Muller!”

"No, I’m a farmer, not Muller.”

“Shut up!” She knew there were many legends in the human world, but she’d never heard of a farmer among them. He couldn’t be a farmer. "Stop mocking me!”

“...”

Now there would be no carelessness. She would use all her power! Belial became serious and revealed her true power.

“Summoning the 32nd Hell!”

Jjejeok!

Jjeejeeong!

The landscape behind Belial split apart. Endless darkness emerged from the divided landscape.

"I will tear you to shreds!”

Belial smiled with satisfaction.

Flash!

The darkness swallowed up the world.

[The 32nd Hell has been summoned!]

[Skill and magic power is reduced by 20% and casting speed is

reduced by 50%.]

[Health and mana won't recover.]

[Stamina will fall faster.]

[Potions can't be used.]

[Creatures of the 32nd Hell will emerge!]

“Ah...”

The Overgeared members lost hope. Piaro's expression stiffened. Hundreds of beautiful succubuses with purple skin flew through the air.

『 Ah, this is impossible. .』

『 The great demon that makes even the Overgeared Guild useless... How can anyone kill it? Now the continent will be in turmoil and there will be limitations on game play. 』

『 There's no hope unless the Saharan Empire comes out at a large scale. 』

The atmosphere of the world sank. It wasn't just one or two people who were afraid of the future that the great demon would bring. Then a sword fell from the sky. The bodies of the succubuses attacking the Overgeared members were wounded.

“I'm sorry for the delay.”

The sky above the sky. It was the emergence of Sword Saint Kraugel.

# Chapter 571

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Clack clack, clack clack.

It was in an instant. Bairan, which had been ruined by the aftermath of the war, was rapidly recovering. The wreckage of collapsed houses were removed in the blink of an eye and new buildings were built again in its place. It was possible due to the large number of manpower.

A total of 70,000 people were working faithfully under the leadership of Asmophel and the five high rankers. Their physical force, tempered by the long march, was truly wonderful. Heavy loads were easily transported and they could make mountains in a few hours. They also had plenty of gold due to the large amount of golden armor that Duke Lucilliv's soldiers were armed with.

In the future, Bairan would become incomparably bigger and more abundant. However, there was one crucial problem.

‘There isn't enough food.’

Duke Lucilliv didn't have enough food for 100,000 troops. It was his arrogance that thought he could end the war quickly. The food kept in Bairan was also low. They would run out of food in the next fortnight. Asmophel's eyes were bitter as he looked at the fields that were deserted due to the war.

‘It would be nice if there was one farmer directly taught by Piaro.’

He could've trained farmers in Bairan and grew rainbow potatoes to solve the food shortage. The rainbow potato was a specialty of Reidan. It grew very fast, tasted good, and had high nutritional value. But there were no Reidan farmers present in Bairan. It was regrettable.

‘We're in a war and Reidan can't afford the food but... We will need to import food.’



His greedy lord would be sad, but they had to sell the gold.

“Hmm?”

Asmophel was looking at the fields when he saw someone coming from far away. The person gradually got closer. He was wearing dirty clothes and a straw hat. He was carrying various types of farming equipment at his waist. This was a farmer.

‘Who?’

The direction that the farmer came from had a forest where various monsters popped up. A farmer broke through that forest alone and reached this place? Asmophel saw that the approaching farmer was an unusual person.

“Eh? Are you Asmophel, Piaro’s friend?”

"You...!"

Color returned to Asmophel’s face as he confirmed the identity of the approaching farmer. It was the farmer taught by Piaro before Piaro left for Siren, Hurent. He came to Bairan!

"Indeed, you are a person Piaro cared for. It was a great choice to train you."

“Huh?”

"You predicted that Bairan needed you and ran over? Really great. Long words aren’t necessary. Please help clear the fields."

“Huh?”

"Teach the farmers in Bairan and grow the rainbow potatoes."

“Huh?”

"Then we will have enough food to feed 70,000 people!"

“Huh?!”

“Then I am asking you.”

[The hidden quest ‘Solve Bairan’s Food Crisis’ has been created.]

“...”

Aura Master Hurent. He came a long way with the belief that he was protecting Reidan's fields, only to become a farmer in Bairan. The Overgeared members were unaware of this.

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"There's no answer."

"These status conditions are completely..."

The Overgeared members grumbled. The great demon Belial summoned the 32nd Hell and succubuses emerged. Debuffs were stacked on debuffs. Due to these status conditions, the Overgeared members were extremely weakened, as if they were naked. Even Maxong was upset, while one of Overgeared's best members, Faker had already died. It was also Belial's second stage.

"This monster..."

Raiding a great demon? At this point, it was completely impossible. It would be a few years before they could challenge it. As a simple example, the level 452 was forced on the defensive against Belial.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

Belial used the fires of hell to create stronger flames that burned around Piaro's body. Piaro defended quickly.

"There's no hope."

Yes, the situation was so desperate there was no hope that the Belial raid would succeed. Now only despair was left.

"Of course, I won't give up so easily."

The Overgeared members didn't intend to give up. Their guild master Grid never gave up, so how could the people gathered under him give up?

“Wear some clothes and go home!”

"Sadistic things!"

The succubuses had sensual bodies. The Overgeared members started aiming their weapons at the various beautiful women who were lacking clothing. However, none of them could do anything big except for Ibellin. The level of the 32 Hell succubuses were level 320, while the average level of the Overgeared members was in the mid 200s.

"Huhuhut, you look sexy when angry. Now relax. I'll make you feel good."

"I want to lick your skin."

The succubuses started to bewitch the Overgeared members. There were at least 50 succubuses and it was difficult to reject the charms of beautiful women. They became more desperate at the sight of hundreds of succubuses flying in the distance.

[You have been caught by the succubus' bewitchment!]

[It's hard to control your body.]

[Magic resistance is reduced by 40%!]

“You will be delicious to eat.”

The succubuses' faces were red with ecstasy as they revealed their true nature. They started to absorb the stamina of the bewitched members.

“Ugh....”

“Dammit...”

The Overgeared members were caught by pain or pleasure and quickly became helpless. Then solid lines that resembled spiderwebs flashed across the field of view of the confused Overgeared members. They couldn't hear anything. There were just flashes. But the result was amazing.

[The succubus who has bewitched you has died.]

[You are free from the bewitchment.]

“What?”

The Overgeared members were astonished. The succubuses that threatened them were turning to grey?

‘Who?’

Who could kill dozens of level 320 monsters instantly? How many people in the world could use a wide area skill with such power? The Overgeared members were feeling stunned when a familiar voice was heard.

“I’m sorry for the delay.”

The sky above the sky. It was the emergence of Sword Saint Kraugel. The darkness of hell was split in half as he leapt lightly over the hellfire river. He approached Belial, who was driving Piaro on the defensive, and aimed his sword at her weak spot.

[The distance with Belial is too close! You will receive 500 heat damage and 2,500 burn damage! You have resisted.]

[Belial’s darkness has invaded your heart. You have resisted.]

[Your mental... You have resisted.]

[Super Sensitivity has scanned the subject’s body.]

[It’s hard to expect a big effect from slashing attacks. A stabbing attack is recommended.]

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 9,530 damage to the target.]

“Ack?!”

Belial’s eyes widened. A new human appeared, jumped towards her stomach, and stabbed her? The stinging pain made Belial feel uncomfortable.

“Who are you?”

The great demon asked about a player. But Kraugel didn't care. To Kraugel, a great demon was just a monster that gave better items. He ignored Belial's question and supported Piaro.

“Brother, you have suffered.”

“You...”

Piaro's eyes shook. Kraugel was clearly different from before. It was amazing compared to when Piaro was a great swordsman.

“You have finally become a Sword Saint!”

Piaro had appreciated Kraugel from the start. He could see that Kraugel was a person with more talent than himself. He believed that Kraugel could achieve the status of Sword Saint. It was faster than expected. Kraugel's talent was much better than Piaro expected. It was Grid-like talent.

“I was able to achieve it due to Brother's teachings. In addition, Grid... Brother's lord also helped.”

“Hah... Haha.”

His own hard work and talent was attributed to others? Piaro really couldn't hate a person like that. Piaro couldn't help congratulating him, rather than feeling envious.

“Congratulations. We should spar at a later date.”

“Shouldn't we spar after defeating the great demon first? I'm not Brother's opponent yet.”

At this moment, Kraugel wasn't better than Piaro. Lael also knew this. Kraugel had become a Sword Saint in the National Competition's PvP finals. He was only level 160. This was the conclusion Lael came to based on Kraugel's understanding, intelligence, hunting ability, title effects, and Yura's level up speed after she became a Demon Slayer. It was possible to reach level 160 in such a short amount of time because he was Kraugel. Lael rated

him extremely high.

‘But now I see...’

Just like Grid, Kraugel was another person that Lael couldn’t analyze. Kraugel killed 50 succubuses that were level 320. He might have passed level 200 instead of being level 160.

‘Is there hope?’

Belial was a monster that even Piaro couldn’t cope with. Kraugel’s level was much higher than expected, but it was doubtful that he could threaten Belial when Piaro couldn’t. However, Lael already decided to believe in him. Kraugel wasn’t the type of person to spit out frivolous words. It was obvious he had some method.

The moment that Lael felt faith.

“This human dares ignore me.”

Kraugel was attacked by Belial. She attacked Kraugel with fists and feet covered with flames. Kraugel avoided it with Super Sensitivity and his innate insights. Then he made a party with Piaro and Damian. The party system was one of the few systems that NPCs and players shared. Piaro accepted the party invitation without hesitation and was surprised.

[You are in the field of party leader Kraugel]

[Sword Saint’s Aura is perfectly applied. The damage done to enemies will increase by 30%. The damage of sword related skills will double. This will last for the duration of the party.]

It was the same with Damian.

[You can vaguely feel the party leader Kraugel’s field.]

[Sword Saint’s Aura is slightly applied. The damage done to enemies will increase by 10%. This will last for the duration of the party.]

‘A party buff?’

Was this the dignity of a legendary combat class? Kraugel shouted to the amazed Damian. It was surprising that he could talk in the middle of avoiding Belial's continuous attacks.

"Give Brother the buff!"

"Ah, yes! Light's Blessing!"

[Attack power, defense, and accuracy has increased by 80%.]

"Ohhh!"

Strength flooded into Piaro. It felt like he became another person.

Chaaeng!

Kraugel could no longer escape from Belial's attack and started bleeding. He stepped back while defending and handed White Fang to Piaro. Piaro became confused as he received the sword. Why was a swordsman handing Piaro his sword? The question was quickly resolved.

"Can you show me your peak technique during your time as a great swordsman? Please enlighten my ignorant self."

"My peak swordsmanship...!"

Supreme Swordsmanship. The most powerful swordsmanship born on the East Continent that was proud of its power. His Free Farming style was based on the Supreme Swordsmanship, but it was inevitable that the power was inferior compared to the killing swordsmanship. Piaro grasped Kraugel's intentions and didn't hesitate.

"Running away!"

As Belial chased after the retreating Kraugel, Piaro wielded the sword.

"Supreme Swordsmanship 4th Style."

It felt like the flow of time stopped for Piaro. He stood alone with

the sword. He didn't shake as he faced Belial who was approaching here.

"You're so overwhelmed that you have become a stone statue!"

Belial shouted as her momentum increased.

"Splitting the Sky."

The sky fell.

Kurururung!

Piario timed it precisely for the moment when Belial narrowed the distance.

Kwajak!

Kwajajajak!

Hundreds of energy blades poured from the fallen sky. It turned the landscape of hell and Belial into rags.

"K...Kuooooock!"

The third scream. Following Pounding Mortar and Fated to Perish, Belial's health gauge once again decreased. It was a weak level, but there was new hope.

Kkuok.

Kraugel received White Fang back from Piario and moved. He took the same stance as Piario.

"Swordsmanship Creation."

The strongest swordsman.

"Splitting the Sky."

He inherited the power of the strongest swordsman.

Kurururung!

Once again, the sky collapsed and Belial couldn't even scream.



# Chapter 572

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## [Swordsmanship Creation]

You can create new sword techniques.

The number of times it can be created will increase every time the level of 'Complete Sword Mastery' increases.

- \* The term sword techniques refers to skills that can be used when wearing sword type weapons.

- \* There are six factors that determine the power of the created sword technique.

- \* Passive skills can't be created.

Number of sword techniques that can be created: 3/4

Swordsmanship Creation was literally creation. It was completely different from copying and had the same concept as 'Item Creation' possessed by Grid. In other words, Kraugel's Splitting the Sky wasn't a copy of Piaro's. It was redesigned and created to be more powerful. This was intended from the beginning.

The reason Kraugel asked Piaro to use his peak swordsmanship technique was for this skill. Was it because he wanted to obtain a great sword technique for free? No, it wasn't such lowly greed. This was pure respect.

Kraugel desired to leave a trace of Piaro on the path of the Sword Saint that he would develop in the future. In order to prevent the blood and sweat that Piaro accumulated as a great swordsman, Kraugel sacrificed his precious Swordsmanship Creation. In fact, the redesigned Splitting the Sky didn't compare very well with the skills of a Sword Saint.

"Splitting the Sky."

Kraugel's lofty will was conveyed to Piaro. Piaro didn't doubt

Kraugel. He was also a swordsman. He grasped Kraugel's intentions and felt gratitude.

“...!”

Belial couldn't even scream. Kraugel didn't miss this gap.

Puk!

Puuooooook!

They were persistent. Kraugel continued to stab White Fang at Belial. This was the stab that he practiced infinitely in the game as he attempted to become a Sword Saint. It was plain and basic, but the flat damage was powerful because it hit a weak spot.

[Critical!]

[Critical!]

[Critical!]

Complete Sword Mastery enhanced attack power, attack speed, critical damage chance, and critical damage when using sword type weapons. Now it exerted its power. The Overgeared members saw Belial shaking in pain and felt hope towards the great demon raid.

‘Overwhelming a great demon...!’

‘This is the sky above the sky! Maybe we can succeed in this raid!’

The Overgeared members' courage started boiling at the thought of such a great figure helping them. They threw away their weak hearts and fought their best against the remaining succubuses. On the other hand, Kraugel was feeling doubts.

‘Why didn't she avoid it?’

Belial's physical abilities were transcendent. As a great demon, she was one of the top 100 named bosses in Satisfy. The players' stats couldn't be compared to hers. But it was strange. She allowed the attacks of a level 214 player?

‘It can't be... Is it that she can't avoid it, rather than she won't?’

The title effects, hidden quest rewards, and elixirs meant Kraugel's agility was higher than some level 300 players. Kraugel's movements were fast and above all, they were irregular due to Super Sensitivity. But the great demon should be able to respond. Kraugel was feeling puzzled when he thought about something.

‘Perhaps?’

He thought about the way that Belial fought. The kicks and punches were fast and powerful, but were they threatening? No. Belial solely relied on her physical abilities while her techniques were lacking. Her attacks were threatening because of the flames.

‘She isn't a martial artist?’

The moment that Kraugel noticed this.

"I won't take it anymore."

A cold smile appeared on the face of Belial who had been stabbed several times. At the same time, it happened.

Kuaaaaaaang!

Black magic exploded around Belial. The dark magic power extended all over the place and dried up the nearby succubuses, making them look like mummies. However, the target Kraugel was safe. The moment that Belial had exploded the dark magic, he predicted the range of the explosion and retreated outside it. It was an evasion that utilized the legendary footwork only available for a Sword Saint, Flow.

“The more I look, the more amazing it is. Your physical abilities are much more efficient than any other I have seen.”

Belial frankly admired it. She could afford to feel this way. Kraugel sweated as he confirmed that all the succubuses within range of the magic explosion were dead.

‘Magician...!’

Yes, Belial's specialty was magic, not physical fighting. Belial's

real power was that she could use magic in an instant. This meant she had overpowered Piaro and Overgeared without using any of her skills. Kraugel's posture became tense. It was the special defense stance of a Sword Saint that raised defense, blocking probability, and evasion rate.

‘Buy a bit more time.’

The great demon had a penalty in exchange for being summoned. He had Hao, who came with him to Reinhardt, observe from the outskirts of the hell. Kraugel's goal was to hold on as long as possible until the whisper arrived.

Belial waved her hand.

“I will inscribe my flames in your bones.”

Hwaruruk!

The flames around Belial's body started to gather at once point. At the same time, her exposed skin was covered with dark energy, spreading like it was a dress. The directors of the broadcasting companies in each country were relieved. They almost had a heart attack when the broadcast changed to 19+.

“Taste my flames!”

The flames gathered at Belial's fingertips and took the shape of a staff. At first glance, the staff was filled with enormous magic power. It clearly emphasized the firepower of the queen of fire.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

“...!”

A storm of flames! Belial wielded her staff and a storm of flames aimed at Kraugel. Unlike typical spells, this one required no preparatory action and caught Kraugel, who was leaving his position with Flow. The moment Kraugel evaded the first spell, Belial immediately used a second spell.

However, the form of the second spell was very different. The

first spell shot out in a straight line, while the second spell was 13 firestorms emerging from the ground. Of course, this irregularity couldn't threaten Kraugel. Kraugel had godly control. It was evaluated that his control ability had reached the domain of a god. He twisted his body in evasive maneuvers and escaped from the magic.

The real problem was the third magic bombardment.

Kurururung!

Wide area magic fell from the sky. It was a meteor bombardment that had never been seen after Satisfy opened.

“Meteor!”

Supreme magic used by Belial!

“...!”

The range of the meteors was too wide and the speed of the fall was tremendous. They couldn't be avoided, even at Kraugel's level.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[Resisted the burn damage.]

[Your right arm has been fractured by a meteorite. This is an unstoppable physical force.]

[You have suffered 23,900 damage.]

[The confusion has been resisted.]

“Ku....ock!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Kraugel groaned as he was hit by the meteor bombardment. Piaro and Damian also got hit and coughed up blood. Isabel and the Overgeared members were no exception. In particular, almost all the Overgeared members below level 300 died. The viewers were shocked. The power of the rumored Meteor was stronger than the red phoenix that Grid and Jishuka summoned!

Kurururu!

The 32nd Hell was ruined by the meteor bombing. Clouds of ash spread through the hell and the waters of hellfire boiled over everywhere. It was truly frightening. Belial's eyes were cold as she looked over the groaning Overgeared members.

"That brat?"

The human called Kraugel. She wanted to kill him for inflicting terrible pain on her. But he couldn't be seen at all?

"Hiding like a rat."

He must've used this opportunity to run away. Belial scoffed and used a spell again.

"Can you survive this time?"

Kurururung!

Dark fireballs appeared in the sky above the hell. It was a precursor of a second Meteor. Belial had infinite magic power and could use supreme magic twice in a row.

"Cough! Cough cough! Piaro...?"

They would be wiped out. Piaro couldn't resurrect. Lael evaluated the situation and barely found Piaro. Due to his proximity to Belial, Piaro was seriously wounded by Meteor. He had fallen and couldn't get up.

"P-Piario!"

New meteorites were about to fall from the sky. Lael was desperate. Piaro was the teacher for Grid and the Overgeared members. He was one of the strongest in Overgeared. What would happen if they lost him? If so, the Overgeared Guild would decline. Piaro's presence was that great.

"I...! I will die 100 times if it means you...!"

Stagger.

Lauel took weak steps forward. Despite the fact that he could be killed by Belial at any time, he kept moving without any fear. He was only thinking about protecting Piaro. Belial confirmed that Lauel's gaze was fixed on Piaro and found it amusing.

"Yes, you want to save Muller's descendant?"

Belial's misunderstanding of Piaro was still intact. Under the meteors in the sky, she aimed at Piaro with her staff, creating a fire spear.

At that moment.

"Muller's descendant is right here."

Kraugel suddenly appeared behind Belial and stabbed her. It was a stab filled with tremendous energy.

"My name will surpass Muller!"

Kuooooooooh!

Kraugel roared like a dragon as he stabbed Belial's neck.

"What nonsense."

The moment that Belial moved the fire spear from Piaro to Kraugel.

"Hell Regulation."

[The Demon Slayer has exerted influence on the 32nd Hell.]

[The debuffs of the 32nd Hell are temporarily turned off!]

[The power of the 32nd Great Demon Belial has sharply fallen!]

"W-What is this?"

Belial was shocked. Her eyes bulged as a fire arrow flew towards her eyes.

# Chapter 573

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Belial was overflowing with confidence.

Kraugel's sword that was about to pierce her neck? It had a sharp orbit, but was too slow. Kraugel had excellent technical abilities, but low physical abilities. She was confident that the fire spear could destroy him before the sword hit her neck.

The farmer who was supposed to be Sword Saint Muller's successor? He was in a critical state after being struck by several meteorites. Both legs were broken and he couldn't move properly. She could kill him at any time. The others? She could burn all of them to death.

Thus, Belial was certain of her victory in battle. But life was always unpredictable. This providence wasn't applied only to humans, but great demons as well.

"Hell Regulation."

"What?"

Belial's calm expression suddenly stiffened. Half of the almost infinite magic power in her body was lost, while the magic of the 32nd Hell faded. It also triggered the stop of Meteor.

"T-This power...!"

Belial could feel it instinctively. It was the emergence of a being who was the 'nemesis' of the great demons. The name...

Demon Slayer. An existence that could destroy hells. Unlike Muller, who defeated the great demons who descended to the earth, the Demon Slayer of the past came to hell and 'hunted' the great demons. The Demon Slayer had devastated five hells.

A chill went down Belial's spine.

'Muller's descendant and a Demon Slayer are present at the same time?'



Puok!

“...!”

Belial was weakened and confused when a fire arrow shot at her. Shooting a fire arrow at the queen of flames? Belial laughed as she absorbed the flames, since this would be food for her recovery.

“Ack?!”

Belial felt a stinging pain. Surprisingly, the flames around the arrow were the antithesis of Belial's flames.

‘Divine fire of a red phoenix?’

How did a person on the West Continent get access to a red phoenix's fire? Belial tried to remain calm despite the constant chaos. She turned her gaze in the direction that the red phoenix fire came from. She saw two beautiful human women. There was a woman with beautiful white skin and impressive ebony hair. The other woman had tanned skin that was full of elasticity. They were aiming at Belial with a gun and bow.

‘Alex's gun!’

It was dangerous. Evil creatures that were hit by a Demon Slayer's cleansing shot would gradually weaken. Belial tried to avoid it but Kraugel's sword was already penetrating her neck.

“K...Kuaaaack!”

Belial's confusion deepened. From her point of view, Kraugel's stats were lower. Yet why did she get hurt every time?

Puok!

Kwa kwa kwang!

Puuok!

Kraugel's sword pierced her, Yura's bullets hit her chest and Jishuka's arrows hit her, causing Belial to cough up blood. Her gaze headed towards Kraugel, who was grabbing her ankle.

“I see...! Muller’s successor is you, not that farmer!”

“No, I didn’t inherit Muller’s skills. I am the new Sword Saint that will surpass him.”

“That is nonsense...!”

There was a Sword Saint, Demon Slayer, and a farmer with potential equal to them. From the viewpoint of a great demon:

‘This is the worst scenario!’

The legends that could threaten the great demons. The frequency of humans who reached this high level was historically very low. It was normally one person per era. Yet on this day, four people with that strength emerged. Belial thought it was unfair.

‘Why is it when I appeared?’

Did that damn Rebecca curse her?

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

Belial bit her lips as she received a steady stream of bullets and fire arrows. She could destroy the magic and arrows if she could exert her full ability, but Belial was currently in a greatly weakened state. Her pride was damaged. The problem was that all her paths to avoid the attacks were read by Kraugel and blocked. If she tried to move to the left, he would appear and stab his sword. If she tried to dodge to the right, he was already standing there and blocking her.

It felt like she was moving in the palm of his hand. It was unpleasant.

Puook!

“...!”

A spear penetrated Belial’s heart as she shook. It was Rail Spear thrown by Pon. In addition to Pon, the Overgeared members who

came from Patrian bombarded Belial with their ultimate attacks. The succubuses were weakened due to the effect of Hell Regulation and couldn't threaten the Overgeared members.

This was also thanks to the great magician, Earl Ashur. A great demon was an opponent that his magic didn't work on. Earl Ashur concentrated his magic on fighting the succubuses, not Belial. The Overgeared members were safe from succubuses thanks to Earl Ashur and Bland.

“Ugh! These little things!”

Belial's anger soared into the sky as her health went down to two-thirds.

“I would rather show this form than suffer this humiliation!”

Belial was the queen of fire and darkness, but before that, she was the queen of lies. She used a beautiful false appearance in order to deceive humans. Now her real appearance was revealed.

Jjejeok!

Jjeejeeong!

Belial's skin started to crack. The appearance of boiling lava and demonic energy from the cracks was awful.

“Kieeeeeeeek!”

Belial broke away from her human form. Her body was made of lava and her four legs touched the ground. Her bloody eyes looked in every direction.

“Kik! Kikikik! Once you see this form, you can never survive!”

She was certain that the legends of this time still hadn't achieved full growth. There might be a lot of them, but they were still young buds. She could step on them without any fear.

Kurururung!

The storm of flames filled with demonic energy covered the

whole area. Kraugel, Piaro, Damian, and Isabel who were relatively close to Belial were severely wounded.

“Kuk...!”

It was serious. The damage accumulated and they couldn't take any potions. They waited for death.

‘I can't use Heal on its own!’

Damian felt an awful sense of helplessness. As the Goddess' Agent and Rebecca Church's Pope, why couldn't he play a big role against a great demon? Damian was in shock.

‘I would've been a bigger help if I was a priest.’

Yes, heals would've been able to increase the fighting strength of his colleagues. But he specialized in buffs. The problem was that the buff durations didn't last long. Damian made a dark expression and was calling himself a useless human being when he heard Piaro's voice.

“You did your best. Without you, we wouldn't have been able to fight this far.”

“P-Piario!”

Damian was upset. Piaro used a hoe as a cane and approached Belial.

“I will buy time. Both of you retreat.”

Piario thought about it. Kraugel, Damian, Yura, Jishuka and the other Overgeared members. They were all young. A beautiful future was guaranteed for them. If they grew and developed their talents, they would be able to defeat great demons more powerful than Belial.

“Why aren't you leaving?”

Kraugel and Damian had no desire to escape while Piario soon approached Belial. Belial thought it was ridiculous.

“You can’t even stand properly.”

Yes, if he wished.

“I will kill you first!”

In the first place, Piaro was the strongest and most threatening. It was safe to get rid of him first. Belial changed her target to Piaro.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeok!

Jishuka was crazy. The arrows no longer aimed at Belial as they flew randomly. The fire arrows exploded on the ground and attacked her allies.

“Hah! Hahahahahat!”

Belial’s eyes widened because she couldn’t understand and she burst out laughing.

“Attacking your teammates? You must’ve gone crazy because you can’t beat me!”

Humans were too weak and inferior. It was interesting to watch them in many ways. Huroi rode a wyvern and shouted at the delighted Belial.

“You evil creature! Your parents are angels! You fell from heaven!”

“...?! ”

Insulting this great body? Saying that the parents of a great demon were angels? Accusing a great demon of falling from heaven!

“H-How dare you?”

It was the first time she heard such insults in her thousands of years of living. She was several times angrier than when her power was sealed by Yura or when her movements were sealed by Kraugel. The moment that Belial’s eyes became incensed.

“My body is light.”

“This is amazing.”

Piario, Kraugel, Isabel, and Damian emerged from Jishuka's flames. Belial was surprised when she saw their status.

“Recovery?”

That's right. The humans who she thought would be burned by the flames had actually been healed. In particular, Piario's broken legs had returned to normal.

“How is it? I'm the main healer of Overgeared.”

Jishuka puffed up her chest proudly and bragged. The male viewers around the world watched her with hearts in their eyes.

-She's sexy and cute.

-I want to be hit by Jishuka's arrows.

-The previous person is right.

-Ah... I want to join Overgeared.

-If I become stronger like Kraugel, I can join Overgeared.

-Do you think you can be like Kraugel or Overgeared?

-I want to fight.

The ratings of the Belial raid peaked. It was slightly lower than the highest ratings established by Grid in the National Competition. Was it possible for Overgeared to defeat the great demon? The whole world was paying attention.

“Light of Destruction.”

Demon Slayer Yura used her ultimate skill. A pillar of light covered Belial.

At the same time, Seoul, South Korea.

"My share...?"

Youngwoo, who had been nervous for his colleagues, now felt

irritated.

# Chapter 574

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[Light of Destruction Lv. 1]

Can only be used against demonkin.

Attacks the target with 2,070% of your physical attack power and 3,430% of your magic attack power. In addition, there will be overlapping penetration damage according to the number of demonic essences consumed. Penetrates a maximum of five demonkin in a straight line. The damage will be applied equally to all.

A target hit by the Light of Destruction will temporarily lose their magic.

Demonic power is the origin of demonkin.

Once a demonkin loses their unique power, all their stats are reduced by 50% for three minutes and it is impossible to recover health.

Cooldown: 4 hours (half when used in a hell)

Mana Consumption: 1,799

Demonic Essence Consumption: From 5 to 500.

A Demon Slayer used magic bullets and swordsmanship as their main forms of attack. This meant they had to distribute stat points equally to strength and intelligence. She couldn't afford to allocate stat points to agility and stamina, so her attack speed, defense, and evasion rate were low. But her skill damage was great.

If Yura had possessed more than 100 demonic essence, she would've dealt a fatal blow to Belial.

Peeeeeeong!

A large hole was formed in Belial's body after she was pierced by the jade pillar of light. As one of the ultimate skills of a Demon Slayer, it really was a threat to a great demon.



“Kuk...! Kuaaaack!”

The demonic energy raging around Belial’s body disappeared like it was a mirage. Belial screamed loudly. The physical pain was great, but the mental suffering associated with losing her demonic energy was greater. Piaro and Isabel rushed towards her. The most powerful buffs of a Goddess’ Agent and Pope were amplifying their strength.

Chaeeeeeng!

Pepepepeng!

Lifael’s Spear struck seven times per second. Isabel’s stabbing attacks annoyed Belial.

“Damn Rebecca’s servant!”

The wounds caused by Rebecca’s divine artifact caused pain even when defending. It was meaningless if she avoided it. However, Isabel received a buff in her White Transformation state, while Belial’s stats fell by 50%. It was difficult to avoid.

Puk!

Puooooock!

Piaro’s hand plow stabbed Belial. This was real pain.

“Uhh!”

In the midst of this terrible pain,

“Kieeeeeeeek!”

Belial lost her temper and started to counterattack.

Dududududung!

Hellfire! Hundreds of flames stretched out like fists towards Piaro and Isabel’s body.

“Kuoong!”

“Uh...!”

Piaro and Isabel tried to defend as much as possible.

“Space Sword.”

The powerful blow from Sword Saint Kraugel cut through all the space of heaven and earth, and struck Belial’s body. This was one of the reasons why Kraugel told Lael that they could seal Belial. This was a powerful blow. Originally, Kraugel would’ve used this skill after Hao found Belial’s weakness from outside the hell. But Yura’s Light of Destruction had weakened Belial.

Kraugel used Space Sword earlier than planned and dealt catastrophic damage to Belial. The presence of a Sword Saint was revealed at this time.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 11,300,599 damage to the target.]

[The target has suffered irreparable damage! All attributes are reduced by 20% and all speeds are reduced by 50%!]

[The target tried to resist. Only half the debuffs are applied.]

[The target has exposed their weakness! For 30 seconds, any attacks to the target will unconditionally be a critical hit! Critical damage will be 1.5 times higher!]

[The target’s resistance has failed.]

[...!]

[!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

[Your powerful sword has cut the world!]

Paaaat!

At that moment. The strike penetrated Belial and headed outside the 32nd Hell they were trapped in. The earth, mountain, sea, and sky. All things that existed in the path of the sword energy were split in half.

[The power of a Sword Saint has been revealed.]

[The peak swordsmanship is fighting against the world.]

[The earth's gods have used their power. Everything split in half is restored.]

“...!!!”

『 ...!!! 』

This phrase appeared in front of all players connected to Satisfy.  
Kurururu!

The group shook for a while and all players on the continent doubted the reality.

“The world...”

“It split apart?”

“Sword Saint!”

“Kraugel!”

The person who had been in the top rankings since Satisfy opened. At this moment, the world knew what hidden class he chose that made him step down from the throne. Youngwoo's eyes widened as he watched the TV.

“Kraugel!”

This wasn't the time to be happy about the growth of his allies like Piaro and Yura. His competitor had split the world with a sword while he was sitting in front of the TV? He didn't like this situation.

Puook!

"Oppa..."

Sehee saw her brother's clenched fists and looked worried. But she was soon relieved. It was because she saw the smile spreading on Youngwoo's face.

‘You're a good competitor.’

Sehee thought. The stronger Kraugel was, the stronger and more enlightened her brother would become. Somehow, she felt that way.

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“...Ha?”

Behen Archipelago, the 61st island.

A man fought Lantier, the undead left behind by Pagma, who was Baal’s Contractor. It lasted day and night and he barely knocked Lantier down. It was Agnus, Baal’s Contractor. He swept back the pale green hair that was wet with sweat. Golden eyes flashed as notification windows appeared before him.

[The power of a Sword Saint has been revealed.]

[The peak swordsmanship is fighting against the world.]

“Kik... Kikik, the earthquake just now was caused by him?”

The strongest legendary class, Sword Saint. Who could it be? It was a no-brainer.

“Kraugel.”

The rat had disappeared and now appeared more brilliantly than ever. They would meet again soon. It was fun just thinking about it. It was thrilling.

“Kik... Kilkik! Kuahahahat!”

Insane laughter echoed in the Behen Archipelago.

The face of Bini the fairy was pale. ‘Sticks, I’m scared. This guy is too dangerous.’

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“Now!”

Belial was weakened by the Light of Destruction and Space Sword in succession. The Overgeared members started their full offensive. Vantner and Toban marked the succubuses with Earl

Ashur. Regas opened the power of an Asura while all the damage dealers attacked Belial, including Pon on a white horse.

Ibellin was the one who played the most remarkable role. He used the Thorn of Deep Grievance that Grid made during the Tzedakah Guild days. He often used the skill attached to it, Laceration, when raiding boss monsters and succeeded in dealing 60% fixed damage to Belial's health!

[The 32nd Great Demon Belial has suffered a fatal injury!]

"Wow!"

"Ibellin is amazing!"

"You're better than the Sword Saint!"

"..."

This was a real overgeared person. Ibellin could deal big damage beyond Kraugel! Kraugel was shocked in many ways when he heard Jishuka's voice.

"You should join Overgeared as well."

Peng!

Pepepepeok!

From the time of her appearance to now, Jishuka had been firing arrows without stopping. Kraugel also admired her.

'How does she keep shooting her bow without a break? Is her stamina so high that she doesn't need to control it?'

The godly archer? Jishuka answered in a manner designed to lure Kraugel.

"Of course, it's my item."

Jishuka winked as she explained with a cheerful expression.

"..."

It was truly items. Kraugel realized that this was the true power

of items.

‘If I joined Overgeared...’

He would be much stronger than now, and he could be free of Ares’ suppression or the madman Agnus.

‘But I can’t be too greedy.’

There was something called a natural destiny. Grid was a good rival before they were friends. They could depend on each other, but the basic competitive landscape needed to be maintained. In order to reach the ‘perfect peak,’ Kraugel intended to compete with Grid and use him as nutrients to grow. He didn’t want to join Overgeared and Grid didn’t want him either.

‘In any case, Overgeared will get Agnus’ aggro if I join.’

Puuok!

Puuooooook!

Kraugel attacked Belial without stopping while he was thinking. Under the onslaught of Kraugel, Piaro, Isabel, and the Overgeared members, Belial’s health fell to 10%. Ibellin’s deadly blow was very huge.

‘It will end soon!’

‘We’re going to be the first players to succeed in a great demon raid!’

What was the most exhilarating moment in Satisfy? It was when Grid made them new items or when they worked together to succeed in boss raids. The Overgeared members were already looking forward to the titles and items that Belial would drop.

But a great demon wasn’t easy. Belial might be the 32nd great demon but the current players weren’t at Belial’s level. In the first place, they wouldn’t have been able to drive Belial to this point without Piaro and Isabel.

[The effect of the Light of Destruction has disappeared.]

[The 32nd Great Demon Belial's unique attributes and abilities have been restored.]

[You are scared by the terrible sight of Belial.]

[Resistance to status conditions has dropped by 70%!]

[Skill and magic casting time has doubled and attack speed is reduced by 20%...]

[Belial is the queen of fire. The flames surrounding her are very hot...]

[Resistance to fire is 0%.]

[Due to the heat...]

[Belial is the queen of darkness. The demonic energy...]

[Resistance to dark magic is 0%.]

[Use of black magic is blocked.]

It was okay up to here. Belial just returned to her original state. Now Belial only had 10% health left, and Kraugel and Yura judged that they could finish her off. It was an arrogant judgment.

[The effect of Hell Regulation is over.]

[The environment of the 32nd Hell is restored.]

[The 32nd Great Demon Belial has absorbed the magic of hell and revealed the hell monarch's status.]

Kurururung!

Belial's shape was in the form of a lava lump and her demonic energy started wriggling. Thunder struck after her and after a while, Belial's new appearance was revealed.

“...”

The final form of Belial was the image of a devil often seen in books. She had two large horns on her forehead while her humanoid shape emitted a hot breath.

“That...”

“Is it her real appearance?”

She didn't give off any big pressure. A female demon who was only 160cm in height. She wasn't a threat when just looking at her appearance. But the Overgeared members became unusually desperate.

“W-What? Her health is full?”

That's right. Belial's health, which had dropped to 10%, recovered to 100% during the transformation process. They fought for several hours with all their might, only to have to start again? The Overgeared members felt like collapsing.

Belial made a wide smile and waved her hands.

Peeeong!

Her demonic energy was shot out and struck Jishuka's chest.

“Jishuka!”

The moment everyone was feeling confused.

‘I've finally found it!’

Lauel's extraordinary brain was activated.



# Chapter 575

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Pounding Mortar of Free Farming and the ultimate technique of Piaro, Fated to Perish.

Belial's health gauge was fine despite these powerful skills being used. After that, she lost some health when hit with two Splitting the Sky. What was the reason? Lael had pondered on it throughout the raid.

'Is she a type of boss who only loses health after a certain amount of damage is received?'

No, the probability was extremely low.

Pounding Mortar might not go over the damage limit, but Fated to Perish was the best single attack skill in Satisfy. It was hard to see the damage of Fated to Perish as lower than Splitting the Sky. In particular, Kraugel was low-level and it was highly likely that the damage of Splitting the Sky was lower than Fated to Perish.

'At the time of Pounding Mortar and Fated to Perish, she might've consumed other resources instead of health...'

For example, a mana shield.

'But I didn't see the specific effect?'

What was the cause? Lael's thoughts deepened in the midst of the intense battle. In order to proceed with the raid, it was important to understand the characteristics of the boss. No matter how he thought about it, he couldn't understand the formula behind Belial's health. Now he didn't need to understand it.

It was thanks to Yura's unique abilities. This was a situation where Belial's health fell to 10%. It was no longer necessary to know why Belial didn't lose his health at the beginning of the battle. This terrible raid would end soon.

The moment that Lael was feeling relieved.

Kuuong!

There was an explosion of thunder and demonic energy, then Belial's appearance changed. It wasn't a beautiful or a terrible appearance. She became a cold and emotionless female demon, like a doll. Wings emerged from the skin that looked like an insect's. She was black from head to toe except for her red eyes.

"The health..."

"It recovered?"

The Overgeared members, including Lael, doubted their eyes. After Belial's transformation, her 10% health gauge was fully recovered to 100%.

'Recovering from the transformation?'

The majority of the Overgeared members thought this, but Lael was different.

'Her health wasn't restored during her previous transformation process.'

It was unreasonable to think that her health had only recovered in this transformation. The morale of the Overgeared members fell, while Lael realized Belial's true self.

'The queen of lies...!'

Let's look back. Belial. She screamed, groaned, and frowned every time she was attacked. She behaved as if she was in pain despite her health gauge being fine.

'Would she act like she felt pain if she didn't?'

It was hard to interpret it as that. There was no reason for Belial to do such a meaningless performance.

'Then...'

Let's change the point of view.

'What if the actor isn't Belial, but her health gauge?'

Yes, Belial was the queen of lies. She used all types of funny gimmicks. He couldn't rule out the possibility that she was using her health gauge as a tool of deception.

'In retrospect, Belial was relatively calm when hit by Fated to Perish and Pounding Mortar.'

But after that, she acted confused. It was due to the appearance of Piaro, Sword Saint Muller, and Demon Slayer Yura. Belial faced unexpected situations in succession, lost her cool, and her health gauge started decreasing from that time.

'She must've forgotten about the trick with her health gauge.'

Now he understood why her body was covered with dark insect skin.

'It was to hide her wounds.'

Lauel laughed while covering half his face with his hand.

"The embodiment of Overgeared, don't be agitated by the veiled appearance of the evil demon Belial. Her black skin is the epidermis to cover her wounded body and the emotionless expression was nothing more than a mask to hide her face of pain. Now Belial is just a weak beast wounded to the soul."

Lauel needed to increase the morale of the Overgeared members. The Overgeared members looked at Lauel with absurd expressions.

"Acting like a chuuni in this serious situation..."

"What is he saying alone?"

"..."

Heh, ordinary humans couldn't understand him. Lauel smiled bitterly before explaining simply. "Belial's health gauge is an illusion. As you saw earlier, her current health is only 10%. Don't worry. Unleash a full offensive and finish the raid."

"Yes!"

Lauel was saying this. The Overgeared members completely trusted Lauel, despite his chuuni ways.

“We will finish this infernal fighting!”

"It's pointless to attack her directly! Beware of the confusion and assist Piaro, Yura, and Kraugel."

Everyone except for Jishuka, who was severely wounded, rushed towards Belial. They were no longer fooled by the fake health gauge and burned with a desire to succeed the raid. But reality was cruel. Belial's final form. Was she severely injured as Lauel interpreted? Now her combat power had risen dramatically and Kraugel and the Overgeared members couldn't go against her when they were so tired.

“Meteor.”

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Hundreds of meteorites surrounded by flames fell from the sky. It was a magic phenomenon that was hard to see. It was a catastrophe itself.

“Kuaaaack!”

“Ugh! I'm sorry!”

"I heard frustration raises a human!"

Pak!

Pa pa pa pa pat!

The Overgeared members were hit by the meteorites and turned to grey. The top powers of Kraugel, Yura, Jishuka, Damian, Pon, and Regas were severely injured.

“S-Shit...”

“There's no hope...”

The members of Overgeared felt desperate as they saw their

dying colleagues. Then they noticed Piaro.

"Master...!"

"Piaro!"

He repeatedly repelled the falling meteors with a sickle and hand plow. In return, his body had become bloody. His left wrist was broken and Belial was slowly approaching him.

"N-No..."

The Overgeared members wanted to save Piaro. They wanted to run over and grab him. But they couldn't get up. The Overgeared members had broken arms or legs from the meteorites.

"Ah!"

Jishuka tried shooting an arrow. The target was Piaro's feet. She intended to use the splash healing effect of the Red Phoenix Bow. But she failed. Her fallen posture and broken fingers made it impossible to fire the arrow in the direction she wanted.

"Great Demon! I am my lord's subordinate! Don't touch the ones who will be my lord's future power!"

Kuwoooooh!

As Belial reached him, Piaro raised his remaining mana as if he was burning his life force.

"Cough!"

He spat out blood and wielded his precious hand plow. He was aiming for Belial. But Piaro was already seriously injured.

"..."

Belial avoided Piaro's attack, blasted the hand plow with flames and grabbed Piaro's head.

"I'm curious about the lord you are talking about. A human monarch is weak. It's funny that you're thinking about him when on the verge of death. Now... You will all die. It's refreshing to see

the human head explode like a volcanic eruption.”

Kkuok!

It was the moment when Belial was about to insert demonic power into the hand holding Piaro’s head.

“Jude. Kill.”

Jude had no thoughts, but the pure youth started to gain a little interest in sex. He couldn’t stand seeing the exposed Belial and the succubuses and was stuck in a corner during the battle. But Belial was now covered in a dark skin and the succubuses were destroyed by the meteors, restoring his freedom. He finally took part in the battle.

Puok!

Dainsleif (Reproduction) struck Belial’s face.

“Hoh?”

Belial was startled. A human suddenly attacked her? Why wasn’t he affected by her demonic energy and attacking his friends? ‘In the first place, how was he safe from the meteor bombardment?’

Kwack!

Belial grabbed the blade of Dainsleif that couldn’t penetrate her skin.

“You’re also a legend?”

Grip.

In order to not lose Dainsleif to Belial, Jude held onto the sword with bloody arms and replied.

“I. Jude.”

“Jude? Then you are also a legend?”

“I. Jude.”

“...?”

Wasn't this state somewhat strange? Belial deemed Jude worthless and exploded Dainsleif with demonic energy.

Peeeeeeong!

[Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been broken by the power of the great demon!]

“...!”

Breaking the sword that Lord Grid gave him? Jude was furious. But his anger was futile. Piaro was held in Belial's hands and Jude was destined to die soon as well. The power of Belial was absolute.

“Jude!”

The two giants that supported Overgeared were going to disappear in front of their eyes. It was a hard reality for Overgeared to accept. Everyone hoped for the survival of the two people, but Belial didn't allow it.

“Die.”

Peeng!

Belial declared and fired magic at Piaro and Jude's head.

Pahat!

Piaro and Jude, who were held captive by Belial, disappeared from her grasp.

“What?”

They disappeared without any signs of Teleport? The confused Belial looked around and suddenly turned her gaze towards the sky. The wounded Piaro and Jude were held by a strange man. The man had black hair and sharp eyes that were reminiscent of a bird of prey.

"A human is looking down on me?"

It was ridiculous.

“Who is it now?”

The black-haired man, Grid replied to Belial.

“The lord of these people.”

Kuoooooooooh!

Grid triggered Blackening. Belial was disgusted when she saw his change.

“The man without a soul? H-How are you here?”

“...?”

Saying he didn’t have a soul the first time they met?

"I’ve heard many harsh words in my life, but this is a different type of attack.”

Grid handed Piaro and Jude to Saintess Ruby. He descended to the ground with a sword dance.



# Chapter 576

---

『 Kraugel, Damian, and Overgeared... The strongest raid party, which might never happen again, is facing its biggest challenge. 』

『 I can't see anymore hope. The opponent was too strong. It's time to get our minds together. 』

The Great Demon Belial raid was a failure. There was no one who could stop her. In the future, Belial would go crazy and the continent would be filled with fear and confusion.

『 After the Overgeared Guild is defeated, Belial will be based in the Eternal Kingdom and it will gradually turn into a hell. 』

The players were destined to engage in fierce fighting with the creatures raised by Belial. The difficulty of the game would rise exponentially. Everyone was feeling regret over the failure of Overgeared's raid.

Supak!

A blue-white light broke the darkness of hell. The remnants of sunlight poured into the cracks to reveal the black and red 32nd Hell. One man showed up. The person who descended from light, it was the advent of Grid. He appeared with his sister Ruby and used Summon Knights to save Piaro and Jude from the crisis. He descended to the ground with a sword dance.

『 G-Grid! 』

『 Ahh! Just before the Overgeared Guild collapsed, a true hero finally appeared! 』

『 He appears with dramatic timing as usual! It's amazing! 』

『 It's almost deliberate. 』

『 Purposely sacrificing his colleagues to make a nice appearance... Haha, isn't that too big of an assumption? 』

-Kuk, it is God Grid.

-He's so cool when he uses Blackening.

-Doesn't the decadent feeling fit well with Grid?

-By the way, how long was he fighting the 100,000 troops in Bairan? He already recovered and came to support Reinhardt? Really great stamina.

-He must have an item that allows him to recover quickly.

-Overgeared ⇒ ⇒ ⇒ It's truly Overgeared.

-Grid is an overall overgeared person.

The first legendary class. The holder of the most medals in the National Competition. The person with the shortest combat record. The leader of Overgeared.

The appearance of Grid, who was comparable to the sky above the sky, stirred up the whole world. The viewers all over the world felt empathy for the Overgeared members in a crisis. Now they were jubilantly cheering. A great demon that was the enemy of all players! Many people prayed that Grid would defeat Belial and bring peace to the world.

But was it that easy?

『 Isn't Grid lacking in ability compared to the more powerful Kraugel? 』

『 Indeed... Even Kraugel's attack that split apart the world couldn't kill Belial. 』

『 Now that all the Overgeared members are out of combat, I wonder if Grid will be able to defeat Belial by himself...? 』

『 He appeared too late. It would've been nice if they fought together from the beginning... 』

Were the viewers listening to the commentators of the broadcasting companies? As they denied their worries, Grid descended to the ground with terrifying momentum and showed the ultimate slashing attack. It was Pinnacle Kill. The combination

of Failure and Grid's Greatsword made with Item Combination struck Belial's thick skin.

Peeeeeeong!

"Kuock!"

It sounded like bells rang throughout the 32nd Hell, followed by Belial's groan. Belial stumbled and looked like she couldn't believe it. The soulless person in front of her, why did he come at this time to disturb her? Belial's confusion was revealed on the surface.

Her 100% health gauge once again fell to 10%. The world was shocked.

-????????????????????

-Belial's health...? How did she lose so much health with one blow?

-Belial's final evolution, doesn't it have low defense and high attack?

-No matter how low the defense, this is still a great demon;;; Losing 9/10 of her blood in one blow...

-Originally, Grid's attack power was at the level of a bug. Imagine if Grid had Kraugel's splitting the sky skill ⇨ ⇨ ⇨

Grid's status increased due to the misunderstanding. This wasn't something that Grid intended.

"You... Showing up so suddenly and then attacking! You're still as shameless as ever! The great monarch of the 32nd Hell is talking. Listen to me!"

Grid asked like he didn't understand.

"What is this nonsense? Who do you think I am?"

"Nonsense? Stop talking nonsense!"

Making fun of a ruler of hell? The Great Demon Belial wasn't used to it. She was upset.

"I will show you a bitter taste! Yes, good! Let's see how you end up today!"

The soulless man suddenly appeared in hell and had an incredibly fast growth rate. He was so dangerous that he reminded her of the low-grade demonkin Iyarugt, who destroyed the ecosystem of hell in the past. Any great demons outside the 30th place were terrified, making it necessary to get rid of him.

But the soulless man was the master of hit-and-run, so it wasn't easy to catch him. Now there was an unexpected chance to hunt him.

"Your demonic power is just half-pure, while mine is pure power! I am the queen of darkness! I will definitely imprint it on your empty heart!"

Kurururung!

Belial exploded her demonic power. As the gravitational force spread around Grid and pulled him forward, a storm of dark lightning swallowed Grid.

Kwajajajak!

There was a terrible sound, like meat and bones being crushed. The viewers and Overgeared members were terrified.

"G-Grid!"

"Grid!"

Belial used new magic again? The moment that all the Overgeared members were surprised by the power of the great demon, Grid was swapping his items within the gravitational field.

[Dark Bus' Earrings have been released. Blackening if forcibly cancelled.]

[Triple Layers has been released and the Holy Light Armor has been equipped.]

Grid completely penetrated the structure of his items. Therefore,

his speed at releasing items and wearing new items was really fast!

[The effect of the Holy Light Armor has been activated, resisting the dark magic.]

The Holy Light Armor had a low probability of completely resisting dark magic, making Grid safe.

Kwarururung!

Once the dark storm ended...

[Player Kraugel has asked you to join the party. Would you like to accept?]

[You have accepted. You have joined the Belial Raid party.]

[You are in the field of party leader Kraugel]

[Sword Saint's Aura is perfectly applied. The damage done to enemies will increase by 30%. The damage of sword related skills will double.]

“Phew.”

A custom buff that existed just for Kraugel? Grid felt awe and delight while envying Kraugel's abilities. Next.

“Blacksmith's Rage. Linked Kill!”

“What?”

Puk!

A huge greatsword appeared and dispersed the remnants of the dark storm.

Puok!

The second blow.

Puuok!

The third, fourth, and fifth blows. The final sixth attack didn't hit because it was evaded by Belial, but she had already suffered terrible damage. A total of 22 million health was lost and the

health gauge dropped to 9%. Grid's Linked Kill was overwhelming compared to the Space Sword of the still low level Kraugel. But Grid wasn't satisfied.

'If I was Kraugel, the 6th attack would've hit.'

It was likely that the sixth attack would even be a critical. Kraugel's ability to grasp weaknesses was based on Super Sensitivity, and it was above the Slaughterer's Eye Patch.

'It's time to obtain an item better than the Slaughterer's Eye Patch.'

Once again, he saw the gap between the purely power Sword Saint and Pagma's Descendant, which ultimately depended on items. But Grid didn't feel any sense of deprivation. His abilities weren't too far away and he could make an army of 'overgeared' people. He was fully aware of his potential for development.

"Armor with Rebecca's blessing? How can a demonic person wear something like that?"

It was confusing when thinking about the soulless man. Belial started to focus on the battle.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeok!

A storm of flames! Dark magic attacks weren't effective, so Belial fired all types of fire spells. The magical bombardment poured from every direction and struck Grid.

[You have suffered 3,800 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,190 damage.]

[You have suffered 6,930 damage.]

[You have suffered 12,083 damage.]

'How rotten.'

It was difficult to cope with the different types of magic rushing

at once. It wasn't at a fatal level due to the God Hands. Belial headed towards Grid, who was enduring the pain. Grid was wounded, so she wanted to catch him and kill him. This was a mistake. Grid smiled grimly as he faced Belial.

"Do you know what your weakness is?"

"...?"

"You are weak."

He realized it in the process of observing Belial through the TV. Belial was a few levels below Hell Gao. What if Hell Gao didn't have his body destroyed by Muller? Unlike Belial, Hell Gao showed strength in close combat and magic. In the first place, Hell Gao was the master of hellfire and used hellfire directly to attack. Belial had a weaker firepower.

"There's no problem if I directly hit you!"

Grid was confident. If he had been part of the Belial raid from the beginning, they could've succeeded in raiding Belial fairly quickly!

Chwaruruk!

Grid smiled with satisfaction as a silver thread caught Belial's body.

"Can you Become the King of the Dead?"

Tak.

Tak tak tak!

Grid shouted with a red face and the Overgeared Skeletons responded. One of them wore Arube's Ring and wrapped the silver thread around Belial's body. The level 1 skeletons grabbed a great demon's ankle!

"Iyarugt."

Kuoooooh!

Belial was temporarily restrained. An old man holding a red

sword appeared.

“I-Iyarugt?”

The one who the 13th monarch, Zepar, avoided...

“Sublime Sword.”

Thousands of bloody thorns grew from Belial’s thick skin. She was frightened and reflexively took a defensive posture. At this time, a cute cat with small horns and wings appeared in front of her eyes. Noe.

‘M-Memphis?’

An endangered species and the best demonic beast of hell, a memphis! The soulless man obtained the best demonic beast that only the rulers above the 20th rank could tame?

"W-Who are you?"

Above Belial’s head.

Peeeeeeong!

There was a blue flash from the sky. It was Saintess Ruby’s Sacrifice, which could revive someone in exchange for consuming her health and mana. The dead were revived while evil was destroyed.

“K...Kuaaaack!”

Belial experienced the same pain as the Demon Slayer’s attacks. The bigger problem caused her to feel fear.

‘My soul...! My soul is burning!’

It was possible for great demons to reincarnate for eternity. Their bodies might be destroyed, but their souls could start a new life. This was Yatan’s blessing. A great demon’s power was absolute. At this moment, her soul was being threatened. An incredible strength! It was the first time Belial felt fear!

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”



Grid took advantage of this golden opportunity. Grid completed Linked Kill Wave. After using Linked Kill Wave, Grid tried to link it with the movements of Pinnacle and Kill, only for a notification window to rise up.

[The effect of the title 'Watched by the Gods' has been activated.]

[Rebecca, the goddess of light who you did a favor for in the past, has given you a blessing.]

'Man who doesn't know how to give up, condemn the great demon who is threatening the world.'

[A powerful force has united Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle.]

[The new fusion skill Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle has been learnt!]

[The reward is too large! There is opposition from the other gods! The title of Watched by the Gods is permanently sealed!]

Puk!

Puuok!

Failure + Grid's Greatsword stabbed Belial's body in a row. This was the essence of Linked Kill.

Kwarururung!

Then a wave surged around the greatsword, rising up Belial's body.

Kurururung!

The ascended wave fell and slashed Belial's body due to Pinnacle.

[Critical!]

[The hidden passive 'God's Command' has reset the cooldown of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. If reused within three seconds, no resources will be consumed.]

[Critical!]

[The power of the 32nd Great Demon Belial has sharply fallen!]

# Chapter 577

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Reinhardt Palace's garden.

There was a black sphere present. It was an ominous sphere that emitted demonic energy. Looking at it gave the illusion that the body and soul was being sucked in. The identity of this ominous sphere? It was the 32nd Hell that Belial summoned. From the outside, it looked like it could only fit three people. However, there was another universe contained in it.

"Hrmm..."

Hao searched outside the sphere for Belial's weakness, only to suddenly turn his eyes towards the inner palace.

‘Could it be related to the summoner?’

King Aslan sacrificed 9,999 virgins to summon a great demon. If he met the king, he might be able to get a glimpse of the great demon's weakness.

‘Hurry.’

It had been four hours since Kraugel entered the 32nd Hell. Hao was on edge because he hadn't done anything to help so far. He hastened his pace as he thought about helping Kraugel with the great demon. At that moment.

Jjejeok!

Jjejejejeok!

Cracks appeared in the black sphere.

Kurururung!

There was an explosion from within the black sphere. Followed by...

Jjeejeeong!

The black sphere shattered.

“It can’t be...!”

The sky above the sky. He had succeeded in the great demon raid! Hao’s heart beat faster as he was filled with joy.

Pak!

Pa pa pa pa pat!

Hundreds of people started to pour out of the shattered sphere. Sword Saint Kraugel and the Overgeared members. All of them were seriously injured and bloody.

“Kraugel!”

Hao was startled. Kraugel was severely injured. He looked like he did after fighting Grid in the National Competition. It was too different from the look of a winner.

“Are you okay?”

Hao was in a hurry. He ran to Kraugel and gave him various potions, only to suddenly get goosebumps. Hao moved his gaze away from Kraugel and witnessed it. The collapsed remnants of the 32nd Hell. The giant demon was kneeling down in pain while Grid looked down at her.

Hao doubted his eyes. He got chills at the sight of Grid looking down at the absolute monarch of hell.

‘That’s Grid...’

Hao thought. What if he had known Grid first instead of Kraugel?

‘I would’ve admired him.’

Of course, Kraugel was the best for the present Hao.

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[Watched by the Gods]

The Red Phoenix Bow you produced is outstanding enough to be compared to the battle gear of the god realm.

The gods see you as a legend who will go beyond history and eventually become a myth.

This was the description of the title 'Watched by the Gods' that Grid obtained in exchange for the Red Phoenix Bow. No special features were mentioned. Grid was naturally very disappointed. He was the first player to produce a myth rated item, but what was this title? The gods were just watching him?

Grid was taken aback and thought it was absurd. The Satisfy team didn't consider the possibility of a player making a myth rated item and made a bad title. But at this moment, Grid realized how great it was to have the attention of the gods.

[The new fusion skill Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle has been learned!]

[Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle]

Four types of sword techniques are connected.

1,500% of your attack power will be dealt to the target due to Linked Kill.

If the target is hit at least four times, the damage of Linked Kill will increased by 200% and Wave will be summoned.

Wave will affect any enemy within a range of 5 meters. It will deal 500% of your attack power and all targets hit will have all speeds decreased by 30%. In addition, there will be definite damage from the Pinnacle that follows.

Pinnacle ignores 80% of the target's defense and deals 1,800% of your attack power as physical damage.

\* This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Link, Kill, Wave, and Pinnacle.

Skill Mana Consumption: Half of the maximum mana.

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 hours.

“...!”

The new ultimate technique! The power of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, born because of Goddess Rebecca, was above and beyond the power of Linked Kill Wave. It required four combos for the full effect to be activated, but Linked Kill would be useless if the enemy could avoid it that many times.

‘Get it right!’

Grid trusted his control. He was proud of his growth after fighting countless strong people.

Puk.

Puuok!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been activated, adding 30% critical damage!]

[The weak spot has been attacked! Further damage will be dealt!!]

[You have dealt 25,008,519 damage to the target.]

[The hidden passive ‘God's Command’ has reset the cooldown of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.]

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been...]

[The weakness has been...]

[You have dealt 2,691,399 damage to the target.]

“K...Kieeeeeek!”

He was affected by Sword Saint Aura which doubled the power of his sword skills. Now he used Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. It transcended the power of two consecutive Linked Kills. Belial couldn't help screaming despite Grid's attack power being reduced because of Belial's high level. It was as painful as Piaro's Fated to Perish.

Grid confirmed that Belial's health gauge had fallen below 4% and was excited.

‘This is a scam!’

Belial had a high defense and level, so Grid's attack power wasn't applied properly. Nevertheless, he inflicted more than 25 million damage. The Sword Saint Aura was great, but at this level, he could easily kill the drake that he encountered in the National Competition.

Grid was trembling with joy when Belial wildly struck at him. This was a great demon's tenacity. It was a situation where her soul was burning. She was furious as she stood on the threshold of true death. She was determined to kill all the enemies in front of her, even if she had to die.

“Damn human!”

Kurururung!

Belial's hand stretched out towards Grid. The flames rotated like a drill. It seemed sharp enough to penetrate a dragon's heart and contained a powerful explosive force.

‘Fast and dirty...!’

Belial's physical abilities overwhelmed even Piaro. Her technique was lacking, but her speed was formidable. It wasn't a level that Grid could keep up with. Even the God Hands couldn't keep up with this speed. It was the moment when Grid faced Belial's attack and his life was threatened.

“Nayooong!”

Noe, who had been acting passively after being summoned, swung his claws at Belial. For thousands of years, a memphis had been a pet of the great demons. The desire to obey the great demons that was imprinted in Noe's genes was very strong, but Noe overcame his instincts. He wanted to protect Grid who had been together with him from the moment of his birth!

Puok!

“...!”

Noe passed by the God Hands and moved in front of Grid with his acceleration ability. Belial's magic pierced him.

“This memphis...!”

What was this? Belial was confused as she faced Noe's X-shaped eyes and red tongue sticking out. She was outraged at missing the golden opportunity to kill Grid. In fact, the great demon's distorted face was enough to put fear into the viewers.

But the world wasn't panicked at the sight of Belial. In the first place, it was natural to sacrifice pets if necessary. The scary thing was Grid's expression.

-That person...?

Grid's eyes were wild with rage and his killing intent reminded viewers of his past.

The Cruel Butcher.

Psychopath.

Crazy, etc.

There was a madness in Grid that the general public couldn't bear.

“XXXX my cute Noe...!”

Originally, Grid often sacrificed his pets. Pets were like players and resurrected no matter how many times they were killed. However, it was something that should be done with Randy and Noe's agreement. He didn't want his precious pets to be killed by the enemy when he didn't plan it.

“I will kill you!”

Kwajak!

Kwajajak!

The combination of Failure + Grid's Greatsword, which had less than 20 seconds left, stretched out towards Belial. The God Hands holding Mjolnir also responded to Grid and aimed at Belial. However, it wasn't easy to hit Belial. It was impossible to pierce through Belial's defense of several layers of fire shields and demonic energy.

The great demon was greatly weakened from the destruction of the 32nd Hell. Still, there was an overwhelming level difference and she gradually gained the edge on Grid.

"Human! This is the difference between us! Legend? It's ridiculous! No matter how hard a human tries, you can't escape your natural limits!"

Kwarururung!

Belial stomped on the ground and flames rose and struck Grid.

"Kuk...!"

Grid tried to defend from the unexpected magic that rose from the ground but it was already too late. The flames hit Grid's face.

Kwa kwang!

"Cough!"

"G-Grid!"

"Youngwoo-ssi!"

Yura and Jishuka turned white. It was because Grid's health gauge sharply decreased from this one blow. He would fall into the immortal state if he allowed one or two more blows.

"This is the end!"

Belial used this momentum to aim at Grid. However, she couldn't reach Grid.

Chaaeng!

It was because Iyarugt's sword blocked Belial's way.



"How long will you ignore me?"

Belial scoffed at Iyarugt.

"Your current strength is so low that you're a bug who doesn't interest me."

Belial had shrunk back when Iyarugt first appeared, but the current Iyarugt was greatly weakened. There was no reason to be afraid of him.

"This guy!"

This great demon would've never dared ignore him in the old days! Iyarugt attacked Belial. He used all his stamina and strength. But it was useless.

Jjejeong!

Belial easily blew away Iyarugt and aimed at Grid.

"Die!"

Belial yelled with an evil smile. She laughed as she saw the flames heading towards Grid's chest.

"Behind you."

At the same time.

"Fated to Perish."

Puuuok!

The hand plow fell from the sky and struck Belial's head. It was Piaro's resurgence. After the 32nd Hell was destroyed, Ruby and Damian were able to take mana potions and concentrated their heals on Piaro.

"Kuock!"

Belial received a strong shock from the hand plow and shifted her gaze. Her blurred vision saw the massive mortar falling from the sky. It was a disaster that even a great demon couldn't avert.

Kuwaaaaaaaang!

[The raid of the 32nd Great Demon Belial has succeeded!]

[The soul of the 32nd Great Demon Belial has been destroyed and won't be able to reincarnate!]

[The position of 32nd monarch has temporarily become vacant.]

[All players who participated in the Belial raid will receive the title 'Savior of the World.']

[All players who participated in the Belial raid will receive different compensation based on their performance!]

[Piaro has obtained the raid's 1st prize.]

[Yura has obtained the raid's 2nd prize.]

[Kraugel has obtained the raid's 3rd prize.]

[Ibellin has obtained the raid's 4th prize.]

[Grid has obtained the raid's 5th prize.]

[Isabel has obtained the raid's 6th prize.]

[Damian has obtained the raid's 7th prize.]

[Jishuka has obtained the raid's 8th prize.]

[★ Saintess Ruby has obtained extraordinary rewards in exchange for annihilating the soul of the great demon!★]

[Other personnel will be given equal compensation.]

“Wow, amazing.”

The Grid siblings participated in the raid at the end and still took the 5th prize and a special prize? The Overgeared members were astonished. They once again realized how great Grid was. But Grid wasn't satisfied.

'5th place... Well, it isn't bad.'

The compensation he didn't receive was in the hands of his colleagues. There was no reason to be sorry. Piaro approached as

Grid was thinking. He held Belial's staff, horns, bones, and mysterious jewels in his arms as he bowed to Grid.

"I will give the loot I got from exterminating the great demon to my lord."

A well-trained NPC worthy of envy! He smiled at Grid and Piaro's appearance on that day changed the world's perception of NPCs.

# Chapter 578

---

(Breaking News) Great Demon Belial has been destroyed!

(Breaking News) The Overgeared Guild has succeeded in the great demon raid! Their power will shoot up!

(Breaking News) Kraugel's hidden class has been identified. It's the Sword Saint!

(Column) In the future, the composition of forces should be centered around Overgeared.

(Column) Is the Rebecca Church a complete ally of Overgeared? What's the position of the Saharan Empire?

(Column) Let's analyze the potential of Kraugel based on the previous Sword Saint.

(Column) The 32nd Great Demon Belial.

(Column) Look at Piaro and Isabel. We need to invest more interest in NPCs.

"The top rankers are different from us."

"I agree. Who would've guessed that they would've succeeded in a great demon raid?"

"It's thanks to the great actions of the NPCs called Piaro and Isabel."

"That's right. It's a rare that they succeeded, because they had the agility to match Belial and enough tanking ability."

"In particular, Piaro..."

"What about Kraugel's godly control?"

"Kraugel is truly worthy of his fame. Every time Piaro and Isabel were in a crisis, he pulled back Belial's aggro."

"Kraugel's movements were amazing. There's no doubt that he's a Sword Saint."

"That's right. He really is appropriate to be called the best. I wouldn't have been convinced if any other ranker had become a Sword Saint, but it's appropriate for Kraugel."

"But didn't Lim Cheolho directly state that a Sword Saint is the strongest combat legendary class? Grid looks much stronger than him."

"Grid is a scam in all aspects. The potential of Pagma's Descendant as a legendary item maker seems to be the best."

"There's a rumor that your level is reset when you become a legend... Perhaps Kraugel's level is still low?"

"A level reset is absurd bullshit. Think about it. It might be a legendary class, but who would play the game if their level is reset?"

"Indeed, it would be a ridiculous penalty for top rankers."

"By the way, how did Grid acquire the strongest farmer?"

"That loyalty is amazing. Didn't he give all the raid rewards to Grid?"

"It's the first time I've seen a NPC hand over an item to a player without it being a quest reward."

"Kuk... I'm envious of Grid. What must he feel when he sees the strongest NPC being loyal to him?"

"Starting today, I'm going to be friendly to NPCs. Who knows? Perhaps one of them will be my Piaro."

"I'm more curious about something else. What is the reward for those who succeeded in the raid? A great demon must drop great titles and items."

The world was shaking. The influence of the great demon raid was beyond the National Competition. How much stronger would Overgeared, Kraugel, and Damian become after killing Belial and acquiring the loot? How would hell react to the destruction of a

great demon? What should they do to get NPCs like Piaro and Isabel?

As people all over the world were full of questions, the location of the Belial raid had a festive atmosphere.

\*\*\*

[Savior of the World]

A hero who saved humanity from Great Demon Belial.

The continent's minstrels will sing your saga.

\* All stats +200.

\* If you listen to your epic song sung by a minstrel, you will receive a buff that lasts for three hours.

"Hyah!"

"Kya! She's dead!"

10 stat points were given for every level. It meant that a player with 10 types of stats would have to gain 200 levels in order to raise all 10 stats by 200 points. The value of the Savior of the World title was truly astronomical. The Overgeared members who participated in the Belial raid had an average of eight stats. They all achieved exponential growth.

‘The rise of Overgeared is beyond imagination.’

There was a smile on Kraugel's face as he looked at the jubilant Overgeared members. Kraugel recognized the Overgeared members as his peers. The Overgeared members were Grid's colleagues. Kraugel was pleased that they became stronger. Grid laughed as he saw the smile on Kraugel's face. Grid was pleased because Kraugel was pleased. He wanted to congratulate Kraugel on his growth.

“Congratulations Kraugel. You'll become stronger in the future.”

"I also congratulate you. Maybe the biggest beneficiaries are both

of us.”

Currently, Kraugel had 15 types of stats. It was a tie with the number of stats that Grid possessed. The increase in battle potential of the two men wasn't comparable with the others, since 15 stats gained 200 points at once. Grid was satisfied.

"Do you know? In fact, I also have the title of Kingdom's Hero. It's a title that increases all my stats by 120. I get 320 points to all my stats thanks to my titles.”

Kraugel snorted.

“I also have a lot of titles that raise all my stats. It's a state where all my stats are increased by 350 just from my titles. Thus, I won.”

"I-I have more titles that raise my strength or intelligence separately, so I think it's similar.”

"I also have a lot like that.”

“What...?”

Grid felt a sense of defeat. He had been proceeding with quests and raids, but still fell behind with titles?

Kraugel shrugged at the frustrated Grid. "I know you're frustrated but... It's honestly unexpected that there isn't a big difference between us, since I have been dominating the content since Satisfy opened.”

"...Don't bother comforting me.”

Grid grumbled, but he inwardly thought different. His heart was warm. In retrospect, he wasn't a match for Kraugel until after he became Pagma's Descendant. Before he knew it, he was standing shoulder to shoulder with Kraugel.

'The presence in the sky that I couldn't see is now my friend...'

People had a natural destiny, and the past Grid didn't doubt this. An earthworm on the ground could never fly. But what was the reality? Destiny could be pioneered. Grid worked hard and

overcame the natural limitations of an earthworm. He wanted to say this to everyone.

‘Try it.’

Light could be won with effort. A person currently unhappy might be smiling in the future.

\*\*\*

[Belial’s Black Jewel (C)]

A beautiful jewel that can be processed into a material for accessories. Noblemen will buy this giant great demon gem at a very high price.

When making accessories, there is a low of chance of acquiring an option that increases intelligence or shadow resistance.

Weight: 2

[Belial’s Red Jewel (C)]

...

...

When making accessories, there is a low of chance of acquiring an option that increases intelligence or increased flame resistance.

Weight: 2

[Belial’s Hard Skin]

It can be used to make weapons or armor.

When making weapons, there is a medium chance of acquiring an option that increases intelligence, damage, or attack speed.

When making armor, there is a medium chance of acquiring an option that increases magic resistance or movement speed.

These were the rewards obtained by everyone who participated in the Belial raid. There were five C-grade jewels and ten hard skins. Would these ten skins alone be enough to make an item?



Grid answered the questions of the Overgeared members.

"I can produce one armor or one weapon. Look at the equipment you're lacking and give me a production request."

"Ohhh!"

"Thank you Grid!"

The faces of the Overgeared members shone brightly. They were glad that the legendary blacksmith was their master. They immediately asked Grid.

"What rewards did you get?"

"I'm also curious about the 1st prize that Piaro handed to you."

"I..."

Grid confirmed the loot. The 5th rank rewards weren't much different from the compensation received by other Overgeared members. There were five Belial B-grade black and red gems, and ten more scales.

'A B-grade jewel seems enormous.'

However, it was small in front of the first rank prize. Grid's chest jumped as he confirmed the loot given to him by Piaro.

[Belial's Black Jewel (S)]

A beautiful jewel that can be processed into a material for accessories. The value of this gem that can never be obtained is at the level of buying a city.

When making accessories, you can acquire options that increases intelligence or shadow resistance. In addition, there is a possibility that a passive skill will be attached depending on the skills of the accessory maker.

However, it will be difficult to find someone who can handle this jewel, like picking a star from the sky.

[Belial's Red Jewel (S)]

...

...

When making accessories, there is a chance of acquiring items that increases intelligence or increased flame resistance. In addition, there is a possibility that a passive skill will be attached depending on the skills of the accessory maker.

However, it will be difficult to find someone who can handle this jewel, like picking a star from the sky.

[Belial's Horn]

A weapon material that contains Belial's magic power.

Various options are added when making weapons.

However, finding a blacksmith who can handle this horn is as difficult as picking a star from the sky.

[Belial's Staff]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 509/703 Magic Attack Power: 2,640

\* Intelligence will rise by 30%.

\* Magic casting speed will increase by 30%.

\* You can cast three types of magic at the same time. However, proficiency is required.

\* When fire magic and dark magic are cast simultaneously, both spells will have their power increased by 200%.

\* Every time a spell is cast, a shield that absorbs 5,000 damage is automatically created. Targets that strike the shield are subjected to fear and slowed stats.

\* Magic critical chance is increased by 20%.

\* Magic critical damage is increased by 150%.

\* The passive skill 'Belial's Power' is generated.

A staff used by the 32nd Great Demon Belial.

A staff that contains the blessing of God Yatan, it's difficult for ordinary humans to bear its power.

Conditions of Use: First ranked black magician. Or a great magician.

Weight: 530

[Belial's Power]

Type: Passive

200% increase in mana regeneration.

In hell, all magic cooldown times are reduced by 30%.

“...”

Grid was at a loss for words. He never imagined that a myth rated weapon would drop. Braham whispered to the thrilled Grid.

‘This is mine.’

It was a voice that contained the intention to not let anyone else have the staff, unlike the Red Phoenix Bow. Grid understood it.

“Hrmm... Yes.”

This wasn't something that should be transferred to someone else. This was different from the Red Phoenix Bow. Grid was able to acquire new legendary spells every time his intelligence increased.

‘A 30% increase in intelligence... Okay, I will become a legendary magician.’

The legendary blacksmith renewed his commitment to be a legendary magician...

Anyone else would think it was absurd, but Grid had Braham's soul. It was feasible. Grid clenched his fists when he suddenly discovered Piaro's broken farming equipment.

‘I think it’s a good idea to use Belials’ Horn for Piaro.’

The best farming equipment for the strongest human... It’s natural to make a weapon for him. It would be worth it. Piaro’s strength would benefit Overgeared. This was proven in the Belial raid.

“The most urgent thing is to recruit an accessory maker.”

He needed a skilled artisan to work with Belial’s jewels. Grid shook his head as Jishuka examined the B-grade jewels.

“No, there’s something more urgent right now.”

The reason.

"To build a country."

Talents would naturally assemble together. Grid’s eyes turned towards the palace’s entrance. King Aslan appeared.

# Chapter 579

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“...!”

King Aslan doubted his eyes as he ran out of the palace. Great Demon Belial was really destroyed. The strongest monarch of hell, who had the power to destroy humanity, was beaten by a few hundred humans? King Aslan made an incredulous expression and soon found Grid. His eyes were filled with anger, resentment, and madness.

“The power of a legend that can even destroy great demons...! Why you? Why did you use this power as a tool of rebellion?”

King Aslan wanted to make his kingdom stronger. He didn't know why he had to be disturbed by this pure and upright cause.

“You don't know! I always wanted a friendship with you! I really did my best to treat you well! Then why? Why did you ignore me to the end!”

He was serious. King Aslan needed Grid's power and did his best to make peace with Grid. But in the end, he was ignored.

“Why weren't you loyal to your kingdom!?”

Aslan complained to Grid.

Grid gazed at him silently before slowly opening his mouth. “You... How was that the case?”

“...!”

“No, did you think it would be fine by using me to cover up the fact that you killed Prince Ren? Think about it from my perspective. How ridiculous is it? I received all the gifts you gave me, but I never felt grateful.”

“That... It couldn't be helped from my position.”

“Right. You're a dog who killed your older brother because you wanted to be king, and then framed me for it. You're just trash.

Now you're acting as the ultimate victim."

"You!"

It was true to a certain degree. The king of a nation who was no better than a dog was just rubbish. Grid's words were too much. King Aslan couldn't bear it any longer. His lingering grudges towards Grid disappeared. Grid had nailed a wedge into the feelings already inside him.

"Everything is gone. You and I weren't destined to get on the same boat in the first place."

The reason Grid made Overgeared? There was only one reason. It was to build up enormous resources. His infinite greed couldn't bear the small kingdom of Eternal.

"If there wasn't the incident with you and Prince Ren, you would've been kneeling before me already."

It had been decided from the beginning that he would swallow up Eternal. It was right after the Reinhardt golem invasion, where he refused to pledge allegiance to the royal family.

Suuk.

Grid's sword pointed at Aslan. There was no hesitation in his action.

"Let's finish this now."

The moment that Grid finished speaking.

Chaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

All members of Overgeared simultaneously pointed their weapon. They were movements without any error. All of them were aiming for King Aslan and there was silence for a moment. Sounds were heard from beyond the palace walls. It was the wails of the people.

“Revive my daughter!”

“Revive my sister!”

“Kill the king!”

“Aslan isn’t king!”

The family and friends of the virgins sacrificed for the summoning of the great demon. The people of Reinhardt had been condemning and cursing Aslan for half a day. Their sorrow and anger couldn’t be reduced. Their innocent women were burned to death. They became the victim of a sin that couldn’t be understood.

Reinhardt’s people were convinced. Aslan wasn’t qualified to be king. They cried out in order for the world to know the truth.

“Kill the king of Eternal!”

The people had turned away from Aslan. Grid carried out their will.

“Aslan, I am not like you.”

If his greed was first, his kindness towards the weak was second.

Step.

Grid took one step closer to Aslan. Chucksley blocked his way. The sword of Eternal. Grid smiled bitterly at him, who defended Aslan without hesitation.

“Aslan is the criminal who killed the legitimate successor to the throne, Prince Ren. He also sacrificed thousands of innocent people to summon a great demon. Is there a reason to protect him?”

“There’s no reason. This is my destiny.”

From the moment of his birth until now. Chucksley only lived for protecting Eternal’s royal family. He was raised this way. He couldn’t think of any other way.

'Even if it's the wrong king...'

He couldn't turn away.

Kkuok.

Chucksley's expression was gripped his sword. But his eyes were sad. He blamed the fate that he couldn't rebel against. Grid's greed boiled as he looked at Chucksley.

'I want him.'

A named NPC who was absolutely loyal to his owner. Eternal's first great swordsman. Grid recognized the value of Chucksley. Grid knew that Chucksley was someone he wanted, just like Piaro, Asmophel, Sticks, and Rabbit.

Therefore.

"I will deal with you myself. I'll change your fate."

Chwarururuk!

Rather than the Holy Light Armor, Grid's body was covered with Triple Layers.

Next.

Teong!

Grid ordered the Overgeared members to wait and shot forward. Chucksley shouted as he watched Grid, "This time will be different!"

The growth rate of named NPCs was slightly above the growth rate of players. Chucksley was several times stronger than he was when Prince Ren invaded Eternal and he blocked Grid's attack.

Jjejejeok!

He endured the overwhelming attack power of the +9 Failure without much difficulty. His sword cut down Grid's chest.

"Oppa!"



Ruby was shocked when she saw Grid bleeding. She wanted to use Heal, but Piaro stopped her.

"This is my lord's battle."

In order to embrace the dragon, one had to be the sky.

"Humans can't help the sky. Just watch him."

"...?"

Ruby couldn't understand what Piaro meant. But Ruby was quick to notice. She controlled her heart as she watched Grid's health quickly go down. Piaro watched her as if she was worthy.

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"Linked Kill Wave."

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Thanks to Triple Layers, Grid considerably neutralized the attack power of Chucksley. He used the movement of his sword to get further away from Chucksley and unleashed a storm of swords.

Chucksley responded.

"Sword of Incision!"

Chucksley's origin was as a knight. The characteristic of his swordsmanship was excellent defense.

Paaaat!

Chucksley moved his sword around him, creating several layers of aura that defended against the bombardment.

"Hoh."

Grid didn't panic, despite his attack being neutralized. Rather, he enjoyed it.

'I desire him even more!'

Chwaruruk!

As Chucksley defended against Linked Kill Wave, silver threads

flew from Grid's fingertips as he started a new sword dance. Dozens of strands of silver thread stretched out. Like the Milky Way pouring from the night sky, the beautiful silver thread wrapped around Chucksley's body. No, they tried to wrap around him.

'Gone?'

It happened before the silver thread reached Chucksley.

Pahat!

Chucksley moved and appeared behind Grid. He moved as swiftly as an assassin despite being a swordsman in heavy armor. Piaro admired it.

'A moving mountain.'

A true rare breed. Unlike others, Chucksley was fast and hard. It was because he trained to run to the king's side at any time.

Jeeeong!

"Kuk...!"

Grid was struck from behind by Chucksley's shield and his sword dance was cancelled. This was the limitation of his sword dances. The advantage was that the footwork required could be used to avoid attacks. However, it was difficult to see the advantage in swordsmanship that required a certain amount of footwork. If Grid could use swordsmanship without needing to take steps then he wouldn't have revealed such a gap.

Pagma's Swordsmanship was a powerful skill, but it also showed the inherent limitations of a non-combat class. However, Grid had already overcome this limit.

Chaaeng!

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

Grid used a series of quickly movements to move from side to side, avoiding Chucksley's shield and giving him a chance to swap

weapons. It was a staff instead of a sword. Belial's Staff.

“Magic Missile!”

Peeeeeeong!

Magic Missile could be used once per second and penetrated Chucksley quicker than ever. The strength was superior to the past. Thanks to the title of Savior of the World, the 200 extra points in intelligence increased his magic power and Belial's Staff also raised the power.

“Cough!”

Despite his chest being pierced, Chucksley raised his shield instead of collapsing.

Peng!

Pepepepeng!

The Magic Missile bombardment continued. Earl Ashur's eyes were wide as he watched.

‘I would believe he's a magician instead of a blacksmith.’

Magic Missile alone was enough to reverse the momentum.

“Ugh...! King's Shield!”

The continuous magic damaged Chucksley, who quickly used a defense skill. Then the light of defense stopped Grid's Magic Missile bombardment. Grid swapped from the staff to Sword Ghost.

‘Now!’

A gap was revealed during the item swap. Chucksley quickly tried to strike during this time. But the counterattack didn't succeed. Grid didn't allow it.

"Behind you.”

Grid spoke a meaningful statement towards Chucksley.

Pepepepeok!

The white spheres behind Chucksley's back were released, penetrated Chucksley's body. It was Magic Missile that contained Alarm magic. Chucksley had no idea that Magic Missiles were waiting for him and couldn't react.

Swaeeeeek!

Chucksley staggered to one side and Sword Ghost pursued him.

"Huup!"

Chucksley tried to defend with his shield. The movement was incomplete, putting great strain on his knees and waist. But wasn't it better than allowing an attack? Chucksley focusing on blocking Grid's strike.

Supak!

The Sword Ghost aiming at Chucksley split into two, making two orbits.

Chaeng!

One Sword Ghost moved along the original orbit and slammed against the shield.

Seokeok!

The other Sword Ghost hit Chucksley's chest.

"Keok!"

The match was decided. Chucksley still had half his health left while Grid only had 1/3rd, but Chucksley could tell.

'This is an opponent I can't win against...'

Grid wasn't using the golden hands. He just overwhelmed Chucksley with pure skill. Chucksley couldn't deny his complete defeat.

'But.'

He still had a commitment to protect King Aslan. This was his absolute destiny. In an unsafe posture, Chucksley tried to use his ultimate technique. It was aiming at Grid. At that moment.

Kurururung!

The golden hands knocked down a wall around the palace. At this moment, Chucksley saw the crying people enter.

Grid asserted. “The king is respected because he protects the people. Chucksley, why should you protect a king who doesn’t care about the people?”

“...!”

His destiny was lost. Chucksley looked at the crying people and understood. What reason did he have to protect the king? The sword was heavy. He let go of the sword. Chucksley fell to his knees and bowed his head.

Grid confirmed this and gave an order to the Overgeared members.

“Capture Aslan. From this time on, I will occupy the throne of Eternal.”

『 ...!!! 』

A new hot topic not long after the Belial raid! The media companies around the world were busy. Grid’s attitude that blatantly aimed at the throne was breaking news. In this heated atmosphere, Grid declared.

“I will build a new nation with my people as well as the wounded Reinhardt.”

The first player to become a king! The hearts of the Overgeared members ran wild and the attention of the world concentrated on Grid. In the midst of this anticipation and anxiety, Grid spoke the name he had thought hard about.

“The Overgeared Kingdom!” I am Overgeared’s king, Grid!”

“...?”

『 ... 』

-Is this true?

A new legend had begun.

# Chapter 580

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Overgeared.

It was a combination of the English word ‘item’ and ‘system.’ (TL: In Korean) It was a slang term that appeared in the early 21st century in South Korea. It was a term used to express users who depended on the ability of the item, rather than their skills, and was generally used for mockery.

But now? Being overgeared was also recognized as a skill. People’s perception of it changed in Satisfy as a result of Grid. Now there was no one who made fun of overgeared people.

『 Overgeared Kingdom! It’s a very cool name! 』

『 It’s especially good that the meaning is clear. It is good since it symbolizes Grid and the Overgeared members. 』

『 The name gives off a robust feel. All the people and soldiers of Overgeared will be armed with great items. 』

『 Huhu, a kingdom where all the people and soldiers are armed with great items... The strongest kingdom has appeared in Satisfy. 』

『 The neighborhood kids play around by pretending to summon a red phoenix... 』

『 ...I think I should move to the Overgeared Kingdom. 』

These were the reactions of the foreign commentators. From their point of view, overgeared was a foreign word and didn’t look very strange to them. On the other hand, the Korean commentators and viewers were baffled.

『 No, the name of the kingdom is Overgeared...? 』

『 I can appreciate that it has a clear meaning, but I don’t like it that much. 』

『 ... 』

- What's the Overgeared Kingdom? Is this real?
- The name is delicious. I want to eat rice because of it.
- Isn't it fitting? I laughed when I first heard it. Now it isn't so strange and rolls off my tongue.
- Even overgeared king sounds cool ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨
- Right. ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ Overgeared King Grid really fits. ⇨ ⇨ ⇨
- The reactions of the international community are explosive. I think the name Overgeared Kingdom is very strong.
- It's strong because Grid comes to mind whenever I hear the name 'overgeared.'
- But why is Lael acting like that?
- The lord he serves has become king.
- Kuk... Thrills of excitement. How wonderful.
- A beautiful picture of a lord and a loyalist. It gives off the feeling of a historical drama.

The Korean viewers talking about the name 'Overgeared' started to pay attention to Lael.

On the screen, Lael was shedding tears. Was it tears of excitement as the viewers thought? That wasn't the case.

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"Overgeared Kingdom? Did you say overgeared just now?"

After hearing Grid's declaration, Lael received a great shock.

Grid nodded at the doubting Lael.

"Yes, it's a name I have painstakingly built. Isn't it cool?"

"..."

Lael had been anxious since Grid named the Overgeared Guild. He was worried that Grid would name the kingdom Overgeared when it was set up. His worries became a reality.



“How is it cool? No, Overgeared Kingdom! No way! It stinks!”

Lauel raised his voice and Grid responded like he didn't understand.

"Why isn't Overgeared cool?"

Grid once had the worst life and could stand upright due to items. Thanks to items, he became stronger, built up his self-esteem, and strengthened his finances.

“My life can be defined by being overgeared. We were able to meet because of items. Isn't it wonderful? Overgeared Kingdom.”

Suuk.

Grid looked at the other members for their opinions. Then the Overgeared members started to agree one by one.

"That's right. It's true.”

“Isn't it natural for the kingdom that the Overgeared Guild established be called Overgeared?”

“I can't think of a name other than Overgeared.”

“...”

A feast of unexpected responses! Was this a dream or reality? Lauel was confused, but he quickly calmed down.

‘Overgeared... Well, it's special.’

Grid was right. For the Overgeared Guild, the meaning of overgeared was significant. Everyone trusted each other, cheered each other on, grew while being rivals, and now they had set up a kingdom. It began with items and ended with items.

‘Overgeared Guild, Overgeared Kingdom.’

And then Overgeared Empire. Looking back, it wasn't so bad. Overgeared Kingdom. It sounded okay. Lauel turned pale as he had this thought.

‘...Unbelievable. Is my naming sense starting to become like

Grid's?'

The name 'Darkness of Infinite Destiny Kingdom' that he had been thinking about for a few months became the crude Overgeared Kingdom?

'It's the worst.'

He was influenced by Grid's naming sense while serving him. It felt like he lost his dignity as a human.

"Ugh...!"

Lauel was disappointed that he couldn't deny the coolness of the Overgeared Kingdom. He knelt down and started shedding tears. He felt sad and ashamed. However, Grid misunderstood.

'This guy... He's so excited that he's crying. Well, the joy he's feeling right now will transcend my joy.'

Lauel was the one who helped Grid set up this kingdom. Lauel did all this for Grid. If Grid hadn't met Lauel, he would've never dreamt about building a kingdom. He would've just remained a strong user. Lauel was a special person to Grid.

"This is our kingdom. Together, let's lead it well forever."

"...!"

Together, forever. Grid's words awakened Lauel's heart and soul. Lauel was reminded of his deep loyalty and got up. Then he swore emotionally.

"My soul and heart will be yours until the day that this body is crushed. And it will be repeated in the next life and the one after that!"

"Eh? U-Uh, yes."

Grid sometimes was at a loss when he talked to Lauel. He got goosebumps as Piaro approached.

"I brought Aslan."

“Um.”

Grid and Lael's eyes moved to one side in unison. King Aslan stared at Grid from where he was tied up. There was madness and resentment in his eyes.

“You're like a rabid dog.”

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[King Aslan has sacrificed innumerable people for his personal ambition.]

[Aslan has been morally corrupted. He has committed a sin that is unforgivable. In addition, Aslan is hostile to you. You have succeeded in defeating Aslan. You have the right to punish Aslan.]

[Aslan has lost the 'Absolute Protection' passive applied to NPC kings.]

[Would you like to punish Aslan? Please be cautious. Aslan is king of the kingdom and a high punishment is likely to cause opposition.]

[Please note! If you dethrone or execute Aslan, the Eternal Kingdom will disappear. The Eternal Kingdom will be disbanded and this will have a profound influence on the continent. You will have a destiny that might be hard to handle.]

All types of warnings appeared in front of Grid. But Grid didn't hesitate at all. He would punish and destroy Eternal. This had been determined from the moment he started the war. He couldn't be afraid now that the storm was over. There was only one ending.

“Hand Aslan over to the people.”

The people experienced sorrow, anger, and despair due to Aslan. Grid meant to give Aslan to those who were still crying so they could kill Aslan. Aslan cried out.

“You..! The Saharan Empire is behind me! You will never be safe if you hurt me!”

“...!”

The soldiers belonging to Overgeared flinched. They were frightened at the thought of being hostile to the Saharan Empire. However, the members of Overgeared, including Grid, didn't raise a single eyebrow. Grid approached King Aslan and smiled.

"I don't know what you have noticed, but I will eventually swallow the Saharan Empire. It's natural to be hostile to them."

"What?"

Swallowing the strongest nation that dominated the continent? Some people would think it was absurd nonsense. But King Aslan couldn't laugh. The madness in his eyes were erased for a moment.

"...I should've been this dignified."

Aslan borrowed Saharan's power, despite his desire to beat them, and even waved Saharan's power at the last minute. He blamed his stupid self and closed his eyes with regret. He decided to humble accept it, even if his body was torn apart by the people and his soul fell to hell.

'Father, Brother. I am sorry.'

On this day, Aslan, the last king of Eternal died.

[You have succeeded in occupying Reinhardt!]

[356,931 people in Reinhardt have decided to serve you!]

[Aslan has died!]

[The Eternal Kingdom has lost its anchor and has scattered!]

[The surviving nobles of the Eternal Kingdom hate you!]

Grid's name was clearly stamped on the continent's history.

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"...My son-in-law was right."

Marquis Steim. Grid's father-in-law and lord of the north, he

watched the war between Overgeared and King Aslan from beginning to end. He planted eyes and ears on every battlefield and observed. It was in order to know the truth. Did King Aslan really kill Prince Ren?

He wondered if his son-in-law had lied. He had a duty to confirm it as a loyal subject of Eternal and Irene's father. Now he confirmed that his son-in-law was right. King Aslan really did kill Prince Ren. An unqualified person was on the throne.

“...”

Marquis Steim's heart was complicated. He was glad that his son-in-law hadn't lied, but he felt sad about the things uncovered. Well, this type of sentiment had no meaning at all. He only had to make a decision. The Eternal Kingdom was scattered.

Should he help Grid who would be threatened from various places?

He wasn't anxious. His choice was obvious.

"I will give the north to my son-in-law."

He was protecting his son-in-law with the force that he and his ancestors had built up, then set up Grid as king. Marquis Steim summoned Knight Laden without hesitation in order to prepare his tribute.

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“What? 60 million gold?”

The minimum conditions for establishing a kingdom was to have three cities, 100,000 people, and 60 million gold. 60 million gold. It was a huge sum of money equivalent to 72 billion won. It was an amount that he couldn't afford, even if Grid had started becoming one of the rich people of South Korea.

“This is crazy... Isn't this robbing me?”

The damn S.A. Group! He was furious about the developers who

didn't care about economic principles and were forcing their users to spend gold.

Toban spoke to the furious Grid. "It isn't a burdensome amount. If the guild members combine their assets, then it's easy to raise 60 million gold..."

The top rankers of Satisfy were able to amass a huge amount of money, especially the Overgeared members who were in the top rankings. As Toban said, it was possible for them to provide enough money to fund the kingdom. But Lael refused.

"Grid, I recommended that you provide the funding alone.

"...You want me to raise 60 million gold alone?"

Grid was shocked by the unexpected words. Spending 72 billion won by himself? Grid didn't have such a large sum of money, despite accumulating considerable assets through the National Competition, various broadcasts and advertisements.

"Hey, where will I gain such a huge amount of money? I'm not asking you to provide all of it, but isn't a little bit fine? Eh? Just give me a little bit. Then I will pay it back with interest every time I receive the taxes.

"I am urging you to provide the funding alone, so that this situation doesn't happen."

"...?"

"You will have all shares of the kingdom alone."

This was for the sake of Grid's interests. It was for the future of Overgeared.

# Chapter 581

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Gobble up all the stakes of a kingdom alone? Grid's expression wasn't very good.

"What? Are you asking me to be a dictator? What right do I have when everyone has suffered so much?"

Grid's reaction made Lael smile.

"Dictator... It would be nice if you could become a dictator and rule the kingdom well. For example, the Saharan Empire. This is a different world from reality. Due to the nature of these times, there wouldn't be opposition if you were a dictator.

"...Unfortunately, I don't think I can rule a country well."

Grid knew his abilities. He didn't have any political power. He was convinced that the country would soon perish if he ruled it according to his rule. This meant his 72 billion won would disappear. It was horrible just imagining it.

Lael laughed at the frowning Grid. "I'm not urging you to be a dictator. You should give your subordinates the proper authority. But I want you to be the firm center that can't be displaced."

If a large number of guild members shared the stakes in the kingdom, Grid's influence would become smaller. Lael wanted to prevent the worst from happening.

"Isn't there a saying in South Korea that too many cooks will spoil the broth?" I don't want such a thing to happen."

"A large number of cooks will spoil the broth..."

There was such a saying in his country? Grid admired the American Lael and nodded.

"I see. I understand."

Yes, it really made sense. He was convinced that it would be ideal to provide the funding for the kingdom alone. But there was one

problem.

"How can I raise 60 million gold?"

Grid's current assets exceeded 20 billion won. It was a level that could provide for him for the rest of his life, but it was lacking compared to the 72 billion won he needed. Lael shrugged at the troubled Grid.

"Think about it yourself. It isn't that hard."

Lael highly valued Grid. He didn't doubt that Grid was the most valuable person in the world. But Grid didn't realize this himself. It was a hundred times better than those who didn't fear the world, but it was questionable if Grid could express his big vessel.

Lael wanted Grid to value himself more. Grid looked at the silent Lael and had a thought.

"Should I get a sponsor?" What if he got a large investment from a real-world company active in Satisfy? "I can ask them for an investment in return for placing advertisement signs on every main street in the cities. How about it?"

"Well... That's the common way."

It wasn't bad. It was clear that the world would be paying a lot of attention to the first country set up by a player. In particular, there were many players and a high floating population would occur. From the viewpoint of the companies, they wouldn't lose money investing in the kingdom. But it wasn't the answer that Lael wanted.

Grid saw Lael's bad expression and asked. "Is there a better way?"

"Of course."

"What is it?" Lael grinned at Grid's confused expression. The wicked smile was similar to Grid's. His resemblance to Grid kept increasing. "Labor."



“...?”

"Do labor. Stay in the smithy and constantly make items. Then you will be able to raise funds much sooner than anticipated."

“...”

"If you set the customer base as mainly the Overgeared members, you can make a big contribution to the power of your allies and increase your skill level and stats."

“...”

No, dammit. He thought he finally overcame poverty and became rich. Now he had to do labor again? Grid's expression distorted, but Lael didn't shrink back at all.

"You shouldn't lose your beginnings. Do labor."

“...”

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“Labor... I have to do labor...”

He was on the verge of becoming a king, yet he had to do hard labor again? It was uncomfortable. Of course, Grid knew it. His root was a blacksmith. It was right to do the work of a blacksmith. But he couldn't imagine how long he would have to work to earn at least 50 billion won.

‘It's easy for Lael to say.’

It took Grid two years to build his current assets. He earned some money by selling items, but most of it was revenue from broadcasts. How many years would it take to earn 50 billion won from just making items?

"Do you have a moment?"

The bustling Reinhardt. As the Overgeared members and soldiers helped the people, a man came over to the frustrated Grid. Sword Saint Kraugel.

Grid smiled when he saw Kraugel. "I'm sorry that I thanked you so late. You saved my colleagues... In particular, Piaro was in great danger. Thank you for helping with the raid."

Kraugel shook his head. "No, if I hadn't come in the first place, then the Overgeared members could've retreated safely. They missed the opportunity to retreat while waiting for me and were in danger because of it. I'm the one who is sorry."

"...It's unusual."

Kraugel was always the best. He was called the sky above the sky and was an absolute person revered around the world. But he wasn't arrogant. He was always respectful to Grid.

'Someday, I want to be like you.'

Kraugel didn't know Grid's mind.

He asked Grid. "I was convinced when I saw you use the same skill twice in a row against Belial. Did you gain God's Command?"

"...!"

Grid was startled. In addition to domain and ruling power, it was classified as one of the three major offensive passives. Kraugel knew the existence of Grid's skill beforehand?

"How do you know about God's Command?"

"I have also progressed in the 7 malignant episodes. I have gained knowledge about the three offensive passives, the three defensive passives, and the corrupt passive."

"Eh? 7 malignant episodes? What is that?"

"..."

Kraugel's eyes cramped. He was speechless for a moment before asking.

"Don't tell me you obtained God's Command without going through the seven malignant episodes?"

"So? What is the 7 malignant episodes?"

"..."

Kraugel thought it was absurd. Grid had obtained God's Command as a result of coincidences and unpredictable events overlapping.

'...It's said that a hero is created by the times, not by themselves.'

It would be correct to say that this era chose Grid as a hero. This truly was his rival.

Kraugel felt admiration and trepidation. He barely managed to control his expression as he briefly explained.

"The 7 malignant episodes is an old story about seven wicked people chosen by the gods who became corrupted. As you progress through the episodes, you will gain clues about the strongest passive skills that those seven people possessed. I haven't gotten the skill I was aiming for because it's too tricky... I'm certain that Agnus and Ares have acquired the skill they desired by now."

"Agnus... Ares..."

Grid's eyes sharpened. He heard how great Agnus and Ares were every time someone spoke about them.

"Everyone appreciates Agnus and Ares. Are they strong enough to make you conscious of them?"

Kraugel was Grid's only rival. Grid unconsciously thought this, so he couldn't help having a strange rivalry with Agnus and Ares. Kraugel didn't know his mind and nodded.

"I think their potential won't be suppressed by you. I would advise you not to associate with them if you have any choice."

"Why?"

Was Kraugel worried Grid would be beaten by them? Kraugel explained to the frustrated Grid.

"Agnus is completely warped. If he learns more about you, he's likely to become highly obsessed with you."

Agnus was an unhappy person. Like Grid, he lived the worst life before encountering Satisfy. Grid overcame his adverse fate by pioneering a positive direction in life. On the other hand, Agnus was still obsessed with the past and exploited his power.

"You can see him as an evil spirit. He will never understand you. He will thoroughly deny you, who walks a completely different path."

"..."

"On the other hand, Ares is a person with no shadow. He is a sun like you are now. Due to this, he's strong. He has drawn many strong people to his side. If you become hostile to him..."

Kraugel was convinced that even the Overgeared Guild would find it difficult. But he didn't speak these thoughts. He thought it would pierce Grid's pride.

"...Well, this is just my advice. The choice is yours."

He had wasted too much time. It was time to eat with his mother.

Grid stopped Kraugel who was trying to leave. He stared at Kraugel with eyes as deep as a lake and asked.

"I will ask bluntly. Are Agnus and Ares stronger than you?"

"For now."

"This means that in the end, you will become the best again?"

"...I will make that happen."

"Then I understand. Kraugel, I will only look at you. Agnus? Ares? Nonsense. I don't care about them. So put aside your worries. If you have a hard time, then you can contact your older brother at any time."

"Older brother?"

“Me.”

“You’re crazy. I’m two years older than you.”

Kraugel responded before leaving.

Like the wind, Kraugel left without any fuss. Like the sea, Grid stayed in place.

Both of them cheered each other on in their hearts. Later on, he would be the best.

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Jishuka, the impressive beauty with provocative eyes. She was convinced by Lauel’s plan to make Grid pay the 60 million gold alone.

"It’s a good idea. There might be a seed of discord someday if you share the stakes with the guild members.

The problem was that Grid didn’t have 60 million gold. However, this was easily solved by Jishuka.

"Isn’t it sufficient if I pay 60 million gold for the Red Phoenix Bow? Right?"

"Cough! Cough!"

Lauel hadn’t confirmed the details of the Red Phoenix Bow yet. What item would have its value set at 60 million gold?

Jishuka laughed at the suffering Lauel.

# Chapter 582

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"No, what item is worth 60 million gold? Isn't the pricing too high?"

It was unrealistic that the Red Phoenix Bow would be worth 60 million gold, even if it was a first-rate legendary item. It was a matter of common sense. Think about it. A kingdom could be built with 60 million gold. The fact that an item was 60 million gold meant the value was equivalent to a country. Wasn't this a huge exaggeration?

'The items made by Grid are great, but it's hard to compare them to the value of a country. They are more comparable to cities.'

Yes, Lauel also praised Grid. He saw the value of Grid's items and thought the best ones were equivalent to a city. It was believed that people who were covered with Grid's items could display a value on a national level. However, Lauel couldn't recognize that a single item as being worth a kingdom.

"Jishuka, I know you want to pay more than necessary to help Grid, but..."

Lauel had been away from Jishuka in the war. He couldn't obtain all the information in real time and didn't know the true details of the Red Phoenix Bow.

"Don't exaggerate, no matter how much you like Grid."

"See it for yourself."

Jishuka shared the information of the Red Phoenix Bow with Lauel, who never imagined that it would be a myth rated item. At the same time, Lauel closed his mouth.

"...???"

Lauel's eyes started to roll around. He looked like an unnatural doll as he confirmed the information of the Red Phoenix Bow.

“...Heok.”

Lauel only had question marks and he suddenly took a breath. He lost his soul thanks to the unrealistic stats of the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow and Jishuka asked him.

“How is it? Isn’t 60 million gold good?”

“Huh? What?” Lauel regained his spirit. “If you buy such a monstrous item for only 60 million gold, you have no conscience!”

It was a huge transformation. Jishuka laughed at Lauel, who called her a thief, and shrugged.

“I don’t intend to be a thief. 60 million gold is just a down payment. The rest will be paid off for the rest of my life.”

Jishuka. A high ranker popular throughout the world for her beauty, charisma, and excellent gaming skills. One of the wealthiest young people in South America, she fell into a debt in front of Grid. This was the power of items.

Lauel’s body trembled.

“The true value of Grid...”

The uniqueness of his class couldn’t be fully measured, even with Lauel’s infinite insight. Lauel couldn’t even count how many times he had been surprised now. Lauel was touched to tears. He watched the sunset and uttered improvised words.

“Ahh, Grid is a descended god and I’m a feeble angel in front of him...”

Lauel started laughing. The Overgeared members around him watched him.

“Did he lose his mind after the kingdom is set up?”

“I guess so.”

“He will wield the most power after the king, right? Is it okay for him to be so crazy?”

“It will work out somehow. He has done well so far. Is there any reason for us to worry now?”

"Stop talking and go stop Nyangmong."

The wild cats and dogs started gathering in the central square of Reinhardt due to the whistle Nyangmong was blowing. People were scared, so they had to stop him.

In addition, there was other work.

"On the way, can you tell Jude to get dressed? I heard a complaint about his nakedness from the walls repair site."

"There are complaints that Vantner is threatening to make anyone who doesn't surrender bald. Shouldn't we stop him first?"

"Eh, what? We're so busy. Where did Regas disappear to?"

"He has applied for a duel with Piaro."

"What? In this situation? Why did you just watch when you could stop it?"

"...?"

"Okay, okay."

"It's sensitive."

'There is no one normal except for me,' every member of Overgeared thought.

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"Yes, let's not lose sight of my foundations."

Grid looked at the back of the distant Kraugel.

'I am still weak.'

He had been too excited after the Belial raid. He had relaxed like he was already the strongest. But what was the reality? Belial was the 32nd demon. It meant there were 31 monsters stronger than her. Not only that. There was vampire duke Marie Rose and



enemies all over the continent. Grid didn't have just one or two mountains to cross.

In this situation, he forgot his duty as a blacksmith? Crazy. Grid had to bear it in mind at all times. The fact that he was a blacksmith. He would work in the smithy, raise his stats, make good items, and become overgeared. There was always something to do.

'Labor isn't something to be avoided. It's my foundation.'

This wouldn't change even if he became a king.

So.

"Let's start production."

Grid suppressed the excitement from winning the war and succeeding in the great demon raid. Was he moving towards a gorgeous and ornate palace? No, it was a smithy.

'As Lauel said, let's stay in the smithy for a while. My role hasn't changed, even if I become a king.'

Grid's heart burned with motivation! A man and a woman approached him as he was pulling out a hammer for production.

"Hello."

It was Pope Damian of the Rebecca Church.

"Hello."

The beauty with platinum hair was a Rebecca's Daughter, Isabel. Grid was full of gratitude for them who ran to help Overgeared.

"It has been a while. I'm glad..."

Grid smiled brightly before his face distorted. Isabel's pale complexion was the cause.

'The impact of White Transformation...'

Isabel. A woman who was raised in the church with a weapon. Grid felt saddened when he saw her take up Lifael's Spear in order

to protect the world. Unlike other people, she couldn't enjoy her youth. She struggled while exhausting her vitality.

"Looking around Reinhardt, there's only one Rebecca Temple. It's big enough and the location is good. Out of personal greed, I want to build two more temples here. The more temples there are, the more priests and paladins that can be placed here. How about it? Will you allow me?

Damian watched Grid and made a suggestion.

Grid couldn't refuse.

"I'm very thankful. But is it okay? No matter how big Reinhardt is, I don't think the Vatican will allow three temples in one city. Strictly speaking, isn't it a waste of personnel from the Rebecca Church's position?"

"Huhut, there is no need to worry. Due to succeeding in the great demon raid, my position in the church has become solid. The Vatican also has a good impression of Grid and Overgeared for raiding the great demon. There won't be a big backlash if I increase the number of temples in Reinhardt."

"It's happy news."

As healers in Satisfy, the value of Rebecca's priests were tremendous. It was an extraordinary privilege to be able to raise priests simultaneously at three temples. Grid imagined it. A healing vending machine... No, a healers division of Overgeared!

'It is wise.'

If the vampire city expedition team consisted of Overgeared members + healers, they would become an immortal corps.

'I have to make the soldiers' armor as strong as possible!'

Grid asked Damian. "The Rebecca Church will pay for the construction of the temples right?"

"Huh?"

Damian was very embarrassed. He didn't expect to be asked this question!

"The kings or lords across the continent want to have a Rebecca temple. Not only do they provide the cost of building the temple themselves, they even send a gift of gratitude to the church."

In other words, the Rebecca Church's response wouldn't be good if Grid asked them to take on the cost of building the temple. Grid was asking them to take on the cost of building three temples in one city? It was likely to cause a backlash among the senior priests. But there was nothing wrong with Grid's logic.

"Doesn't the Rebecca Church own the temples built in the city? I am providing the land for the temple for free. Isn't it right that the Vatican pays for the construction cost?"

"...I will try to push it."

His position raised by the Belial raid might fall down again. Damian was mourning while Grid started to closely observe Isabel. Isabel's white face gradually heated up.

"Why are you staring at me?"

It was shortly after White Transformation was used. Isabel knew that she currently looked unhealthy. Therefore, Grid's gaze was burdensome.

Grid gazed at her steadily and grabbed her wrist.

"Ah..."

Isabel's eyes widened and she shook like a rabbit. An unknown pleasure spread throughout her body as Grid suggested.

"Can you leave Lifael's Spear to me?"

Grid's blacksmithing ability had greatly improved while making the myth rated item. In addition, Grid had a perfect understanding of Lifael's Spear. At the time of the pope election episode in the past, he raised his understanding of Lifael's Spear to 100%.

"Let me look at Lifael's Spear. I will make it powerful without putting a burden on the user."

Grid was confident. Now that he made a myth rated item and upgraded his blacksmithing skill, Grid was convinced that he could reconstruct Lifael's Spear more completely.

"I hope that you and Damian will no longer suffer."

They were already special friends. He wanted to help those who already helped him a few times. He wanted them to be happy together for a long time. Grid conveyed his heart to Damian and Isabel. Isabel was thankful to Grid, while the sensitive Damian was already crying.

"Grid-sama!!"

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"What would you like to do?"

The Overgeared members and soldiers running around Reinhardt. They were full of energy as they tried to restore the damage caused by the war. Just watching it would make a person feel good. Chris watched the scene quietly and spoke to his Seven Captains.

"What do you want to do?"

"..."

"Tell me honestly."

Once Chris asked again, the oldest of the Seven Captains, Zirkan, came forward. He was Chris' swordsmanship teacher and was once first ranked on the swordsman ranking, despite being nearly 70 years old. He had strong loyalty to Chris and was the person Chris most trusted in the Giant Guild.

"Let's enter Overgeared."

"Why?"

“I believe that you would know it best. Grid has done great things and it’s better to join him than compete with him. If you’re with him, I believe you can accomplish a breakthrough.”

Chris didn’t deny it.

"His vessel is large enough to hold my vessel."

Chris decided to forsake the noble title of Eternal, which was now meaningless. The moment King Aslan died, his guild window showed a hidden quest called ‘Anti-Grid Nobles Alliance.’

"We will go hunting."

Chris pledged to give Grid the heads of the Eternal nobles as a gift to join Overgeared.

# Chapter 583

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Grid was able to build up knowledge with his experience of making the myth rated Red Phoenix Bow. In order to make myth rated items, special materials containing a god's power were required. For example, the Red Phoenix Breath.

'Lifael's Spear will contain a material associated with Goddess Rebecca.'

Grid hadn't seen it in the past, but he believed he could now that his blacksmithing ability rose sharply.

'Once I figure out and understand the material of Lifael's Spear, I will be able to remodel it.'

The confident Grid started to disassemble Lifael's Spear. He removed the decorative fleece hanging from the front part of the spear, then separated all the parts of the spears in order. It was quick and delicate without damaging any of the connecting parts.

The blacksmiths of Reinhardt were impressed by the sight.

'It's like a hand touching the skin of a woman. Extraordinarily delicate.'

'But it's quick with no mistakes.'

'Truly Pagma's Descendent... It isn't an exaggeration that he's one of the best blacksmiths in existence.'

'I don't think any dwarf blacksmiths are a match for him unless they are a dwarf lord.'

The blacksmiths watching Grid were fascinated. As their new king who was the supreme authority in this field, they had high expectations. The new kingdom would surely be a world of blacksmiths. The blacksmiths were delighted as they imagined it.

'Maybe I will have an opportunity to learn from him directly?'

'Will he hold a blacksmithing competition?'

‘Reinhardt will be the shrine of blacksmiths.’

The blacksmith’s expectations were heightened as the atmosphere of the smithy increased. But Grid wasn’t affected. He continued his work without losing focus, as if he was in a world alone.

Damian and Isabel watched him silently. The divine artifact of the Rebecca Church. Grid broke it down into several pieces and even melted it in the fire, but they weren’t nervous at all. It was because they believed in Grid. Unfortunately, their belief wasn’t paid back as Grid’s expression gradually changed.

‘I don’t know.’

He had completely disassembled Lifael’s Spear. Grid was troubled as he looked at the materials he melted without any loss. He couldn’t find the aura of Goddess Rebecca from any of the materials.

‘It’s the same as what I saw before. The spear is made of pure adamantium. It’s the same for the secondary part of the spear.’

Did the goddess’ blessing dwell in the adamantium itself? He used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal on every part of the spear and then the adamantium itself but...

‘It’s just plain adamantium.’

The goddess’ blessing didn’t dwell anywhere in Lifael’s Spear.

‘What on earth is going on? Can there be a myth rated weapon that doesn’t use any divine material?’

Grid was confused. As he was feeling puzzled, he suddenly thought of a hypothesis.

‘This... Is it a weapon made by a god?’

This could be the reason why Lifael’s Spear was a myth-rated weapon, despite not using the materials of a god. Was it because a god made the weapon?

‘If a blacksmith god exists, wouldn’t they make a myth rated weapon?’

It was the worst. If this hypothesis was true, Grid wouldn’t be able to reconstruct Lifael’s Spear. It was virtually impossible to reconstruct a myth rated weapon with pure ability if he couldn’t rely on the materials. Just like how he couldn’t created a myth rated Red Phoenix Bow without the Red Phoenix Breath.

‘Shit.’

Was it impossible to give Isabel freedom? He wanted to deny it.

Grid asked Damian and Isabel, “Do you know who made this spear?”

"I don't know."

“I have no idea.”

"Do you know anything about the birth of the spear?"

“Yes. There was a legend that a long time ago, the first pope was given the divine artifacts by Goddess Rebecca.”

"Goddess Rebecca directly..."

Legends weren’t always fanciful. Maybe it was the true history.

It was just like the legends of Pagma and Braham.

‘The weapon that Goddess Rebecca handed down directly. This means it was born in the divine realm... It also means that a god probably created it.’

It wasn’t the ‘aura’ of a god but the ‘technology’ of a god. It wasn’t something that he could remodel.

“...”

Grid bowed. He felt guilty for raising Isabel and Damian’s hopes. He was angry at his own incompetence. He could still push ahead with the reconstruction. But it was dangerous. He could destroy the functionality of Lifael’s Spear. In the end, Grid chose to give



up. Lifael's Spear was disassembled. He first restored the appearance of the spear completely before attaching the decorative fleece hanging near the front part of the spear.

It was a fluffy white bundle that reminded him of a dandelion flower.

‘Eh?’

Grid stopped as he was hanging it onto the spear. Then he realized he overlooked one fact.

‘...Is this fluffy thing part of the spear?’

The white fluff had been present since the first time he saw Lifael's Spear. So far, he treated it as a simple ornament that Isabel hung on it...

‘That isn't the case.’

Would Isabel hang a personal ornament on the divine artifact that Goddess Rebecca gave her? The chances were very slim now that he thought about it. For Isabel, Goddess Rebecca was a noble and sacred being. She wouldn't do something like that. She wouldn't dirty the divine artifact that she had been given.

"Isabel, you didn't hang up this fluffy ornament right? Was it originally on the spear?"

“Yes, that's right.”

He determined the right answer. Grid laughed as the darkness on his face blew away. Then he used a skill.

“Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal.”

The target was the fluff.

Ttiring~

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Fluffy Bundle]

An ornament hanging on Lifael's Spear.

A pretty white fluff.

Weight: 0

[!!!!!!!!!!!!]

[You have discovered a hidden feature in the item!]

[The information about the target item has been updated.]

[Goddess' Fluffy Hair]

Fine hair belonging to Rebecca, goddess of light.

It has long fallen away from the goddess, but still contains a strong divine power.

It destroys evil and humans can't bear this divine power.

Depending on the use, it might become a drug or a poison.

Weight: 0

"Wow..."

This cotton-like bundle was the goddess' hair?

'Now it looks like fur.'

He took a closer look at the thin bundle of hair. Every strand was thin and transparent. Goddess Rebecca's appearance popped into Grid's mind.

'She is a great beauty when looking at the statues and portraits... It's true that beauties have soft and downy hair.'

In any case, it wasn't important.

Grid finished thinking and said to Damian and Isabel.

"Believe in me."

A terrible spear that required the user's vitality to use. Grid was determined to change this spear into an item worthy of the

goddess of light. In order to do that, he needed someone's help. It was Saintess Ruby.

-Sehee, what are you doing?

-I'm comforting the families of those sacrificed to summon the great demon.

A Saintess had an obligation to do good deed every day. If she didn't do this, she would be deprived of her qualifications as a Saintess. Sehee was always volunteering inside the game.

-I will share my location so please come and help me. I need your strength.

Ruby acquired a special reward for destroying the great demon's soul in the raid. Grid had very big hopes for her.

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"This is Reidan."

"Agricultural has developed to this unbelievable extent in a desert city? Everywhere is green."

"Bah, it's thanks to that crazy farmer."

Blood Carnival. Known as the worst PK group, they had a grudge against Grid and Overgeared. In particular, the White and Black sisters had a great hatred for Grid. Not only did the invasion of Siren fail because of Grid, Black even lost the best accessory, the Ring of Absurdity, thanks to him.

They were looking for a chance to get revenge on Grid and watched the war between Overgeared and the Eternal Kingdom. They gathered all their intelligence and realized that Reidan was almost completely empty of Overgeared members.

Reidan. It was the home of Overgeared, and Grid's wife Irene was believed to be staying here. White, who was on the same grade as Grid and Kraugel, smiled.

"I will take away everything Grid has."

Unlike her sister White, who was a brilliant beauty, the skinny and gloomy Black nodded.

"Yes, we will make him feel a much bigger pain than what we felt."

The intelligence network of the Blood Carnival was the best. Due to their nature, quick information gathering was essential. Blood Carnival had a lot of forces that they traded information with every day. Thanks to that, Black and White were currently aware of Reidan's strength.

'The top powers of Overgeared, including the mad farmer, are scattered all over the battlefields.'

'Reidan only has 1,000 soldiers around level 100 guarding it.'

There was no existence that could stop the two of them. The White and Black sisters had faith in their skills. They wouldn't have been so humiliated by Grid and the Overgeared members during the Siren invasion if they had been together.

"Grid...! I will make you shed blood and tears!"

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The desert shook as Black and White started to run. Reidan, or to be precise, Irene, would soon face a crisis.

# Chapter 584

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“What? The king has been killed?”

[King Aslan’s death has become known and the navy is in turmoil!]

[The power of Eternal’s navy has gone down. Skills and spells are no longer available.]

[Eternal’s navy has retreated!]

“Pant... Pant...”

Cork Island. Peak Sword struggled against the navy with the help of Soldier, who he met during his mining activities. They had been in a big crisis after half the island was taken by the navy, so Peak Sword sighed with relief.

“Lauel... God Grid. You did it.”

The ending of the war was much faster than planned. Thanks to that, they could keep Cork Island. Against what everyone thought, they protected Cork Island with their Korean hands.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

“We did it! We did it!!”

The Silver Knights and the soldiers of Cork Island shed tears of joy. Their bodies and minds were exhausted from the war that lasted several days, but they enjoyed the pleasure of this moment. Peak Sword praised them.

"Everyone has suffered. You all fought well like God Grid.”

It was time to go back to Grid.

“Let’s go to God Grid. We will bless our master who will soon come to the throne.”

Grid would once again improve the reputation of South Korea. As the president of the Korean Patriotic Society, Peak Sword was

more proud than anyone else.

'I'm happy to be able to serve God Grid.'

A smile appeared on Peak Sword's face. It was a comforting smile that made the person who saw it feel warm. Unfortunately, the smile didn't last long. A shadow suddenly appeared behind Peak Sword. The ID above the shadow that emerged from the ground was Tarma.

An assassin of the dark gamers group, Blood Carnival! He whispered in a voice filled with spite after being horribly humiliated by Grid in the National Competition and the Siren invasion.

"The world has many giants. Do you think that Satisfy is a world just for Overgeared?"

"You...!"

Peak Sword turned his head while placing a hand on his sheath.

Puok!

"...!"

Tarma's yellow dagger stabbed Peak Sword's heart.

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

Tarma was strong. Grid acknowledged his skills despite easily winning over him. It would be dangerous if Tarma could hunt in an environment where he could attempt an assassination. It was virtually impossible for Peak Sword to defend against the surprise attack after suffering from the war. In particular, Peak Sword revealed a large gap while enjoying the victory.

"Ugh...!"

Puok! Puk. Puk puk!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have died.]

[33.1% experience has been lost.]

[Your level has dropped.]

[10 of your most recently invested points will be lost.]

[The item Peak Sword's Sheath has dropped.]

The yellow dagger continuously pierced Peak Sword who turned to grey. It occurred in an instant.

“Peak Sword!”

The members of Overgeared belatedly became aware of the situation and fell into chaos. A smile appeared on Tarma's face.

“Devastate Cork Island. Trample on everything and remove all traces of Overgeared!”

He would deny everything they had built! The moment that Tarma shouted loudly.

Pak!

Pa pa pa pa pak!

The assassins, who had infiltrated the island while Overgeared were concentrating on the war against the navy, started to run to the city in the middle of the island. The Overgeared tried to stop them, but Tarma couldn't be stopped by them. The Silver Knights members of Overgeared didn't yet have the skills to deal with high rankers and were completely fooled by Tarma.

“Overgeared! I will plague you for the rest of my life!”

There were at least two billion users in Satisfy. The intertwining interest and rampant causes didn't make it easy. There was always something to lose. This logic pressed on Grid and Overgeared.

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“Kuk! Kukukuk! Kuhahahahahat!”

The fortified city of Borneo.

Katz burst out laughing on the walls. The Gauss users lost sight of their goal due to being blinded by money. They felt joyous every time Seuron screamed.

"...Really amazing."

Yes, it was great to watch the power of money. It would never betray him. It always brought him new fun. This was the world.

"Money is the best."

Only a rich person could say such words! The Gauss troops under the wall made demands.

"Seuron is dead!"

"Now give us the promised reward!"

"I hit Seuron 10 times!"

"I put a hole in Seuron!"

Money! Money! Money!

The users on the ground reached out to Katz. They were worried Katz would forget his words and wanted the reward quickly. Katz looked warmly at those who became puppets before money.

"Okay. I will give you the reward I promised."

"Ohh!"

He would keep his honor as the son of Japan's greatest conglomerate. The Gauss players' eyes shone in anticipation of the promised reward. Katz gave them an email address.

"This is my secretary's email address. Send the video of your attack on Seuron and your account number. The promised amount will arrive immediately after it is confirmed."

"...?"

The hundreds and thousands of Gauss users froze in an instant. They were confused when Katz asked for the video. Katz gave them a baffled look.



“What’s with this reaction? Is there anything wrong with my demands?”

No, nothing was wrong. Katz had an obligation to clearly know who had hit Seuron and how many times they did it. A recorded video was definite proof. He had an obligation to check their videos to give them the promised reward. Most of the Gauss players had overlooked this.

Someone shouted loudly.

“There’s a limit to the capsule memory! Anyone who would record a video of the battlefield is crazy!”

"That's right! How can we record a video on a battlefield where thousands of people are struggling and all types of skill effects are overflowing? The video will be too big to be stored in the capsule!"

“Hah?”

Katz frowned.

"What’s your point? Do you want me to individually check and remember each person who hit Seuron and how many times they did it?"

“T-That...!”

The Gauss users realized it simultaneously. It was impossible for them to receive compensation from the beginning.

“T...This wicked Japanese person!”

“Dammit! It would’ve turned out this way from the beginning!”

"You just used us!"

The Gauss users showed their hatred in unison. The Overgeared soldiers gulped as there were signs the war would start again. But Katz didn’t shrink back. He just made a surprised expression.

“I can’t understand why you are blaming me. If you used the diamond capsule of the Comet Group in the first place, then you

wouldn't be lacking video recording capacity.”

“...?”

“You can't record a video because you used a cheap capsule. Then isn't it your fault that you can't submit the evidence for the reward? Why blame others, when you should be lamenting your own lacking power?”

“...”

That's right. Katz had no intention of deceiving the Gauss users. He planned to give them the promised rewards. His pride was so high that he could pay this much money to ordinary people. Katz just didn't understand the position of ordinary people.

“No matter how I think about it, I don't understand. Why aren't you using a diamond capsule? Didn't Grid advertise it in the National Competition? It's better to use this capsule.”

“...”

How could a commoner use a capsule that was worth 1.32 million won?

“Damn rich people...”

“A bad person.”

The Gauss users no longer had the heart to argue with Katz. The commander of the Gauss army cried out.

“Retreat! Full retreat!”

The news of King Aslan's death was transmitted to the Gauss Kingdom. Since Reinhardt was occupied, it was unknown when Overgeared would send reinforcements here. Thus, the Gauss army was forced to retreat. Katz shrugged as he watched the Gauss army retreating.

“Anyway, the mission is complete.”

Borneo. It was protected with only 2,000 troops. This was a

result that Lauel didn't expect due to the power of money.

Money was the best. Katz once again realized it. Therefore, he thought that Grid's items that couldn't be bought with money were greater.

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The spacious fields of Reidan.

Today, the farmers were working. The farmers maintained the attitude taught by Piaro and kept farming. Their origin varied. There were the people from Reidan, the minority that Piaro brought from the Altes Mountains (in fact, they were Prince Ren's people), and the players who visited Reidan and were caught by Piaro. Unlike ordinary farmers, they had tempered bodies and unusual eyes.

"Huh? What's that?"

The farmers wielding their farming equipment concentrated their attention on one spot simultaneously. Beyond this green orchard, a sandstorm was approaching from the desert. An artificial sand storm. It was like hundreds of horses were moving. The eyes of the farmers changed sharply.

"Be alert."

Most of them were soldiers who had been on a battlefield. They had to keep their fields and cities. The farmers raised their alertness at the approach of unidentified people, while the sandstorm came closer.

"I can't believe a city is in the middle of the desert."

"How can there be such vast fields?"

The sandstorm wasn't caused by hundreds of horses. Surprisingly, they were two women. There was a white-haired woman with a sensual body and a black-haired woman with a dismal atmosphere.

The Black and White sisters.

The farmers holding farming equipment were looking at them but they didn't care. They didn't pay any attention at all. They just thought of the farmers as ordinary villagers. They would've been wary if the crazy farmer who appeared in Siren was in Reidan, but they received information that the crazy farmer was in Reinhardt. The Black and White sisters were overflowing with confidence.

“Let's go.”

White ignored the farmers and walked ahead, followed by Black.  
Step, step.

The two women walked across the fields. They carefully observed the walls of Reidan.

‘There are only a few guards.’

‘It's deadly quiet.’

This was really amazing timing for a surprise attack. The base of Overgeared was empty. They would completely devastate the work of Overgeared and get rid of Grid's precious wife. White and Black established the perfect revenge plan.

“...?”

Hesitation.

Black and White were moving with a smile when they stopped. Then they looked around with sharp eyes. They sensed a strange atmosphere.

Suuk.

Sususuk.

The farmers scattered throughout the fields. Every farmer holding a dirt covered farming tool in their hands was approaching quietly but quickly. As the distance got closer, they took off their clothes, revealing armor or robes. They put away their farming

equipment and armed themselves with spears or blades.

White and Black shook.

“A trap...!”

Their surprise attack was predicted and planned for? Grid’s foresight was mysterious!

“This isn’t normal...!”

White acknowledged Grid while taking a battle posture.

At the same time, in Reidan.

“Young lord, it is time to visit the field.”

They were the Rebecca’s Daughters candidates. In addition to their natural talent, the 200 young girls became elites through training.

“Ohh.”

Lord’s cheeks swelled up like a balloon.

It was fun to play assassins from Kasim, interesting to recreate the sword techniques learned from Uncle Kraugel, fun to train the divine power awakened thanks to Damian, and it was interesting to study with Sticks. However, he had no interest in field work.

Whenever he farmed in the postures taught by Piaro, the muscles of his body were sore.

“I want to go to the smithy.”

Most of his study topics were fun, but the best thing was to raise his proficiency in blacksmithing. Indeed, Lord was Grid’s son. He had an aptitude with blacksmithing. Lord grumbled but the girls were determined.

“No. There’s a fixed time for all your study topics.”

“That's right. There will be a much bigger effect if you study according to the timetable that Sticks set.”

“Che.”

Lord's cheeks became more puffed up. He looked sulky. Whenever this happened, he would be hugged or given a knee as a pillow. Lord looked so cute that the girls wanted to hold Lord in their arms.

"Stop grumbling." A voice was heard from the darkness. "You will soon be a prince. From now on, you have to maintain your dignity. Go to the rice fields."

It was Kasim, king of shadows. In the end.

"Waaaaaaah~~!"

Lord screamed as he was caught by the girls and carried to the fields. A young child who was having a hard day with his early education. Before he knew it, the four year old who was the best genius of the West Continent was going to be revealed.

It was the precursor of a new historical wave.

# Chapter 585

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‘Grid...!’

Their attack was anticipated ahead of time and a trap was laid? It was even in the rice fields!

‘Bullshit!’

Unless it was a particular season, the fields wouldn’t be a target. The crops that hadn’t grown significantly made the fields completely open, meaning it was hard to lay a trap or ambush. Therefore, the sisters were caught off guard. They never expected there would be a trap on the fields.

‘Soldiers and guild members are disguised as farmers!’

It was surprising that soldiers were disguised as farmers and waiting for them. They sacrificed their time to carry out the orders of Grid. They had to stay in the fields without doing any work. It showed Overgeared’s loyalty to Grid.

‘He did it properly.’

White was convinced. Grid was an absolute ruler and genius before he was a blacksmith, overgeared person, or high ranker. It was dubious but now she was certain. It wasn’t a coincidence that Blood Carnival collided with Overgeared in Siren!

‘Since then, we have been dancing on Grid’s hand!’

It was clear from the beginning that Grid had been plotting against Blood Carnival and then made plans to keep Blood Carnival in check. Indeed, an amazing man.

Males. A simple-minded existence that only cared about appearance. The day had come when she would acknowledge such a disgusting presence? Her pride was bruised as she looked at her little sister Black.

"Don’t shrink back. No one is a match for us. We will shatter

Reidan as planned.”

It wasn't a bluff. White's confidence was still perfect. She had never been defeated in battle when she joined forces with her sister, Black.

“Yes, Sister. Let's fight.”

They couldn't be hit by Grid again. They were still furious at the Ring of Absurdity being taken away. Black's grudge against Grid was unbearably large.

‘Grid, I will take all your precious things.’

Black swallowed down the poison in his heart. The ability of an Illusionist had the ability to turn illusions into reality.

Susuk.

Sususuk.

The fields where the farmers of Reidan were working...

Hwaruruk!

It changed into a sea of fire. The illusion building ability of an Illusionist, which many people assumed with a legendary class, was no different from reality.

“Kuaaaaak!”

The farmers suffered burn damage from the fire that suddenly appeared.

“Ugh! W-What is this?”

The fields that gave peace and a feeling of rest to them was covered with flames? The angry farmers became confused and in the midst of their struggle, Black created a clone of herself. She made a beauty with a sensual body and brought it into reality. Then she equipped the clone with magic items and hid in the rear. It was the emergence of a fire magician that specialized in mass destruction.



“Fire Spear!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The strength of a user that even Euphemina found difficult to handle swept away the farmers of Reidan. The number of spells used was very low compared to when she had the Ring of Absurdity, but the opponents were too weak for her to feel any regret.

The storm of flames turned dozens of farmers into ashes.

“As expected from my sister!”

White smiled widely as she saw Black’s activities. The fat she burned while running to Reidan was slowly recovering. White chewed on a large piece of meat to speed up her fat recovery and became fat again. Then she swung her fists at the farmers.

Kwaaaang!

“Keok!”

The farmers White thought of as Overgeared members were actually users. In other words, the users caught by Piaro and acted as farmers were in great shock. The users were powerful enough to break through the desert and reach Reidan. They were at least level 200. But they were like specks of dust in front of the unidentified women.

‘What are their identities?’

‘How strong are they?’

A shield blocked White’s fist and the holder was thrown back 80 meters. White leapt towards the tanker whose shield was distorted. She used her bloated belly to attack.

Peeeeeeong!

"Hup...!"

The farmer crushed by White’s belly rolled around and was

swallowed up by flames. Silence fell as the user turned to grey. The Black and White sisters. The absolute strength of the unofficial rankers overwhelmed Reidan's farmers and filled them with despair.

"Shit... Why do we have to suffer like this?"

The users started to lament. They didn't have a relationship with Overgeared, so why should they sacrifice themselves to protect Reidan? They grumbled about the situation. They were reprimanded by other users.

"Don't forget everything you have received from Piaro's hidden quests. You should at least reciprocate."

"Isn't your pride hurt when you see the fields being ruined?"

"Think of the Reidan residents who bring us snacks every day. We can't let those monsters kill them."

"...Indeed."

The grumbling users felt a sense of solidarity. Who were they? People caught by a mad farmer and forced to become serfs? That was just the outer appearance. They were reborn as farmers. The farming they learned from Piaro wasn't ordinary farming. Their physical abilities and skills with their weapons had greatly increased. Now was the time to prove their power.

"Let's fight together!"

"Think about Piaro's teachings! Remember the action when wielding the hand plow!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

"...!"

White's eyes became larger. She was confused that the moral of the enemies didn't decrease at all.

'Ridiculous people!'

Their courage was doubled, instead of feeling despair and frustration?

Kwaduduk!

“This is funny!”

White would rather die than be ignored. In particular, she couldn't tolerate men making fun of her. White was filled with anger and burned the fat she accumulated.

Chiik.

Chiiiik!

A haze of heat rose from White's body and White became thinner and more beautiful. At the same time.

Peeng!

White's fist contained the burned fat as energy and attacked the farmers. It was a fist that was several times smaller than before, but the power and speed were much higher.

Kwajajajak!

“Kuock!”

“Ack!”

The farmers fell one by one as White swung her fist. It was a sharp and destructive blow that pierced their armor. The players stiffened at White's true skills and White made a satisfied expression.

"Yes, my strength deserves reverence. It isn't something for you to make fun of."

She might've been defeated by the farmer called Piaro but she was the strongest user. Kraugel? How funny. Her skills were several times higher. Basically, women were better than men! Then the voice of a child entered White's ears.

“Who is that sister?”

“Huh?”

A childlike voice was heard in the middle of a fight? White was confused and turned her eyes in the direction of the voice. Then she couldn't help smiling.

‘Cute!’

‘Too cute!’

There was a young boy with black hair, deep blue eyes, and white skin. The boy approaching the fields was very cute despite being male. His cheeks were soft and his eyes shone like jewels.

“What? Why is a kid in a place like this?”

White and Black had been neglected and discriminated against by men because of their appearance and body. They hated men very much, but they couldn't hate a child. They were afraid of the child being hurt and stopped attacking the farmer.

“Young Nobleman Lord~~~”

"Why are you running away alone?"

“...”

There were 200 beautiful girls. They rushed to the young child named Lord and clung to him like they were his lovers. The faces of White and Black distorted in a frightening manner.

“A person this young is already flirting!”

"A man shouldn't do this! All men are wolves! Wolves!"

They didn't want to see it. They could see what type of man he would become once he grew older. But so what? It was worrisome to hurt a child, even if he was a NPC...

‘Eh?’

'Wait?'

White and Black shivered before they belatedly realized something. The title attached to Lord.

‘Young nobleman?’

That boy.

“Don’t tell me... Are you Grid’s child?”

Satisfy was a virtual reality game where marriage and childbirth between a player and user was possible. Lord nodded at the question, showing a ridiculous thinking ability.

"Yes, the most wonderful Duke Grid is my father."

“...!”

White and Black were filled with joy. They were happy about finding Grid’s hidden treasure.

‘Kill him!’

‘I like this! I will make tears fall from Grid’s eyes!’

Black and White looked at each other and smiled.

"So I will punish these sisters."

Lord had a cold expression that didn’t fit his age and pulled something out. It was a dagger. It was as sharp as a real knife. It wasn’t something that should be held by a child.

‘Why is a child carrying such a scary thing?’

White and Black’s question was soon resolved.

"Why do you want to hurt my father’s people? You have done something bad and need to be punished."

Papat!

At that moment. Lord’s daggers were thrown at the ankles of White and Black. It was the manifestation of Lantier’s Methods that Lord had learned. Lord was only level 40 due to the age level limit. However, the power of a legendary skill couldn’t be ignored.

“Avoid it!”

Black and White saw the power of the dagger and hurriedly

moved. No, they tried to move. Suddenly, shadows rose from the ground like living creatures and grabbed their ankles. It was the shadow method passed directly from Kasim, king of shadows.

“This monster!”

White and Black no longer saw Lord as a cute little boy. He was a monster in the shape of a child.

Pahat!

They barely managed to shake off the shadow and was about to launch a counterattack when a light flashed. It was Holy Light. A divine magic spell that only applied to evil beings. It didn't do any damage to White and Black, but that wasn't Lord's intention. It temporarily obstructed their vision.

“Ugh!”

Due to the intense light, White and Black reflexively closed their eyes while Lord rushed towards them. It was the secret technique that Kraugel used during his time as a white swordsman.

“Storm Sword.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“...!”

The eyes of the farmers watching the battle, as well as Black and White, twitched.

# Chapter 586

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‘What in the world is that kid?’

Lord was a child around five years old. However, his language skills were better than his age, so he must be a pretty smart kid. Yes, this was the first impression. The reality? He was a monster who couldn’t just be called smart. He was a threat pretending to be a kid, who knew shadow skills, divine magic, and swordsmanship. In addition, this wasn’t the usual swordsmanship. The spectacular skill effect showed that it was at least a unique rated swordsmanship.

‘This monster...!’

Toddle.

Dadadadada!

Lord narrowed the distance by moving his short legs. A storm of energy emerged from his blade and aimed at White and Black. It felt as though they were looking at Kraugel’s swordsmanship. White judged that it was difficult to avoid it completely and made a different choice. Magicians had low health and low defense, so they used shields. On the other hand, White increased her defense and attacked.

‘How strong can a little kid be?’

In the first place, Lord’s weapon was just a little baby sword. White judged that the attack would be weak, despite the splendid skill effects. She believed she would overwhelm him in a face-to-face confrontation. But the result...

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

[The sharp Storm Sword has decreased your defense!]

[The level of the target who attacked you is unreasonably low. Most of the damage has been neutralized.]

[You have suffered 2,880 damage.]

‘What?’

White could change her stats based on her amount of body fat. Her basic defense was very high. As a top ranker, she had a variety of titles and even a unique rune. She had a great deal of pride in her ranking ability. However, she lost close to 3,000 health when hit by the sword of a five year old boy.

Of course, it wasn’t a big blow for White to lose 3,000 health when her total health exceeded 60,000. But when looking at the notification window, the difference between Lord and White was at least 200 levels. Taking into account the level difference, it wouldn’t be strange if the boy only dealt damage in the hundreds.

White was able to deduce an amazing fact.

‘This monster kid, isn’t the level of his skills and the stats ridiculously high compared to his level?’

There was something even more shocking.

‘He even avoided my attack?’

At this moment, White doubted her eyes. Lord attacked without any delay while using excellent footwork. It resembled White Light Steps. This was the footwork that represented Kraugel in his White Swordsman days. White’s fist had only hit the air.

“Kid! What’s your identity!?”

The kid’s iron sword looked trivial. But the sword was clearly powerful. Grid must’ve made it. Yes, the kid called Lord was overgeared. She was convinced up to here. But how could he used shadow techniques that only a master of shadows could acquire, and what was with the divine magic? And what about the swordsmanship and footwork that showed traces of Kraugel?

“How can he use such a splendid technique when he doesn’t even have his first class yet?”



The silent Black shouted angrily. An assumption crossed her mind.

‘Isn’t this kid a secret weapon that Grid is intentionally raising?’

She received information that Damian and Kraugel were at the scene of the great demon raid. Based on this fact, Damian and Kraugel were obviously good friends of Grid. Did the three of them cooperate to raise a human weapon?

‘The unlimited potential of named NPCs... It’s theoretically possible to learn the best skills quickly if they’re trained from when they are a baby.’

The most powerful human weapon would be created!

‘Grid, you fearsome bastard!’

This was a game, but he was cruel for raising his own flesh and blood as a weapon. He might not shed even a drop of blood. Indeed, compared to women who had beautiful material instincts, the existence of a male was nothing but a piece of garbage.

“Yes... You’re a truly miserable child. You have a trash parent and were raised as a weapon before you could even grow up.”

White showed compassion towards Lord. It was unfamiliar to Lord, who had always been raised with envious or pretty eyes. Lord made a confused sound.

"Trash?"

“...”

The little boy who didn’t even understand that word. It was true that Grid and Kraugel were great for raising such a skilled child, but it was also disgusting. White hated Grid and Kraugel as she aimed her fist at Lord.

“You’re destined to live an unhappy life. I’d rather kill you.”

Kuduk!

Kudududuk!

A thick vein of blood started to swell on White's fist. The muscles of her thin arms started growing. She turned fat into muscles.

“Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength!”

Peeng!

A power that could seize mountains and cover the world. White opened her real power.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Peerless Mountain Seizing Strength was amazing, as White's stats increased and she would deal additional damage with every punch. Black scattered the flames she created with her illusions and divided the fields in two.

Kurururung!

"Oh."

Lord fell backwards at the wave of energy. His stamina and mana were at their limits due to the skills he previously used. Lord's resources were depleted because he hadn't yet fully grown.

"From here on, we will be your opponent!"

“Lord should rest!”

The 200 girls watching the struggle between Lord and White finally moved. They equipped swords, spears, or shields to protect Lord. White thought it was ridiculous.

"It is a group of kids?"

They would fall in one blow! White was confident.

“Let's join forces!”

“Yes!”

Kaaang!

Hadn't they been training every day? The 200 girls skillfully

blocked White's attack. 50 girls armed with shields blocked White's punch and her movements, while those armed with swords and spears attacked White.

‘My punch was blocked?’

How could girls in their teens be so organized? White was confused. But she couldn't help feeling calm compared to when she was facing the five year old child. White didn't show any gaps as she moved quickly to avoid the attacks and counterattacked.

Kwajak!

Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!

"Kyaaak!"

The Rebecca's Daughters candidates. After hard training at the Rebecca Church's secret temple, they were educated by Piaro and became very strong. They demonstrated a high growth rate as semi-named NPCs and already exceeded the average level of 200.

But White was one of the best players. The Rebecca's Daughters candidates weren't her match yet. This was despite the numerical advantage.

“Sisters...!”

Lord cried out when he saw them fall down bleeding. He learned from his mother that he should cherish women. He learned from his father to protect all those precious to him.

"Don't harass my sisters!"

Lord shouted as he barely managed to get up. The boy had the desire to kill for the first time in his life.

At that moment.

"An assassin showing killing intent. Didn't I repeatedly tell you that you should keep your composure in a desperate situation?"

A loud voice was heard from Lord's shadow. It was Kasim's voice.

"Master!"

Lord, who had been trying to attack White, regained his composure in a flash. He shut his mouth and endured as Kasim asked him.

"What choice should you make now that you're about to lose your precious ones?"

Lord answered without hesitation. "I should ask for Master's help!"

"Correct."

Stupid stubbornness wasn't needed. This choice was reasonable. In particular, Lord was in a position of power. The power he could wield wasn't just an individual's power.

Kasim was satisfied with the answer. Sharp eyes could be seen under black robes.

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"Kyaaaack!"

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

The girls couldn't withstand White's attacks and fell, only to be hit by Black's magic bombardment. White planned to instantly neutralize the girls. She would use a large-scale killing technique that required consuming a certain amount of visceral fat.

"I can't keep you alive to help Grid's future."

White smiled as she leapt high in the sky and inflated her fat. She was already familiar with slaughtering. She planned to smash all the girls in the range of her fist. But her plan couldn't be realized.

"What?"

White paled as she fell towards the ground with a bloated belly. Hundreds of black darts were created from shadows all over the

ground and rushed towards her?

“Ugh...!”

It couldn't be compared to the shadows used by Lord. The confused White hurriedly returned her belly to its original state and avoided the darts. It was impossible to avoid all the darts due to the sheer number, but she was relatively safe due to the shield magic used by Black.

“What bastard...?”

Black urgently shouted towards White, who was searching the ground to find the caster of the shadow technique.

“Sister! Above you!”

“...!!!”

White heard Black's cry and raised her head. The shadow darts that were avoided. They changed to the form of a spear in the air and then fell again.

‘This is nonsense!’

It was already amazing to create hundreds of shadow darts at one time, and now the shape was changed? The attack trajectory was even reset.

‘This is impossible!’

The utilization of these shadows was different from what White knew. It was almost at the level of a scam.

‘Is it a bugged user?’

The confused White hurriedly dropped to the ground and tried to shield her body using the Rebecca's Daughters candidates. But it was wishful thinking. The shadow spear was like a guided missile. They repeatedly moved around the bodies and aimed at White.

“Sister!”

A counter had to be found quickly. Black reconstructed her clone

in order to save White from the shadow spears. Due to the battle, the shattered fields were turned into a complete plains area, making it impossible for the shadow user to hide. Then White and Black saw the appearance of an unknown man. It was a tall man in deep robes.

“You!”

White and Black didn’t hesitate after finding the target. They ignored the bombardment of shadow spears and attacked the robed man. But their attacks didn’t hurt the man. It was because the summoned shadow soldiers completely protected the man.

“How dirty...!”

The shadow control ability was fast and perfect. It was strange. White knew only one person in the world who could handle shadows like this.

“Eh?”

White suddenly stiffened like a stone statue. It was because of the robed man’s identity.

“D-Don’t tell me...”

An assassin that could control all shadows in the world. Due to this great power, he earned the nickname of ‘king.’ Immediately after that.

“King of Shadows!”

"Kasim!!"

Why? Why was the famous King of Shadows in Reidan? The confused White’s eyes were shaking like crazy.

Suuk.

Then Kasim appeared behind Black. He used the shadows to cross the distance in a flash.

Puok!

Kasim's blade stabbed Black's heart.

“Cough!”

Black made a pained expression as blood and tears poured down, but White didn't shake at all. It was because Black's true body had already infiltrated Reidan safely.

# Chapter 587

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Swaaaaah.

Kasim and White's eyes met as Black turned to grey. It was difficult for White to understand.

King of Shadows, Kasim. Why did the continent's strongest assassin serve Grid? She felt at a loss.

'Does he have any weaknesses?'

White was curious, but had no chance to resolve the question. It was because Kasim flew towards her.

Kakakang!

"Ugh...!"

It was like she was surrounded by hundreds of enemies. Kasim's ability to use the shadows that existed everywhere was a scam.

"...!"

White blocked the shadow knife that flew at her and then her eyes widened. Kasim moved through the shadows behind her and stabbed his knife.

'Too much!'

Chaaeng!

At the same time, White swung her fist as hard as possible at the knife. It was an exciting counterattack that failed to reach Kasim. Kasim once again moved through the shadows to avoid the attack. However, White didn't feel regret. It was sufficient that she managed to open up the distance. White gained a little bit of safety and chewed on a piece of meat. It was in order to accumulate fat.

'What is with Reidan?'

There were still monsters, despite the main force of Overgeared being away. The power of Overgeared might be more than she



imagined.

‘Che, I need to hold Kasim’s feet until Black succeeds in assassinating Irene.’

Could she hold on? He was a named NPC who created a lot of stories throughout the continent. White’s attitude was very careful as she calculated the odds of victory.

‘I was level 230 when rumors of the shadow assassin started spreading.’

It meant Kasim had his third advancement class when she was still at her second advancement. White was currently level 370. Considering the experienced required to level up and the growth rate of named NPCs, Kasim’s level was likely to be in the mid-400s. It was fortunate that the level difference wasn’t over 100.

‘A level difference of 60 or so can be overcome by the titles and rune effect. It would be a different story if Kasim achieved his fourth advancement class, but it’s hard to say if he has.’

The obvious problem was Kasim’s shadows. A shadow assassin had a great deal of defense and utility, unlike a normal assassin. They didn’t have any obvious weaknesses. White was merely a martial artist and had a lot of difficulty dealing with Kasim. But there was one hopeful fact.

‘A shadow assassin has weak attack power.’

A normal assassin had a high attack power and a weak body, while a shadow assassin was very stable, but had a low attack power. Black was easily killed by Kasim because of her class characteristics and her clone was a magician.

‘It’s possible to hold on until Black assassinates Irene.’

White thought of this and reduced her muscle mass while increasing her fat. It was to raise her defense in exchange for lowering her attack power and agility.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

White didn't collapse despite the constant onslaught from Kasim. She gritted her teeth and persisted. Kasim confirmed that the shadow dagger didn't kill White and clicked his tongue.

'Too weak. The attack power is halved.'

There was no panacea in the world. White didn't know it, but Kasim had a weakness. His skills consumed too much mana. In other words, Kasim wasn't weak just when it came to attack power. He was also weak in combat duration. It wasn't good to have a long fight with White.

But Kasim didn't rush. No, to be precise, he couldn't be in a hurry. It was because he detected the muscles hidden deep in White's flesh.

'A strong woman. She will attack the moment I show a moment of weakness.'

He needed to be careful. In the first place, there was no need to be hasty. This was his lord's territory. Everyone was an ally except for White in front of him. Kasim controlled his heart and arranged his mana. Then he started to slowly pressure White. He couldn't know that White was happy with his choice.

'Kasim, it's easier to buy time because of your wariness.'

White barely refrained from laughing. She had no doubt that good news would arrive from Black and the ideal results would be obtained.

On the other hand, Lord was watching Kasim's movements. He wanted to learn from his master's fighting and become stronger. Why? He realized he needed strength to defend his precious people. Lord's eyes shone like lanterns as he watched Kasim fight. The profile of the young child was watched by the farmers of Reidan.

‘This is Grid’s son...’

‘Is this a super grade NPC? Isn’t he enormously gifted?’

‘Right... If he’s already a monster, I can’t imagine how great he will be afterwards.’

‘...Should we stick with him?’

‘Eh? There are too many talents in Overgeared and we won’t stand up.’

‘Let’s not join Overgeared. We should just serve Lord. Look at the future. If we serve Lord, who will become a big character later on, won’t we be famous as well?’

‘Oh, that’s a good idea?’

The supreme continental talent that captivated even a user’s mind. They would become Lord’s support in the future. They would emerge in the world and build up an independent power. It was the birth of the special Overgeared unit.

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[The summoned illusion has been damaged and has vanished.]

[20% experience has been lost.]

"Che."

The performance of the Illusionist that made illusions real was so great it could be called OP. Of course, there were also penalties. A small amount of experience was consumed every time an illusion was made and a large amount of experience was lost when it was destroyed by the enemy. In addition, the ability of the Illusionist fell significantly. It was a class with an obvious limit to levelling.

‘I can’t dream about reaching level 400.’

Black checked her experience gauge that had fallen sharply. She had currently succeeded in entering Reidan. Most of the troops were deployed elsewhere, leaving Reidan empty and with poor

security. It was very difficult for the guards to find Black, who had an illusion around her.

‘Where is Irene’s bedroom?’

Black was frustrated as she moved through the castle as secretly as possible. She was worried about how long her sister White could last against the monster called Kasim.

‘Eh?’

Black was trying to find Irene quickly when her face turned red. It was because she found a silver-haired woman in the garden of the outdoor terrace.

“...Really pretty.”

The silver-haired woman was so beautiful that Black was shocked. The woman didn’t raise her head from the beautiful garden full of flowers. Her name was Irene. She was the innocent beauty who was the first love of many players until she became Grid’s wife.

‘What a bright smile.’

A beautiful woman like her would have a different life from Black. She was always loved and enjoyed happiness.

‘There are no shadows in her heart.’

Swaaah.

Wind blew through Black’s hair as she stood on the terrace and looked down at Irene. Black’s thin face filled with hatred.

‘Does it make sense that a NPC will be happier than me?’

Kwaduduk!

Black had been abandoned at an orphanage with her sister White. She had never been loved by anyone from the moment she was born. She had been the subject of mockery and pity. Thus, she hated Irene. She couldn’t accept such a radiant existence. She felt a

sense of deprivation when she saw those who were full of happiness. She wanted to take away the happiness they felt.

“I’ll kill her.”

Kill. Kill. Kill. Black’s eyes were filled with madness as she looked at Irene. She laughed like a madman as she imagined herself with shiny silver hair. It was the precursor to Illusion Manifestation.

At that moment.

“Don’t infect her with your misery.”

Black heard the voice of a stranger. It was a male voice. It was filled with a chill that seemed to penetrate into her bones.

“W-Who?”

Black was surprised and turned to look at the dark corridor.

Step. Step.

Footsteps came closer from the direction the voice was heard. After a moment. Black confirmed the identity of the man who appeared from the darkness.

“F-Faker? You should be in Reinhardt!”

The evaluation for Faker was very high. Despite being a normal class user, he had a clear reputation. Of course, the White and Black sisters also appreciated Faker. His control skills and ability to perfectly utilize his class characteristics were reminiscent of Kraugel.

Strictly speaking, it was an inferior version of Kraugel. If Kraugel’s stats were evaluated as S grade, Faker’s stats were A+. Faker was well aware of this difference. He was a top ranker, but he wasn’t one of the best rankers. He believed it was a problem of talent that couldn’t be overcome with effort.

But Faker now abandoned that belief. He realized it during the Belial raid. If he didn’t have a bigger greed, he would keep being a non-existent person.

“Black. A sun grade player.”

The same grade as Grid and Kraugel. Fighting spirit filled Faker’s eyes as he gazed at Black.

“I will break my limits by beating you.”

He would climb up the cliff and eventually crush the sky beside him. He had to take a leaf from Grid’s book. He couldn’t give up. Thus, he declared.

“I will also reach for the sky.”

Chwaruruk!

Faker’s robe moved, attracting Black’s attention for a moment. Faker didn’t miss this opening. He immediately threw a dagger while narrowing the distance with Black.

Chaaeng!

‘Fast!’

Black hurriedly summoned a warrior-type clone and gulped as she blocked Faker’s attack. Unlike the famous high rankers, Faker had a normal class, but his attack was surprisingly powerful.

‘This is nonsense! What’s with these stats?’

Faker had a lot of time while protecting his colleagues backs at the hunting ground. He did his best in his position. Standing in the shadows, he swung his sword a few thousand times in order to make sure this time wasn’t in vain.

Chaaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

Silver light shone in the darkness as Black’s clone went on the defensive.

Rebirth. A legend about a normal class was being written.

# Chapter 588

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‘Just like a flying squirrel!’

An assassin’s counter class was a defensive warrior. It was a balanced warrior who could tie up the assassin’s fast feet with a determined charge, reduce the assassin’s strength with a high defense, and tear the assassin’s weak body with appropriate attack power.

Black was convinced. Her warrior clone would be able to easily overpower Faker. However, reality wasn’t that easy. Faker’s impressive movements took full advantage of his class characteristics and control skills. It was too hard to hit him.

Wuuong.

Wuuong!

The sword wielded by Black’s clone only swiped through empty air.

Peeng!

The warrior’s dash that immediately narrowed the distance to the target and suppressed them was also useless. Faker was able to see the timing and point of arrival of the dash by looking at the warrior’s preparatory movements before he used it. The warrior couldn’t catch Faker because it was avoided beforehand.

‘Another Kraugel?’

It was reminiscent to the movements of Kraugel, who wasn’t overpowered despite fighting one versus two against Black and her sister. Black made a decision.

‘First of all, the location is the problem.’

Reidan Castle’s 3rd floor hallway. The dark and narrow space was like a prison for a warrior. The sword couldn’t be wielded properly, halving the power and speed. The accuracy rate also

dropped, as she failed to keep track of the assassin's fast movements in the darkness. It was due to the narrowness of the place that Faker could read the orbit of the charge.

On the other hand, Faker was like a fish who met water. He kicked off the walls and ceiling of the hallway, maximizing his speed and doubling the dazzling nature of his movements. He dominated this space. It was virtually impossible for the warrior's dull attacks to hit him.

'This can't continue.'

Black made a decision and ran towards the terrace. While her clone tied up Faker's feet, she planned to run to the garden to capture Irene and neutralize Faker. She overlooked one thing. This place was the middle of enemy territory.

"You can't go to my lady's side."

"Death to all invaders."

Pak!

Pa pa pa pat!

"What?"

Black was standing on the terrace railings, only to become surprised and lost her balance. She fell off the railing. 13 assassins suddenly popped out around her. They were assassins wearing robes with a silver dragon embroidered on them. There was a separate Overgeared assassins group? There was no information about it.

Black gritted her teeth.

"Who are all of you?"

What was the most stupid thing in the world? It was asking assassins questions. Assassins were secretive and reticent. Never try to talk with an assassin. But the assassins with the silver dragon embroidered robes were far from reticent.



“If you’re curious about our identity, we will introduce ourselves.”

"We are the Silver Dragon assassins, raised by Prince Ren to help him succeed the throne. The Daluka's Methods that we learnt were incredibly strong. We are the best assassins of Eternal.”

“This isn’t the end. Recently, we became even stronger. Since serving Duke Grid, we have been trained directly by Kasim, king of shadows.”

"Now we are-”

"The overwhelming Silver Dragons-”

"The Overgeared Shadows group.”

"We are loyalists who will devote ten of our lives to Overgeared.”

“...”

Who was this explanation for? It was as if characters who appeared after a long time were appealing themselves to the readers.

Syuok!

Syu syu syu syu syuk!

The swords of the Silver Dragons flocked towards Black who was making an absurd expression. Indeed, they were terrible assassins. Their weapons moved quickly towards her weak points.

“Ugh!”

Although her level was much lower than White, Black was still level 330. But it wasn’t easy to endure the attacks from the Overgeared Shadows, whose levels were in the mid-200s. It was the fatal weakness of an Illusionist.

‘Cooperative attacks are too demanding.’

After being attacked successively by the Overgeared Shadows, Black suffered damage that couldn’t be ignored and made a choice.

She made another illusion in exchange for a loss of experience.

Sururuk.

Dark smoke spread out from Black and it soon became a human form. It was Black's new clone. This time, it was a paladin. It had excellent tanking, healing, and buffing ability.

“Hee~ Brothers, will you have fun with me?”

It was a beautiful and cheerful clone, unlike the real Black. She smiled as she equipped a square shield and one-handed sword.

Jjeejeeong!

“...!”

The Overgeared Shadows were baffled at the new Black. The weight of the shield carried by Black's new clone was hard to bear with their daggers. Then stumbled and Black pushed them towards the corridor. Then the paladin used support magic on the warrior dealing with Faker.

"Round Heal."

Swaaaaah!

A round green circle was created on the ground underneath the warrior who had been ravaged by Faker's knife. It was Round Heal which restored the health of the target standing in the specified place.

“Eh..!”

The warm healing light wrapped around the warrior clone, whose face became rosy. It happened at the same time.

Puook!

A silver taichi pierced the heart of the clone. It was a scene similar to the fangs of a beast biting its prey's neck. The strength was amazing.

[The summoned illusion has been damaged and has vanished.]

[20% experience has been lost.]

[Your level has dropped.]

[10 of your most recently invested points will be lost.]

"What?"

The first clone died while she was dealing with the assassins here?

"What is this?"

How could Faker's attacks be so overwhelming, when he had a normal class? Black couldn't comprehend Faker's power, which was twice as strong as she estimated. She thought he must've used a petty trick.

Step.

Faker entered the range of Round Heal with a calm expression, recovered his health, and replied.

"The power of items."

Was there a need for a long description? One of the means Faker chose to overcome the limitations of a normal class was items, which was natural as a member of Overgeared. Faker had always made best use of the items available from Grid. In particular, he became several times stronger since obtaining Kruger's Pants.

He might not be an opponent for Belial, but that wasn't because Faker was incompetent. There was an insurmountable level difference and Faker was also too busy protecting his colleagues that he failed to demonstrate his skills. Then what about now? Faker was able to freely jump higher than Black.

Pahat!

It was the increased agility and jumping ability attached to Kruger's Pants. The items made by former legends and current legends helped Faker's stats. Faker moved quickly using his agility and jumping abilities and was above Black's head in an instant.

Black felt her own death.

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[Your party member Black has died.]

"W-What?"

White doubted the notification window that appeared in front of her. Reidan was currently empty of Overgeared members. Who in Reidan could hurt Black?

"How? What is this?"

Everything went wrong the moment they stepped in the fields. The process and results were different from what she expected. This was the curse of the fields. White was reminded of the crazy farmer who killed her in Siren. Her forehead seemed to throb and she grabbed it.

"I can't go back like this."

Grid and Overgeared had a debt that must be paid back. She couldn't go back empty-handed after going all the way to Reidan and the sacrifice of her sister Black.

"You...!"

White looked at Lord in the distance. Grid's son was Overgeared's secret weapon. What if she killed the child raised by Grid and Kraugel? This would be true revenge.

"Kik! Kilkik! Hahahahahat!"

Her guilt was stimulated because she sacrificed her sister Black, who always suffered from severe stress due to difficult levelling. She laughed like she was insane and her body shook. She quickly burned her fat to turn it into muscles and approached Lord. She shot off using the instantaneous increase in acceleration.

"Young Nobleman Lord!"

"Avoid it!"

The 200 beautiful girls hurriedly rushed to protect Lord. However, White's speed was at the maximum due to reducing her body fat as much as possible. She approached Lord much faster than the girls and smiled at him.

"Blame your father if you want. You're going to die due to him!"

White stared at Lord with killing intent. Her killing intent was too harsh for a child. A common child Lord's age would've cried or fainted. But Lord was going to be a legend. He wasn't easily affected by abnormal states. Tears filled Lord's eyes but he endured it as he stared straight at White.

"No! I don't blame Father! My father is the best person in the world!"

How many times had his father been with Lord since he was born? It was small enough that Lord could count it. Yes, sometimes he felt lonely and sad. He wanted to be with his father like other children. He wanted to follow his father around and learn many things like the gardener's son. Lord wondered how good it would be if his father was always with him.

But he never expressed his lonely heart to his father. Why? He knew that his father was always away for his family and people. Lord didn't want to burden his father. His father was great. The mother who cared for him was great, and the father who suffered alone outside the family was also great.

Despite Lord's father not being present to protect him right now, Lord didn't blame him. He loved and respected his father forever.

"T-This little kid!"

Where did the faith in his eyes come from? It was strange. White felt an unpleasant feeling and punched out. It was a fist that had the power to break Lord's head with a single blow. But she couldn't hurt Lord.

"Greed."

White thought that Kasim couldn't hurt her, but this was a big mistake. Kasim could kill White whenever he wanted.

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

“H-Heok!”

It was the manifestation of ‘Greed,’ a technique that drew all the shadows to one point and swallowed everything around it. It was Kasim's unique skill that he created by combining Daluka's Methods and Lantier's Methods.

After a moment.

Clang.

All that remained in the place where White had been standing was a sparkling necklace.

# Chapter 589

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‘She’s much stronger than I expected.’

The moment White was killed. Kasim gasped for breath. He was frightened because White had shown a persistent vitality, even when restrained by Greed. Kasim was worried. As Grid grew, his enemies also grew. Kasim was worried that Grid would someday suffer greatly.

‘I’m particularly worried about the solo number knights.’

The Red Knights of the Saharan Empire were by far the strongest armed forces on the continent. In particular, the solo number knights were evaluated as having the power to shatter a castle in one night. But their evaluation was wrong. Before meeting Grid, Kasim had spied on the empire in order to get revenge and discovered the truth.

Solo number knights. In particular, the power of the 1~7th knights were strong enough to overthrow a kingdom. In the first place, they were people chosen as substitutes for Piaro. Their natural talents and training environment were different from ordinary knights. They could be regarded as Piaro class.

Even Kasim, the king of shadows, was a weak presence in front of them.

‘The empire is an insurmountable mountain.’

Grid needed to grow faster and stronger. Kasim believed it. Grid would someday surpass the mountain that was the empire. No, he would completely destroy it. This wasn’t a vague belief, but a conviction based on Grid’s potential. Until that day, Kasim’s role was to protect everything belonging to Grid. It was to help Grid grow in comfort.

‘In order to do that, I need to be stronger.’

The difficulty was really high, but it seemed time to challenge the

fourth advancement class that he'd been putting off.

"Huh? What's that?"

While Kasim was locked in thought. Lord was looking at the necklace White dropped with interest.

Kasim laughed and explained, "Loot will occasionally drop after defeating enemies or monsters. It's compensation for the winner."

"Heh..."

Lord's eyes lit up. Kasim willingly handed the necklace that White dropped to Lord.

"This artifact reduces the rate of skill deployment. It's a rare treasure that would be seen as precious in the empire. Please keep it carefully and use it for your convenience."

Lord refused.

"N-No! Master is the one who fought those bad sisters! Not Lord, but Master!"

"You aren't acting as a cute kid." Kasim felt both admiration and regret that Lord was growing up much faster than his peers. "Please receive this. It's a reward since you always study so hard."

"Uh! I'm so happy."

This child was so pure. Kasim felt guilty when he saw Lord's happy tears.

'I'll have to give him more gifts so he can get used to it.'

In retrospect, Lord never even received a birthday cake. It was inevitable since Grid was always absent. How big was his father's vacancy? Kasim pledged to become a teacher that would fill this vacancy and smiled.

"I will give Father this necklace. I hope this necklace will always protect my father."

"You...you are very special."



If the Nero clan hadn't been destroyed by the empire... Would he had lived a normal life and become a father of someone like Lord?

'Now that I think about it...'

There was too much blood on his hands. He dealt despair to countless people and didn't deserve to dream of happiness. Kasim bowed his head with a dark expression. Lord grabbed his rough hand and placed it on his cheek.

"Warm."

"..."

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[Saintess Ruby has obtained extraordinary rewards in exchange for annihilating the soul of the great demon!]

[The Saintess class has grown to the unique rating. All skill levels will increase by two. Two new skills will be acquired when you reach level 300.]

[The Saintess' private weapon, the Wooden Staff, has grown to the unique rating. The enhancement value is reset.]

[The title 'Denial' has been acquired.]

[Denial]

Your divine power isn't obtained from believing in the gods. It is a unique power that is built up because of the people's worship.

In this world created by the gods, only you can deny god.

\* When fighting creatures made by gods (great demons, divine creatures, demigods, etc), all your stats will rise and your skill power will rise. You can give them eternal rest.

\* Your heals won't overlap with the heals of priests of other religions. When targeting the same person with a heal, only your heal is applied.

This was the content of the special reward obtained after the

success of Saintess Ruby in the great demon raid. It was very encouraging that her class rating grew, but there was some ambiguity about the title effect. Ruby had a low understanding of the game and asked her brother Grid about it.

“This title is a good thing, right?”

“Umm... Increasing a Saintess’ stats and their rare offensive skills... But it’s better than nothing. The rise in healing ability will increase the survival rate of raids.”

Grid felt it was lacking for a special reward obtained by destroying a great demon. In particular, the penalty was bad. Ruby’s heals would no longer overlap with the heals of other priests. It was unfortunate, since Overgeared’s future plans involved a large-scale Rebecca Church presence.

‘I need to abandon my plan to make Sehee head of the healer group.’

This was just a few hours ago. Grid couldn’t see the true value of the ‘Denial’ title. However, his thoughts changed after he came up with a plan to reconstruct Lifael’s Spear.

‘Can I use Sehee’s power to suppress the divine power of Goddess Rebecca?’

The problem was that Goddess Rebecca’s power was too strong. It was enough to eat at the user’s health. If the strong divine power could be denied by Sehee, the power of White Transformation would be halved and it would protect the user.

‘I will try it.’

The determined Grid immediately invited Sehee.

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“A success!”

“Good!”

It was as Grid expected.

Once Sehee purified the goddess' hair, the powerful divine power was greatly weakened.

[Goddess' Fluffy Hair]

Fine hair belonging to Rebecca, goddess of light.

It contains a divine power that can't be tolerated by humans, but the power has been halved by the Saintess.

Weight: 0

'As the divine power is weakened, the strength of Lifael's Spear will also weaken.'

This was a problem Grid needed to overcome with techniques.

"Sigh."

Grid took a deep breath and focused his spirit. He thought of all the items he had produced since becoming Pagma's Descendant.

'The skills and experience that I've accumulated isn't light. Now I'm able to transform Lifael's Spear into a more powerful and ideal form.'

Flash!

Grid raised his concentration like a sharp knife. He was confident that he could pull this off and had a desire to help Isabel. He pulled out the white phosphorus wood. He finally started the full-scale production. Isabel's heart pounded as she watched him.

'He's especially cool and manly when standing in front of a furnace.'

"..."

Isabel was looking at Grid like she was a shy woman. Damian's expression darkened as he saw it. Isabel's sweet heart, which couldn't forget her first love, was both lovely and bitter. When would she look at him?

'Maybe that day will never come...'

He resigned himself to it. Damian smiled bitterly and dropped his head, only to become surprised. It was because Isabel suddenly grabbed his hand.

“I-Isabel-chan..?”

The trembling and warm Isabel’s hands made Damian’s heart beat faster. Isabel blushed and spoke to the dumbfounded Damian.

“If... If Grid manages to free me from White Transformation.”

“...?”

“At that time, I want to accept Your Holiness’ heart.”

“Isabel...chan...”

In fact, Isabel had thought of Damian as a man with no care or consideration. He didn’t care about the other person’s position and kept expressing himself recklessly. This was an old story. Isabel came to know that despite Damian easily expressing his affection, the weight of his affection wasn’t light.

She watched what Damian did for her and how straight and confident he was when thinking of her. Isabel developed a great liking for Damian in the process of this realization. It was a love that went beyond her longing for Grid. The feeling she had for Damian was real love.

Nevertheless, she turned away from Damian’s heart. Why? It was due to White Transformation. The health that was consumed by Lifael’s Spear was always holding her back. She thought she would soon be dead and couldn’t accept Damian’s heart.

But now.

“Okay, should I begin?”

Ttang! Ttang!

There was a person sweating for her. Grid. He was someone who saved her many times from the moment they first met. If it was him, could he save her again this time?

Kkuok.

Isabel tightened her grip on Damian's hand. It was filled with a desire to not miss this opportunity.

‘Please... Please help me.’

She also wanted to feel happiness like an ordinary person. Isabel's ardent prayer reached Grid.

[Rebecca's Daughter Isabel is deifying you. Her faith in you is even more powerful and desperate than her faith in Goddess Rebecca. This isn't a distorted faith. It is a natural phenomenon that Goddess Rebecca can understand. You have avoided Goddess Rebecca's wrath.]

[If you have experience in making myth rated items, you deserve to be deified.]

[The title Glimpsed the Myths has been updated.]

[Glimpsed the Myths]

The minimum qualification to raise your class rating to 'Myth.'

[The special stat 'Deity' is opened!]

[Deity]

A holy dignity that can't be tolerated.

Every time this stat gains 10 points, you can gain a new power. The power acquired will depend on your personality.

“...”

What was this? Grid was confused and stopped hammering. Then he saw Isabel and made a warm smile. Isabel and Damian's heads were leaning against each other as they held hands tightly, looking like natural and sweet old lovers.

‘Damian's efforts have gained fruit.’

Grid knew how much Damian loved Isabel. In addition, Grid had married Irene and had a child. He was different from those who

evaluated friendship or love between NPCs and users as a mere outlet. He really supported Damian and Isabel's love.

‘If you give birth to a daughter later, send her to my Lord.’

Satisfy's roots. The roots of the bonds created by Grid were spreading widely. Chairman Lim Cheolho said, ‘I hope Satisfy will develop into another world rather than a simple game.’

[★Hidden Quest★ ‘For Isabel's Sake’ has been acquired.]

# Chapter 590

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[For Isabel's Sake]

## ★ Hidden Quest ★

Isabel's mission to defend the Rebecca Church at the expense of her own life is harsh.

It is a fate that can't be denied by the will and power of a human. Even Pope Damian can't save her.

But you are different.

Perfectly reconstruct Lifael's Spear and prove it.

Your blacksmithing ability is a mighty force that can destroy fate.

Reveal the absolute techniques that can't be tolerated and become qualified to become a myth beyond a legend.

Quest Clear Conditions: Weaken the divine power of Lifael's Spear and ensure Isabel's safety. However, Lifael's Spear must be stronger than the existing spear.

Quest Clear Rewards: Deity stat +1.

'I need to build up my deity stat in the long run.'

Hidden quests were absolutely correct. They gave rewards that weren't possible with normal quests. The reward of the hidden quest was a point in the deity stat. This meant that the deity stat couldn't be raised in an ordinary manner. It was like the good luck stat. The titles Kingdom's Hero and Savior of the World gave points to all stats, but they didn't have an effect on deity.

'It's natural.'

He wasn't expecting much in the first place. It was rather strange if it was easy to raise a stat that can obtain a special power every 10 points.

‘Well, whatever.’

There was another headache. He needed to suppress the divine power of Lifael’s Spear, but make the performance more powerful than before? It was a shameless quest. Think about it. The main reason for the power of Lifael’s Spear was its mighty divine power. It was logically impossible to increase the spear’s power while weakening the divine power.

But.

‘I have to do it.’

Grid grumbled as always, but he didn’t think about giving up. There wasn’t any limit on the quest duration and he wanted to acquire a point in the new stat. Above all, Grid wanted to give happiness to Isabel.

‘This is for the future of both Damian and Isabel. Don’t be in a rush. Do it slowly and carefully.’

“...”

Grid stood in front of the furnace and thought intently. It seemed like a deeply sorrowful look. An artist who wasn’t satisfied, the stubborn craftsman. The so-called years of experience.

‘It’s nice to just stand here.’

‘The atmosphere isn’t a joke.’

‘I want to be like him someday.’

The blacksmiths of Reinhardt envied Grid. It was natural for blacksmiths to respect legendary blacksmiths.

"Hrmm."

Grid kept thinking.

‘It’s tough to raise the performance of the spear itself. What if I change the structure of the spear to a shape that fits Isabel?’

It was likely that Lifael’s Spear would be more powerful than



before, as the options were dedicated to Isabel.

'...No, this is one of the three major artifacts of a religion. I don't think it can be dedicated to just one person. Think about it.'

Grid first took a normal approach. After considering the basic methods of raising the spear's power, he planned to reconstruct the spear. But it wasn't easy. After restraining the power of the goddess, it was virtually impossible to make Lifael's Spear stronger with ordinary methods.

'Wait.'

The sun had gone down and the moon rose. Grid's eyes sharpened as he stared at the furnace.

'What about a change in the materials?'

Adamantium was one of the best minerals. This was why Grid perceived the materials of Lifael's Spear to be perfect. He wasn't willing to add another material to Lifael's Spear, which consisted only of adamantium. But looking back, didn't he had materials equal to adamantium?

'Belial's bones and horns!'

Adamantium was a 'mineral' that naturally grew in the god realm. But it was like a lower-grade material when compared to the body of a great demon. A dark smile appeared on Grid's face.

'If I make the spear with Belial's bones, the power will be maximized.'

Why didn't he think of such a simple idea? Braham poured cold water on the cheering Grid.

'Will you mix the bones of a filthy demon with Goddess Rebecca? Kuk kuk, it's fun, but won't it hurt the Rebecca Church?'

"...Ah."

It was unacceptable to use the body parts of a depraved being for a divine weapon. Grid belatedly realized and got a headache.

‘It isn’t a simple matter.’

Braham gave advice to the disappointed Grid.

‘Why don’t you try magic?’

‘...?’

‘Attach magic to Lifael’s Spear. If your goal is to increase the power of the spear, wouldn’t it be simple and effective to use magic?’

Indeed, it was a simple answer. But it wasn’t feasible.

“How can I do that?”

Three steps were required to create a magic item. First, it was to imprint the magic power recovery formula so that the item could produce magic power on its own. Second, mark the item with a magic spell. Thirdly, insert the magic spell on the engraved mark.

It seemed simple, but was a very difficult task. Even the so-called great magicians couldn’t easily create magic items. It wasn’t an area for Grid, who was a blacksmith. Braham spoke proudly to Grid.

‘I will teach you how to make magic items.’

“Ah!!”

Grid was reminded of something. Who were the ones who created the strongest mineral pavranium? They were Braham and Pagma. The legendary great magician Braham was likely to know how to create magic battle gear. Grid’s eyes lit up.

“You will really teach me? I can create magic battle gear?”

As long as Grid had the ability to make magic battle gear, the type of items he could make in the future would increase significantly. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that the value was astronomical. Braham replied positively to Grid who had high expectations.

‘The making of magic battle gear was something that Pagma could do. You can do it with your skills.’

“R-Really? Then why didn’t you tell me about it sooner?”

‘You have the potential to produce magic weapons because you destroyed Great Demon Belial and your intelligence increased from the reward. Until then, you were so ignorant that there was no hope.’

“...”

He praised the Savior of the World title. At that moment, a notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[One of Pagma’s Descendant’s hidden pieces ‘Sealed Ability’ has been acquired.]

[You can acquire ‘Magic Battle Gear Production Method’ by clearing the quest.]

[A new quest has been created.]

[Production Training]

Difficulty: SSS

The making of magic battle gear was originally just for magicians.

But in the past, the legendary blacksmith Pagma created his own unique method of making magic battle gear thanks to Braham’s help.

You can also learn from Braham how to make magic battle gear.

Quest Clear Conditions: Achieve what Braham demands.

Quest Clear Reward: Magic Battle Gear Production Method Lv. 1.

“Braham, you...”

He did so much, only to be abandoned by Pagma later on. Grid felt compassion and then Braham spoke.

‘Don’t betray me.’

“...”

The impact of being betrayed by a friend was very huge on Braham. If Grid was in Braham's position, he wouldn't trust a human again. Nevertheless, Braham showed a steady trust in Grid. What was the reason? Grid couldn't help asking.

"Braham, why do you like me?"

Braham shouted angrily. 'W-What!? W-Who likes you?'

Braham denied it, but he felt favorable towards Grid and was a lot of help. Why? It was because Grid's nature was different from Pagma. Unlike Pagma, who betrayed his friends for his cause, Grid was a person who cherished every friend. Braham had been expelled from the world of vampires and his personality gradually changed over hundreds of years. He also wanted to be important to someone.

'Che.'

Why was his heart weakening? It was from the time when Mumud was his disciple. Braham was jealous of Mumud's talents, intercepted his achievements, and made up his mind to erase Mumud from the world. However, Braham couldn't kill Mumud. Later, Mumud was busy trying to cure his illness.

'...'

Mumud. The innocent smile of a man who was more lovable and naive than anyone else.

Grid prompted Braham. "What are you doing? Quickly teach me the Magic Battle Gear Production Method."

'Right. Start with learning how to forge metal with Magic Missile.'

"...?"

'Do it 10,000 times. You need to hit the metal with Magic Missile that number of times.'

"?????"

Couldn't it be a bit easier? Grid didn't understand why he had to suffer every time.

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Lauel faced himself in front of a full-length mirror.

"Lauel, you know that you are perfect in every way."

His talent had already transcended the human realm and was enough to earn the jealousy of the gods. Ah, perhaps that was why?

"...I'm under a terrible curse."

It was a curse that his military talent was merely at this level.

"Lauel, you are not qualified to lead the army."

Lauel had a strategy to quickly end the war by targeting Reinhardt's weakness. It was a great strategy to make sure all the members of his team did their best, but Lauel felt that he was lacking.

'I can't cope with variables flexibly and can't handle a war that changes in real time. Someday, I will make a big mistake and cause the army to fall into a crisis.'

His role was the chief of staff, not a general. He needed a talented person who was cool and charismatic, while having excellent skills. Piaro and Asmophel? They were lacking. They were able to win battles, but weren't wise enough to win a war.

'Of course, it might be different if Asmophel grows further.'

Was there someone who could take over Asmophel's role until Asmophel's talent fully blossomed? Lauel's face was ugly as he thought for a long time.

"...N-No one?"

Overgeared Guild. He couldn't deny that they had the best talents, but most of these talents were biased towards individual force. Lauel felt desperate.

“Kukuk... It can't be helped. I need to secure new talent from outside.”

How? The method was obvious. Recently, the honor and authority of Overgeared was tremendous. At this moment, many people were working hard out of a desire to join Overgeared. Lael planned to use this.

"Toban, hold a large-scale tryout for Overgeared. Preach my will to the world right now. I will wait for those who will gain the honor of sharing my destiny.”

“Ah... In other words, advertise a job availability around the world?”

“...”

# Chapter 591

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On the outskirts of Innsbruck, Austria.

If a person walked along the mountain path, they would see an old castle. It was a castle by a transparent lake. It was beautiful enough to capture the gaze of passing birds. But why did it feel so dreary?

Swaaah.

The wind blew through the fields. There were no signs of life.

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A 100 pyeong room that didn't have any furniture or decorations. There was only one capsule placed in this room.

"Luna..."

The man sleeping in the capsule seemed to be having a terrible nightmare. The dyed green hair was wet from tears, and the haggard face was distorted with pain and sorrow.

"Luna...!"

The troubled man who repeatedly called out one name was none other than Agnus. He gave a loud scream and raised his body.

"Pant... Pant..."

He couldn't see his lover, no matter how hard he looked around the desolate castle. The awful reality cooled Agnus' cold head and blood.

"Luna..."

Agnus got up and moved to the window, his golden eyes staring at the lake. The landscape of the castle was reflected on the lake. He always felt warm when he saw this scene with her, but now it was the opposite.

"...The landscape that you wanted to see every morning."

He had accumulated wealth. It was an immense wealth that allowed him to buy a whole castle. But he was alone. There was no one but him in this huge castle.

Kkuok.

Agnus barely suppressed his tears. His lover Luna had to face a terrible end because of his incompetence. Agnus wanted to kill himself every time he thought about the past. He resented that he couldn't turn back time.

“I... I want to meet you again.”

Stagger.

Agnus' powerless steps headed back to the capsule. Then he connected to another world, Satisfy. It was to achieve a desire that couldn't be fulfilled in reality.

\*\*\*

“Shit! Dammit!”

“...”

Black and White attacked Reidan but died, suffering enormous losses. They were filled with poison as they reunited at the resurrection point. White cursed while Black screamed inwardly. Their fury towards Overgeared pierced the sky.

‘What type of person is Grid? How did he get so many excellent NPCs?’

‘Faker... A normal class dares...’

White wanted to run back to Reidan right now. This time, she would achieve her desire. Unfortunately, the opponent was too strong. She couldn't dream of revenge. Did this make sense? They should feel fear when fighting Kraugel or Grid, not Grid's subordinates!

A gentle voice entered the ears of the trembling sisters.



“It will be hard for you to confront Overgeared with your strength. It is safe to say that Overgeared’s current power is a match for the Ares army.”

“...!”

Who was at the resurrection point? The sisters’ eyes sharpened as they stared warily in the direction of the voice. Then they were surprised as they saw the owner of the voice. It was a white-haired young man beautiful enough to be a woman, Veradin.

“Captain of the hyenas? Why are you here?”

Hyena. It was a derogatory term for necromancers. A necromancer could manipulate the corpses of others. They were called hyenas because they had a habit of looking for dead bodies on the battlefield. The reason why the sisters called Veradin the captain of the hyenas was simple.

Veradin was the top ranked necromancer.

‘The one who was called the best genius along with Lael in the 10 Rookies.’

‘Unlike Lael, he’s been acting quietly. Why did he approach us?’

There must be a big picture. Veradin extended a hand to the sisters.

“If you want revenge on Overgeared, why don’t you join us?”

“Hah...!”

White laughed. It was ridiculous.

“Join the White Wolf Guild? You want us to join the guild led by someone weaker? Do you not understand your targets? In the first place, how can you help us?”

It was a violent reaction, but Veradin wasn’t offended. The White Wolf was a guild in the top 200 of the guild rankings. However, Veradin acknowledge it wasn’t enough to recruit such big people like the White and Black sisters.

“Please don’t misunderstand. I’m trying to recruit you into Immortal, not my guild.”

“Immortal?”

It was a big name.

"The organization of necromancers?"

The sisters laughed but then Veradin spoke amazing words.

"Immortal is a secret organization that serves Agnus."

“A-Agnus?”

The weight of Agnus’ name was enormous. Agnus, along with Kraugel and Ares, had a powerful force and a unique madness. Even the worst dark gamer group, Blood Carnival, avoided Agnus. None of them wanted to provoke Agnus and they were always wary of him.

But so far, Agnus didn’t have much influence on the power structure. It was because Agnus was always alone, just like Kraugel. Now Veradin claimed otherwise. Agnus also had a force behind him.

“Wait a minute. Isn’t it too dangerous to give power to that crazy guy?”

"He smashes a city every time he’s bored..."

“...”

Veradin felt bitter that even the sisters, who weren’t classified as normal, perceived Agnus as the biggest madman. Veradin laughed and shook his head. “Unlike what you think, Agnus has a surprisingly cool mind. He doesn’t do mass murder unless his feelings are disturbed.”

“...”

In other words, he would commit mass murder if he was in a bad mood. Veradin once again made an offer.

"Come to Immortal. If you're with Agnus, you don't have to be afraid of Overgeared."

"..."

It made a lot of sense. Agnus' presence was that big. In particular, there was Agnus' Death Knight Transformation. It might be temporary, but he could become the strongest undead knight that didn't have to fear death.

'If we're with a person like that...'

'We will gain wings on our back.'

However, it was difficult to change forces so easily. They had to look at the conditions.

"What is Immortal's purpose?"

"It's to make Agnus the king of the living and the dead. The goal is to dominate the whole continent in the future by setting up a kingdom where undead and users coexist."

"...Interesting. It would be incredibly strong if you can create an undead army at the level of a kingdom."

"But won't there be annoying activities if we join? We're in Blood Carnival because we're guaranteed freedom."

"Of course, you will also get freedom in Immortal. However, please be aware that Overgeared and the Ares army are our enemies. If there's an armed conflict with the two forces, you will have to fight."

"..."

The conditions weren't bad for White and Black. Not only were they guaranteed freedom, they liked the fact that they were definitely opposed to Overgeared.

'I'm wary about being hostile to Ares, but...'

'Won't we be invincible if our strength is combined with Agnus'

undead army?’

Their worries didn’t last long. They felt reassured when thinking about Agnus.

“Okay. Then we will withdraw from Blood Carnival.”

Veradin shook his head at the Black and White sisters.

"No, on the surface, you should stay in Blood Carnival. Just like I am staying in White Wolf."

“You aren’t announcing to the world that there is an organization called Immortal yet?”

"Yes, more than anything else, I’m curious. The master hidden behind Blood Carnival. What is his identity?"

"Ha, we also want to know that."

The White and Black sisters scoffed, but didn’t express any complaints. They were also curious about the master’s identity.

\*\*\*

The stronghold of Blood Carnival located deep inside the Dravian Mountains. One person spent most of his time in the previous nest of the light dragon Nevartan. Blood Carnival’s master, a.k.a ‘Dark.’ Only the three founding members of Blood Carnival knew the identity of the hidden master.

‘It’s annoying that the White and Black sisters are silent.’

The sisters had attacked Reidan and failed. Based on their original nature, it wouldn’t be strange if they rushed to him right now. The Blood Carnival members gathered for the benefits of the individuals, so it was impossible for him to send forces to help.

However, they were silent and this didn’t make him feel good. He thought about this and sent a whisper to Viola, one of the founding members of Blood Carnival.

-Have you found any named NPCs on the level of Piaro?

-I have roamed several kingdoms with the kids and haven't seen a talented NPC. It's the first time I've discovered that an independent NPC is so precious.

-Everyone is greedy for talents. Hmmm... Maybe it is wiser to train one ourselves.

-Train a named NPC? How?

-Viola, have you seen the Bairan war video? One soldier was helping Grid covertly on the battlefield. Maybe Grid didn't look for named NPCs from the beginning. He might've systematically trained an ordinary NPC and evolved them into a named NPC.

-Is that possible?

-We need to figure out if it's possible or not. If you see a roughly gifted NPC, secure them. We will place them in the dungeon and raise their level.

-U-Understood.

Viola was dubious, but followed Dark's command. Her confidence in Dark was this deep. After passing on the order to Viola.

"I should keep it faithful to the owner."

Dark made a pleased expression and moved to a secret passage hidden behind a curtain. He descended the stairs and saw a complex maze. The creator of this maze?

"Let's work hard today."

It was none other than Dark.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

A dungeon with a terrible difficulty was created by Dark's hand that was holding a pickaxe. It was the emergence of a new hidden class, Dungeon Maker.

# Chapter 592

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A Dungeon Maker could build dungeons underground, in caves, inside buildings, etc.

The rating of the constructed dungeon varied according to the location, design, and scale. The higher the rating of the dungeon, the greater the number of traps and monsters that could be placed. Therefore, the rank of the dungeon was a factor that directly contributed to the difficulty.

[The third section of the 'Beware Dogs' dungeon has been completed.]

[The third section is structurally capable of placing 8 traps and 193 monsters. However, you can't place flying-type monsters.]

[This is a unique-rated dungeon. As a bonus, experience has increased by 10% and all stats have increased by 6.]

[Every time someone destroys a trap or hunts a monster, you will share some of their experience. You can acquire a certain amount of gold and building materials every time someone acquires items. If a dungeon explorer dies during the dungeon, you will receive various special rewards.]

The dungeon 'Beware Dogs' built in the Dravian Mountains by Dark was his masterpiece. It was a structure that thoroughly blocked intruders to protect 'it,' which would someday become its master. Of course, dungeons built by Dark weren't always used for this purpose.

Dungeons were a highly utilized space. Dark sometimes produced dungeons that trained his allies or were easy to attack for his own benefits. Often, he created special dungeons such as a ghost house and charged for admission, creating a tourist attraction.

In any case, Dark didn't doubt that Beware Dogs would fully protect him as he intended. But there was still a long time left until

it was finished. The production time and cost for the dungeon was too big. In particular, money. More money was needed.

‘Should I raise the commission cost for Blood Carnival?’

No, he couldn’t be too greedy. Competitors in the same industry had been on the rise in recent years, so he had to be nervous.

‘There are too many bad guys in the world.’

In the shadowy parts of the world, he could see all of them. There were those who harmed others casually, those who killed people for a reason, etc.

Kaaang! Kaaang!

Puok! Puk.

Suksak.

He repeatedly knocked down walls with a pickaxe, dug with a shovel, and built new walls with bricks. Dark was deeply involved in the creation of the dungeon when he felt skeptical.

‘What is this feeling? I have a hidden class, but have to do hard labor every day?’

He looked at the pickaxe and shovel he never touched in reality and was appalled.

“Sigh... Still, I’m glad because it’s a class that can earn me many rewards.”

Dark sighed deeply. He was a lot like someone. That someone was naturally...

“Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic... Oh! Hey, this #@!\$%~!”

Grid.

Grid used Magic Missile for hours on the iron ore placed on the anvil. He already emptied a few mana potions in his mouth and asked Braham again for confirmation.

“Is this real? Can I really learn the Magic Battle Gear Production Method by repeating this?”

Braham replied to the desperate looking Grid.

‘That’s right. After hitting the iron ore 10,000 times, you need to hit the jaffa ore 10,000 times and then orichalcum 10,000... If you continue this process, you will eventually strike adamantium and bloodstone 10,000 times and you will be qualified to learn the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.’

“Eh...??”

It wasn’t just iron ore? Grid doubted his ears but didn’t forget to use Magic Missile. Then a notification window appeared.

[Your intelligence has increased by 1.]

[Your magic accuracy has increased by 0.01%.]

“Ohhh!”

It was fortunate that his stats increased from labor. He was particularly pleased that his intelligence stat was increasing.

‘...’

Grid had just been cursing and now he was as happy as a child. Braham thought it was absurd.

‘There’s such a simple person in this world?’

He wasn’t disparaging this simplicity. Braham thought that Grid’s talent came from this simplicity.

‘In particular, his simple personality plays a big part when he focuses on repetitive work.’

A huge smile. Grid was happy at the sight of his rising stats and Braham whispered to him.

‘Please note that you can learn new magic if your intelligence increases a bit more.’

“R-Really? Okay! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!”



Teong! Teong!

[Your intelligence has increased by 1.]

[Your magic accuracy has increased by 0.01%.]

[Magic Mastery has increased by Lv. 5 to Lv. 6.]

There was compensation. Labor was always right. It didn't matter if it was hard.

“Pant pant! Magic Missile! Pant pant! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!”

Grid's satisfaction rose. His enthusiasm rose from the increasing stats and he continued to hit the iron ore with Magic Missile. At first, the iron ore was damaged or penetrated by Grid's Magic Missile, but now it was become firmer every time. It was the process of training his magic.

\*\*\*

Minor. He had been serving Grid since he was a 13 year old boy. Now the talent forcefully obtained by Grid in Bairan had turned 18 years old. What had he been doing for the past five years? He was exploring all over the continent for new and better quality minerals. It was very difficult. It had been difficult to find new minerals during his stay in Reidan.

But the power of education was terrible! His qualities had blossomed due to Grid forcing him to study, and at this moment, he found new minerals. The Dravian Mountains. It was renowned for being the nest of Light Dragon Nevartan.

‘This is really...!’ I feel the aura of a new mineral!’

Now he had good news to tell Duke Grid.

‘No, he isn't a duke, but a king.’

Minor originally disliked Grid. Minor's pride was high in the sky because he was such a unique genius and he thought it was shameful to serve only a duke. Minor thought that only the

emperor of the Saharan Empire was qualified to become his master.

But his thoughts had changed recently. Despite being a commoner like Minor, Grid became a great nobleman and was even qualified to become the king of a nation. Minor's impression of Grid changed a lot.

‘This is a person I can serve.’

Minor was determined to serve Grid in the future. He would perform faithfully under Grid and learn a lot.

‘Huhuhu... Then one day I will become a noble and a king.’

From now on, his goal was to become the second Grid. Minor felt resolved and pulled a pickaxe out of his bag. He planned to maximize his achievements by taking the newly discovered mineral directly to Grid. Grid utilized Minor as a minerals detector, but he liked mining more.

Minor, who was as greedy as Grid and as self-conscious as Lauel, started climbing the Dravian Mountains. He had developed great mobility skills and raised his strength, stamina, and persistence while exploring the continent for the past several years.

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“Magic Missile! Magic Missile! Magic Missile!”

The average time it took to use Magic Missile (Enhanced) Lv. 3 was 1.5 seconds. The cooldown time was less than one second, but this calculation was when it was used repeatedly due to the very short activation time. It consumed 420 mana for one. Thanks to various titles and items, his total intelligence was over 1,900 and his mana was 12,000.

Calculating it simply, Grid's mana was depleted when Magic Missile was used without rest for 40 seconds. There were limits, even if he took a mana potion. There was a waiting time for the potion reuse time. In other words, it was theoretically impossible

for Grid to launch Magic Missile for dozens of minutes.

Yet Grid had already used Magic Missile for over four hours. It was due to the Ring of Absurdity that reduced the consumption of resources by 50%.

‘This game is truly about items.’

Grid realized the undeniable truth again and smiled with delight. The moment the 10,000th Magic Missile hit the iron ore.

[You have learned the Iron Ore Magic Training method.]

[In the future, you can train the iron ore with various attack spells. The power and skill of the magic you use will determine the speed of the iron ore training.]

[The magically tempered minerals have a lower durability than traditionally handled minerals, but there is a possibility that special magic options will be attached. The types of options depends on the magic you use to temper it.]

“Oh...! Ohh!!”

Grid’s joy pierced the sky after repeating the same thing for 4 hours and 10 minutes. Braham urged Grid as he was checking the rewards.

‘Wouldn’t it be better to keep using Magic Missile? Next is the jaffa ore.’

Perhaps Braham wasn’t aware of his own emotions. Braham’s voice also sounded excited and Grid laughed.

‘I want to see the magic battle gear that you can create quickly.’

Iron ore, jaffa, mithril, orihalcum, black iron ore, blue orichalcum, and finally adamantium and bloodstone. Grid had to strike at least 19 types of metals 10,000 times and it would take at least a week. Of course, this included the stamina recovery time and Satisfy connection time limit.

The same process needed to be repeated for a week or more. It

would be terrible and disgusting for another person. But it wasn't a big deal for Grid. Grid wasn't frustrated because it merely required patience, not talent. Not giving up was Grid's specialty.

[The long term magic use has slowed magic recovery speed and the mana deployment speed.]

[You are tired. Stamina is consumed more quickly. You have resisted.]

'It might take 10 days instead of a week.'

The system started to interfere. But Grid's expression didn't change at all. He had perfectly adapted to this training.

'Isabel, wait a little longer. I will surely give you the best spear.'

There was no anxiety. Grid's expression was calm as he started striking the jaffa ore with Magic Missile. Only those waiting by the side were nervous.

'How long is he going to repeat the same thing?'

'Isn't he bored? I'm dying of boredom just watching...'

'Uhh, my body is tired standing next to him. I am sore.'

'Please go and take a rest...'

Reinhardt's blacksmiths started to be afraid of Grid's obsession. On the other hand, Damian and Isabel looked at Grid like he was a role model. They thought that Grid's spirit was uncommon in this world.

"Magic Missile!"

Jeeeong!

White flashes occurred in the smithy through the night. Lael smiled at the sight from the distant walls.

"This light is the glorious future that will lead this kingdom. Hut...!"

The cool wind blew in the pleasant night.

# Chapter 593

---

While Grid was learning the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.

The Overgeared members were scattered all over and performing their own duties. They encouraged and helped the people greatly damaged by the war and repaired Reinhardt, Patrian, and Bairan. The person who played the biggest role in this process wasn't the high rankers like Jishuka, Yura, Regas, or Pon. It was surprisingly Grid's sister, Ruby.

Ruby's overwhelming healing power and benevolent spirit helped to heal and encourage the wounded bodies and minds of the people and soldiers.

"Thank you! I really appreciate it! My friends and family are able to regain their health thanks to Saintess Ruby!"

"I thought I would spend my whole life like this, but I'm able to walk thanks to the Saintess. I will thank the Saintess for the rest of my life and live well."

"Ah! Saintess Ruby is Grid's sister? How could there be two such wonderful siblings?"

The people's love and respect for Ruby grew further. In accordance, Ruby's sphere of influence was naturally expanded. It was right below Grid's. Lael thoroughly took advantage of this.

"We will increase the speed of the recovery operation. Let the people and soldiers work more. If Ruby goes and preaches the necessity of labor, the people will be willing to work harder."

"Aren't the people already working all the time except for when they're eating and sleeping? No way. They'll collapse."

"Ruby, can't you heal them if they fall?"

Perfect infinite power! The value of the Saintess' wide-area

healing ability was great. Lauel really liked Ruby, who created an environment where the people and soldiers could be overworked. Ruby didn't like Lauel's words.

"A bad person."

"You can condemn me, but I'm proud of myself. My decision is solely for the growth of Grid and Overgeared. I don't think I'm wrong."

"Hmph, I have nothing to say to you."

Ruby turned around, going to the people and soldiers to ask them for more harsh labor. Ruby was also a member of Overgeared and couldn't disobey Lauel's orders.

"I'll take good care of you so that you don't get hurt."

Ruby promised the people.

A smile appeared on Lauel's face.

"Unlike Grid, she has a cute side..."

Duguen!

The feelings deeply sealed in his heart were moving.

'What? What is this hot flame moving through my heart?'

Lauel didn't know, but it was love. The late first love of the 22 year old Lauel began.

\*\*\*

"What? Lauel ordered the troops to gather in Reidan?"

"Yes, because it's at the border of the Saharan Empire and must be thoroughly defended."

"Why did he make such a decision? Shouldn't we be paying attention to the remnants of the Eternal Kingdom, not the Saharan Empire? From their perspective, they can't forgive us for killing the king and dividing the kingdom. What if they gather their troops and advance to Bairan or Reinhardt?"

Toban questioned Lael's command. He had served as chief of staff of the Tzedakah Guild. From his point of view, Lael seemed to be making a big mistake.

Euphemina and Vantner agreed.

"Yes. In the current situation, the remnants of Eternal wouldn't miss this gap."

"Did Lael make a mistake because he is tired?"

The moment everyone was feeling distrustful of Lael's judgment.

"Lael hasn't overlooked the presence of Marquis Steim."

The silent Yura opened her mouth. Her peach lips captivated everyone's eyes.

"After the death of King Aslan, his evil deeds were revealed to the public and Marquis Steim has nothing to worry about anymore. He will unconditionally serve Youngwoo-ssi. But how can he come to Youngwoo-ssi with empty hands after he refused his support during the war?"

"I see!"

"There's still Marquis Steim!"

Vantner made a confused expression while Toban and Euphemina nodded immediately.

"Sooner or later, Marquis Stein will arrive with a gift."

"The gift is the remnants of those who are against Grid. Indeed, Lael is incredible. He expected this and stationed the troops in Reidan."

"Yura is also amazing for discovering it. Won't Lael have an easier time if Yura assists him?"

"No. Yura needs to level up. She's one of the strongest powers of our guild."

“...”

The strongest power. Was it really like that? Yura couldn't accept it.

‘I'm weak.’

The epic class Euphemina, and Jishuka armed with the Red Phoenix Bow were comparable to the legendary rated Grid and Kraugel. She was weak, despite having a legendary class.

‘This is a problem. I need to devote myself to finding the hidden pieces as soon as possible.’

It was a matter of pride. Yura also dreamt about becoming stronger than everyone else.

‘My next destination is...’

Hell. The stage that maximized a Demon Slayer's abilities. Once the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom was complete and the Overgeared Guild regained stability, she would rush to hell and concentrate on her growth. Yura was prepared.

\*\*\*

Three Rebecca Temples would be built in Reinhardt. The elders of the Rebecca Church accepted Pope Damian's command. They would send full support to Grid and Overgeared, who destroyed the great demon Belial. The players belonging to the Rebecca Church received a quest.

[The ‘Temple Construction’ quest has been created.]

[Temple Construction]

Difficulty: A

The Rebecca Church plans to build three temples in Reinhardt, the territory of the great hero Grid.

Help the construction of the Rebecca Temples.

Quest Clear Conditions: Work for at least four days at the



construction site of the Rebecca Temples.

Quest Reward: You have the right to be assigned to the newly built temple. Divine Power +20. The compensation will differ according to construction contribution.

"How much manpower are they lacking that they would make paladins and priests participate in the construction sites?"

"Isn't it common that the funds and manpower required for the construction of the temple be covered by the lord of the territory that the temple is built in?"

"Wow... Surely we aren't paying for the cost of the temples built in Reinhardt?"

"Pope Damian is abusing his authority. It's well known that he's a fan of Grid."

"I can't believe that the elders approved this."

The players in the Rebecca Church didn't like the Temple Construction quest. They couldn't understand why they were supposed to participate in the construction of the temple and felt uncomfortable because they seemed to be used for Damian's private affairs. However, there were very few players who refused the quest. A-grade quests weren't easy to get and the reward was quite good.

'It increases divine power by 20.'

'Reinhardt is one of the few very large cities on the whole continent. If I can get there, I can make great profits by clearing numerous quests every day.'

'I don't want to miss the chance to build up a friendship with Overgeared.'

'Follow the trend for the future.'

Talents started to gather in Reinhardt, which would become the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom. This was the power of

Overgeared.

\*\*\*

“I’m sorry!”

The members of the Silver Knights, including Peak Sword, returned. They thought of themselves as sinners. It was because Cork Island was completely destroyed. The Cork Island that flourished in the past couldn’t exist again. Tears flowed down Peak Sword’s face as he recalled the ruined Cork Island.

“If we had handed it over to Eternal when you told me...”

The island wouldn’t have been destroyed. It would’ve been taken away, but they could’ve used it in the future. They needlessly protected Cork Island and brought about irreversible results. Lael comforted Peak Sword, who couldn’t even lift his head.

“It isn’t your fault. It’s mine for not anticipating Blood Carnival’s strike.”

There was no way to predict it, but he didn’t make excuses. Lael never thought that Peak Sword would completely protect Cork Island from Eternal’s navy. In the first place, there was no reason for Blood Carnival to intervene. Unfortunately, Peak Sword was far more outstanding than expected and the result turned out like this.

‘Now that Cork Island is destroyed, the cost of restoring the destroyed facilities is too high. It’s better to give up neatly.’

They didn’t need to be so obsessed. Originally, Cork Island was the major source of income for Overgeared. But this would change in the future. The territories belonging to Eternal that would be occupied by Overgeared were much more valuable than Cork Island.

Then Lael received a new report.

“Katz has returned.”

Blood Warrior Katz. His strength was comparable to Grid when he was on the battlefield. No, maybe it was higher than Grid. Lael had big hopes for him. He hoped Borneo would be protected for 10 days. Lael rushed over and greeted Katz.

"You must have suffered a lot. We were able to protect our rear thanks to your actions."

It would be great if they could make Borneo completely theirs, but there were only 1,000 troops assigned to Katz. It was impossible to completely protect Borneo from the Gauss Kingdom which could move tens of thousands of troops. It was great work to keep it for just 10 days.

Katz reported to Lael. "The Gauss Kingdom's army has given up on occupying Borneo and has retreated. I think it's better to send reinforcements to Borneo so that the Gauss Kingdom doesn't attempt it again."

"...Huh?"

The Gauss Kingdom's army gave up on occupying Borneo and retreated? The result was unbelievably shocking.

"How did you keep Borneo?"

Katz formed a circle with his fingers after hearing Lael's question.

"Money."

"..."

Well, he should speak to Grid. Lael wanted to give Katz and Peak Sword good weapons for all their hard work.

\*\*\*

Chaaeng! Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

Days passed. He kept using Magic Missile except for the time he spent sleeping.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

“...”

Grid used Magic Missile on the metals without a break. The dark circles under his eyes were reminiscent of a dead man.

“Grid...”

Isabel’s beautiful face was filled with worry as she watched Grid in the smithy. She felt sorry that Grid was struggling for her. She wondered if she could really abuse Grid this much.

‘Suffering because of me... No. I can’t endure it anymore.’

Isabel stood up. She didn’t care about her own matter anymore. She only hoped for Grid to be safe.

“Grid...!”

Isabel was about to tell Grid to stop. Then the adamantium was hit 10,000 times by Grid’s Magic Missile and shone brilliantly, lighting up the entire smithy. Grid turned to the amazed Isabel and smiled brightly.

“Are you ready to enjoy your happiness?”

# Chapter 594

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It was hard. It was seriously hard.

One week?

‘Bullshit!’

He spend over a fortnight striking 19 types of metals with Magic Missile. The penalty of using magic continuously was far worse than Grid expected.

‘Striking it?’

As soon as he opened his eyes, he connected to the game and repeated the same thing until he fell asleep. His mind was bound to weaken. Grid thought several times about giving up. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say he was going crazy at the thought of firing Magic Missile 190,000 times.

‘How can a human do such a crazy thing?’

It was different from the days when he looked for the North End Cave and became Pagma’s Descendant.

Reaching the limits of his stamina and concentration wasn’t enough to dampen Grid’s will that was ignited by anger. Grid wanted to forget about that time even now. The idea that this repetitive action wasn’t something a human should do weakened his heart.

‘No... No. I can’t give up now.’

He would waste the efforts of the past few days the moment he gave up. Grid’s nature couldn’t tolerate this loss. More than anything else.

“Grid...”

“...”

He couldn’t turn away from Isabel, who was making a pained

face from guilt. He started this in the first place because he wanted to make her happy.

‘I won’t give up!’

Kwaduduk!

Grid once again started firing Magic Missile. 100 times, 200, 500, 1,000, 5,000, 10,000 times a day...

From that moment on, he couldn’t count how many Magic Missiles he’d shot. He couldn’t afford to count.

“Grid! That’s it! Stop now!”

How many days had passed? The sight of Grid coughing up blood while shooting Magic Missile made Isabel become pale and confused. She couldn’t bear it anymore and shouted. She didn’t want Grid to suffer any longer because of her. At that moment.

Jeeeong!

Grid fired Magic Missile with a trembling hand.

[The quest has succeeded!]

[‘Magic Battle Gear Production Method’ has been acquired.]

Notification windows popped up. It happened when the 190,000th Magic Missile struck adamantium.

[Magic Battle Gear Production Method Lv. 1]

Metal can be tempered with magic attacks. If you make an item with this metal, there is a certain chance of the item developing a magic option.

\* The rating of the metal enchanted with magic is subdivided from normal to legend. Depending on the rating, the magic options will be stronger and more varied.

\* Level 1 production. The magic that can be used to temper metal is limited to Magic Missile.

\* In order to raise the level of Magic Battle Gear Production

Method, you must learn how to temper the metal with higher rated spells.

“Good. Very good.”

The reward that came at the end of a huge amount of effort was always satisfying. A delighted smile appeared on Grid’s haggard face.

“Isabel, are you ready to enjoy your happiness?”

“G-Grid...”

Isabel finally burst into tears. She was forced to sacrifice herself for Goddess Rebecca, who she loved and believed in the most. Now a savior had appeared. Grid’s existence was becoming more and more special to Isabel. Her gratitude, respect, and trust in Grid was much stronger and more absolute than her heart that served Rebecca.

'Wait?'

Grid was proud when he saw the delighted Isabel, only to suddenly worry about his future.

\* In order to raise the level of Magic Battle Gear Production Method, you must learn how to temper the metal with higher rated spells.

A phrase in the skill description made Grid uneasy.

‘Hey Braham. Raising the level of the Magic Battle Gear Production Method... Don’t tell me...’

‘Your guess is correct. Later, you will learn new magic and shoot it at all minerals 10,000 times.’

“ ... ”

The reason Grid could fire Magic Missile 190,000 times despite grumbling about the difficulty was because the resources consumed by Magic Missile and the time needed to use it was small. It was impossible to compare 190,000 Magic Missiles to

190,000 higher rated spells.

“Hah...”

Grid sighed deeply like someone who had lost a country.

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Recently, Brazil’s real estate market had been suffering.

Jishuka. She accumulated a huge amount of wealth from Satisfy and had started to dispose of all the land and buildings she owned. It was a sudden sale. She hastily sold her properties at a cheaper price than the market value and converted it to cash.

What was the emergency? People started speculating.

Jishuka had received information that the Brazilian real estate market was going to collapse and disposed of her properties in advance.

Jishuka was addicted to drugs and was disposing of her properties to pay for the drugs.

Jishuka was preparing to move to South Korea to be with Grid. It was clear that her marriage to Grid was approaching.

And so on.

People’s speculations about Jishuka ran wild. Once it became an issue, various types of media outlets came forward. The Brazil media requested an interview from Jishuka. Jishuka gave an interview in exchange for money and greatly shocked the Brazilian people.

"Recently, Jishuka’s actions are making the Brazilian people uneasy. Can you explain the reason why you are disposing of your real estate so hurriedly?"

"It’s to pay for an item."

“Huh?”

"Item...? An item in Satisfy?"



“Yes.”

“...?????”

It was estimated that Jishuka’s disposable real estate was worth almost 60 million dollars. It was big enough to make a company with a lot of capital. She was going to use this huge capital to pay for an item? The reporters barely regained their spirits and asked Jishuka.

“Are you entrusting Grid to make you a set of items?”

Yes, Grid was a legendary blacksmith. The value of the items he made was high enough to be different from normal items. If Grid produced a ‘set’ that covered the whole body, this astronomical price made sense. Think about being covered from head to toe in legendary items. They would be able to quickly kill monsters and monopolize various contents.

Jishuka shook her head at the reporters.

“It’s the value of a bow.”

“...”

Grid’s items were priced at a premium that they couldn’t imagine. This article became a hot topic all over the world and the Internet was once again turned upside down.

-Won’t Grid become the world’s largest conglomerate?

-Grid is really...

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Yatan Church.

The eternal enemy of the Rebecca Church. Their purpose was working to bring the great demons to this earth. This meant they had to defeat Rebecca’s Daughters. The Rebecca Church was the strongest force and placed too many restrictions on the Yatan Church’s activities. Thus, the Yatan Church was forced to pursue them.

It was the reason why the quest ‘Kill Rebecca’s Daughters (SSS)’ was always on the list of quests for players belonging to the Yatan Church. But was it really that easy to kill a Rebecca’s Daughter? They were too strong. As the incarnation of divine power, Rebecca’s Daughters were deadly to black knights and black magicians. It was realistically impossible for the Yatan Church to kill these women.

But at this moment, an opportunity came. Isabel, one of the most powerful Rebecca’s Daughters of this time. The Yatan Church acquired information that she was weakened in the battle against the Great Demon Belial.

"Great Monarch Belial sacrificed herself for this chance."

"The current Isabel is extremely weak. It's enough to send only the believers."

The Yatan temples hidden throughout the continent. They would be able to find Isabel quickly. The Yatan Servants sat around a table and smiled with satisfaction.

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The Yatan followers were divided into eight classes.

The 8th grade believers were as weak as the soldiers of any kingdom, while the 1st grade believers had a mighty force. Although there were only 100 of them across the Yatan Church. Their battle ability alone was comparable to the Yatan Servants.

"It's here."

"Immediately after the war, the defense is weak."

The 1st grade Yatan followers, Bon and Adus, succeeded in infiltrating Reinhardt. It was just after the war and Reinhardt wasn't able to fully control access of outsiders because the guard system wasn't fully in place.

"Where's Isabel?"

“I don’t know exactly. We must measure the divine power.”

In the dark. Bon and Adus concealed themselves under the shaded walls and started to use dark magic. It was the precursor of Magic Detection that most senior magicians could use. Magic Detection used with black magic power was particularly effective in detecting divine power. Bon and Adus were able to find Isabel without much difficulty.

“Indeed, she’s weakened like the information said.”

“I think it’s possible even if we don’t go out.”

“But this mission definitely needs to be resolved. Don’t leave it to the lower rated guys. We’ll go out directly.”

“Unfortunately, it can’t be helped.”

At present, Isabel’s divine power was like a flickering candle. It meant her health was fading. They didn’t need to watch out for White Transformation because she was so weak she would die immediately upon using White Transformation.

Suuuk.

Bon and Adus made confident expressions as they assimilated into the darkness and disappeared from the spot. Their destination was a smithy to the north of Reinhardt.

“I see her.”

Bon and Adus spied on the inside of the smithy. Despite the darkness, the light of the furnace showed a blacksmith working and Isabel watching him.

“What’s she doing?”

Rebecca’s Daughter Isabel was sitting idly in the smithy, despite dying. Bon and Adus didn’t understand the situation at all. But it was only for a moment. Their confused expressions changed to smiles.

“Maybe Lifael’s Spear is broken?”

"Rebecca's divine artifact is broken? Is Rebecca's divine power corrupted?"

"Great Monarch Belial must've dealt a big blow."

"Ah!"

Now the situation was convincing. Isabel was wounded and couldn't return to the Vatican.

"Lifael's Spear is so badly damaged that it needs to be urgently repaired."

"This is a really great opportunity."

Isabel was weakened and her divine weapon damaged. Dealing with her was as simple and easy as hitting a fly. Bon and Adus exchanged a look before moving.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

They shattered the wall of the smithy with black magic.

"Kuahahat! Rebecca's dog will be caught today!"

They swung swords made of black magic at Isabel. But their swords didn't reach Isabel.

"What is this?"

The blacksmith hammering in front of the furnace. Yes, it was a blacksmith. Bon and Adus hadn't paid attention to the person hammering at the golden spear. Then.

Paijijik!

Dozens of Magic Missiles were fired from the golden spear.

"What?"

Pepepepeok!

Bon and Adus were confused by the bombardment of Magic Missiles. They were Magic Missiles with divine power that made the dark shield useless.

# Chapter 595

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“Kuaaaaak!”

“W-What is this...!”

A man whose face was covered in sweat and dust. The black-haired man was a blacksmith. There was no awkwardness to his movements as he hammered on the spear. He looked just like an ordinary blacksmith. But how could he wield Rebecca’s divine weapon and manifest magic from it?

‘What in the world is this blacksmith?’

‘Surely a Rebecca paladin isn’t disguised as a blacksmith? He’s been polishing his blacksmith skills for years just for this day?’

Using common sense, it didn’t make sense that the weakened Isabel didn’t return to the Vatican. Was it possible for her to be left alone when she knew that the Yatan Church was after her?

‘Wait. Does it make sense that a paladin is trained in blacksmithing skills?’

‘No, have you forgotten how cunning the Rebecca bastards are? It’s certainly possible! We’ve fallen into the vicious trap that this angelic female has dug!’

‘T-That’s right!’

Bon and Adus were indignant. They healed their wounded bodies with black magic and stared at Isabel and the blacksmith.

“Yes, just like the Rebecca dogs. Placing a trap to lure people here?”

“...?”

Isabel was confused by Bon and Adus’ words, but Grid just laughed. It was annoying to argue with them when they were the one making a surprise attack. Grid had experienced ridiculous things more than one or twice already.

"Uh, that's right. It's a trap. So just die. Your deaths were determined the moment you fell into the trap."

Grid smiled widely. He was pleased to have an opponent to test the reconstructed Lifael's Spear on. His attitude was an eyesore to Bon and Adus.

'He's laughing at some of the most talented people in the Yatan Church?'

There were less than 200 1st grade followers in all of the Yatan Church. It meant it was really hard to be qualified as a 1st grade follower. They were lacking in the fields of theology, intelligence, politics, and military matters, but their combat ability was comparable to the Yatan Servants. This was why Bon and Adus had great pride. They didn't think they would be pushed, despite fighting Isabel on a one-on-one basis!

"The hyena might dig a trap, but it can't hunt a lion!"

"Do you think Isabel can stop us in her current state?"

Peeng!

Adus spoke confidently and his black magic exploded. It was so powerful that a shockwave occurred. The interior of the smithy shook like there was an earthquake. The flames in the furnace became bigger! The smithy became a sea of fire. Amongst the flames, Grid's smile widened.

'Indeed, they're good opponents to test this on.'

Bon and Adus' names were written in gold. It meant they were named NPCs. They were strong. If Grid was a normal player, he wouldn't dare be hostile to them. But who was Grid? Among the hidden classes, he showed off unique skills and was an outstanding figure. He had killed some Yatan Servants so the 1st grade followers weren't his opponent.

"I will start the test."

A myth rated spear that had been modified using the Magic Battle Gear Production Method. Grid held Lifael's Spear that was surrounded by a white light.

[Lifael's Spear]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 990/990

Attack Power: 1,530~2,190

\* Divine Power +2,000

\* All stats +200.

\* 250% increase in health recovery.

\* Fixed damage of +5,000 on each attack.

\* There is a high probability of activating the 'Light Wheel' skill. Every time Light Wheel is activated, Magic Missile is shot. The number of Magic Missiles is determined according to the usage range of Light Wheel. The damage of Magic Missile is fixed at 4,000 per hit and will increase by 50% if the target is evil. No mana will be consumed.

\* When defending or evading, there is a high probability that Shield of Light will activate. Magic Missile (Enhanced) is attached to the Shield of Light. Any target that pierces through the Shield of Light will be hit by Magic Missile. The damage of Magic Missile is fixed at 4,000 per hit and will increase by 50% if the target is evil. The accuracy of the Magic Missile counterattack is 100% and does not consume mana.

\* When moving, there is a high probability of activating the 'Light of Guidance' skill.

\* It is possible to use the 'Weakened White Transformation.'

\* Attack power +30% against those with black magic power.

It is one of the three divine artefacts of the Rebecca Church. It

contains a strong divine power that humans can't bear. However, the blacksmith Grid has suppressed the divine power.

The power of technology has restrained the divine power. Lifael's Spear is tempered by legendary enhanced magic and is now more powerful than before.

Conditions of Use: Rebecca's Daughter.

Hwiririk! Cheok!

Grid rotated Lifael's Spear and thrust it. In the past, he had tried to copy Pon's techniques. Now he acquired Weapons Mastery and his handling of the spear wasn't awkward at all.

'Strange?'

Bon and Adus hesitated as they were trying to kill Grid. They felt a sense of incongruity.

'Aren't Rebecca's Daughters the only ones who can handle Rebecca's three divine artifacts?'

This information wasn't certain. But when looking back at the history of the Rebecca Church, only Rebecca's Daughters had used the three divine weapons. But now this male blacksmith. No, the paladin disguised as a blacksmith, was using Lifael's Spear?

Grid rushed over as they were standing there bewildered. The spear wasn't Grid's main weapon and Bon and Adus were quite capable, so he didn't want to miss this opportunity.

"You dare!"

Bon and Adus scoffed as Grid narrowed the distance and swung the spear. They ridiculed Grid's movements, which was a slash instead of a thrust.

'This slow attack can't touch us... Heok!'

The relaxed Bon and Adus both turned pale at the same time. The golden orbit drawn by Lifael's Spear. Dozens of white flashes appeared simultaneously?



‘Another spell!’

‘How is this possible?’

Magic Missile was the lowest grade magic spell, but dozens of them were used at once and in rapid succession? In addition, the Magic Missiles used by this guy...

Pepepepeng!

“Kuaaaaack!”

“It hurts!”

It was enhanced Magic Missile!

“Ugh... How can Dark Shield be penetrated with Magic Missile?”

All things were born with a limit and magic was the same. Just like a pebble couldn’t break a rock, the lowest grade Magic Missile shouldn’t be able to penetrate Dark Shield, a superior defense spell.

‘It’s only possible if his magic power is tens or hundreds of times higher than ours...!’

Chill.

Adus got goosebumps. Was this an elder priest of the Rebecca Church? The blacksmith’s simple force might be weaker than them, but he overwhelmed them in magic power.

‘We were tricked!’

Swinging Lifael’s Spear was just a gimmick. He was a priest, not a paladin. It was also a senior priest!

‘That’s why his spearsmanship is lousy!’

The blacksmith pulled their attention to the spear. It was just a means to attract their attention, while his real attack was the magic he used. Bon and Adus determined this as Grid swung the spear again.

‘I won’t be tricked anymore!’

Bon and Adus smiled. They ignored the spear Grid was wielding and attacked Grid. It was possibility because they were confident they wouldn't be hit by Grid's spear. But the result?

Seokeok!

Puok!

“Cough!”

“Eek!”

A single blow. Grid's spear severely tore their armor and their shoulders were severely pierced. It was a powerful destructive force that couldn't be compared with Magic Missile.

"Y-You...!"

Bon and Adus finally realized the seriousness of the situation. They finally guessed Grid's real identity.

“Tem...!”

A secret weapon raised by the Rebecca Church.

"...Templar!"

There were only a few of them, but if they were left alone, they would become comparable to Rebecca's Daughters. Grid shook his head at the astonished Bon and Adus.

"I am overgeared."

“...!!”

Peeeeeeong!

Grid swung the spear again. He had been stubbornly slashing so far, but this time it was a stab. It was a stab that maximized the attack distance of the spear. The speed and power of the attack was unmatched.

“Ugh!”

The targeted Adus hurriedly raised his sword. It was necessary to

defend against the stab. But immediately before reaching Adus, Lifael's Spear curved and struck Adus' side instead. It was Light Wheel that had a high probability of activating.

[Light Wheel]

Stabbing, hacking, cutting, etc.

Any type of attack will be linked to a circular attack. The target won't be able to escape this irregular attack.

- \* The hit rate is 100%.

- \* Contains the light attribute.

Puok!

"Kyaak!"

Adus screamed as the orbit of the attack suddenly changed. Bon standing next to him also suffered terrible damage. As Grid attacked Adus, Magic Missile was emitted from the golden trail created and struck Bon.

Pepepepeng!

"Ugh...! Uhhh..."

Duk.

Dududuk.

The flames in the smithy became bigger and bigger. Adus and Bon's groans mixed in with Isabel's admiring cry. Adus and Pon were named NPCs and quickly got up.

"Overgeared!"

Yes, they remembered. The Yatan Servants' Slaughterer. From Malacus, Neberius, Dark Bus, and the First Servant Tallos. It was the worst danger to the Yatan Church.

"Grid... You are Grid."

Bon and Adus knew that Reinhardt was Grid's territory after the

war. But they couldn't imagine that the blacksmith repairing one of the Rebecca Church's divine artifacts would be Grid. It was hard to imagine, since Grid had risen to a major rank and there was also the rumor that Grid used Blackening. It was a violation of common sense that he could handle an artifact filled with Rebecca's divine power.

"Who the hell are you?"

Blacksmith and swordsman.

Swordsman and magician.

A person who handled divine magic and the power of demonkin.

Bon and Adus were filled with confusion as Grid replied.

"Overgeared King."

The identity had already been established. It was thanks to the Overgeared Guild and it wasn't long before the Overgeared Kingdom would be established. In the future, Grid wanted the world to call him Overgeared King.

'What is overgeared?'

Adus and Bon were filled with strong doubts. The two men had completely recovered. Grid's performance test was enough. He handed Lifael's Spear back to Isabel.

"You can use White Transformation freely. It can be used as long as you have enough mana."

The spear no longer consumed health. It was tamer than before. But it was still strong.

"Have strength, Isabel."

He wanted to rest. It might be a little dangerous for him to deal with Bon and Adus right now. The story would be simple if he used Belial's Strength attached to the Rune of Darkness. But Grid had no intention of using that extraordinary power when he was sleepy.

Grid shook hands with Isabel and left the smithy, leaving Isabel to use the White Transformation of Lifael's Spear. She completely overcame the fear of death, making the power of the spear unfathomable.

[The quest has succeeded!]

[You have gained 1 point in deity from the quest reward.]

[Isabel deifies you even more. Isabel will even become hostile to Goddess Rebecca for you if it is required in the future.]

[Isabel will give you the loot she has acquired from Bon and Adus.]

# Chapter 596

---

Swaaah.

It was important to do everything steadily. Shin Youngwoo originally had a bad physique, but he'd been working out for the last few years, resulting in a solid muscular body. The cold water coming from the shower that slipped over his smooth muscles was an attractive sight to look at. The changes in body and spirit were due to his efforts. This was one of the sources of Shin Youngwoo's confidence.

'The pros and cons of the Magic Battle Gear Production Method are clear.'

Shin Youngwoo thought as he cooled his overheated head with cold water.

'Apart from hammering the metal, I have to train it with magic. It will take four times longer to handle and the durability of the metal is significantly reduced.'

Lifael's Spear. The original myth rated weapon had a durability of 1,500. But the durability dropped to 990 in the process of training it with Magic Missile. It had fallen by one-third.

'If I enhance a weapon with a low durability like a dagger, I might not be able to use it...'

Equipment items needed to be durable by default. The repeated use and repairs would inevitably drop the maximum durability. Therefore, people were reluctant to use items with low durability.

'If I'm planning to make items just for selling, it would be wiser not to use the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.'

Of course, it was true that items made using the Magic Battle Gear Production Method were excellent. In fact, Lifael's Spear was much more beautiful than before. But that was possible because Lifael's Spear was a myth rated weapon.

‘The higher the rating of the item, the greater the increase in options.’

Considering that the average rating of the items that Shin Youngwoo produced was usually epic, it wasn’t worth investing so much time with the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.

‘However, I will use the Magic Battle Gear Production Method on the items that the guild members will use as their main force.’

He could afford to spend valuable time on items for his colleagues. The disadvantage of the low durability was overcome by Shin Youngwoo’s repair techniques. It was because the maximum durability didn’t decrease when Shin Youngwoo repaired the item directly.

『 The world’s attention towards the first country built by a player, Overgeared, is getting hotter day by day. It isn’t just South Korea. Everyone around the world is focused on Overgeared’s founding ceremony. There are many people who are wondering why Overgeared, who has already acquired the minimum qualifications to set up a kingdom, are delaying the establishment of the kingdom. 』

『 It must take a long time to prepare. It’s an event that all countries and people all over the world are interested in. They want to create an unprecedented splendid and magnificent founding ceremony. 』

『 The restoration of the palace ruined by Belial will take quite a while. 』

As Shin Youngwoo was taking a shower, stories about Overgeared started to flow from the TV set on the bathroom wall. Shin Youngwoo witnessed the news and turned off the shower.

‘Busy.’

As predicted by the news, Overgeared was planning a magnificent and brilliant founding ceremony. It was to announce

the dignity of the best guild while the attention of the world was focused on them. It was too big for Lael to handle alone. Every member of Overgeared played a proper role, including Youngwoo. There was 14 days until the ceremony and Youngwoo needed to make items to reward the members.

It was Lael's plan. Once the items made by the legendary blacksmith were revealed at the scene of the foundation of the kingdom watched by billions of viewers, the wavelength caused would be truly enormous. Imagine it. New items would increase the Overgeared Guild by leaps and bounds. The viewers who saw this would feel envious and be filled with a burning desire to join Overgeared.

“Overgeared King... Kuoh.”

It was a good name no matter how he thought about it. Shin Youngwoo admired his own naming sense as he left the bath and wrapped his wet hair with a towel.

Diririri—

The phone installed in the middle of the living room rang. It was Jishuka. Youngwoo was startled.

‘She has gathered 60 million gold already?’

60 million gold was a huge amount of money. It couldn't be secured just by selling items in the game. She had to use money to buy gold from the trading sites and he couldn't imagine how big the transaction fees would be. Youngwoo opened his mouth as he kept in mind Jishuka's hard work.

"Pick up."

At the same time.

Yiing—

The phone stopped ringing and a video appeared on his phone. He could see Jishuka with an endless blue sea behind her. As



always, she was smiling brilliantly.

“Hi~! Grid...!”

Jishuka tucked her hair being blown by the wind behind her ears, only to suddenly close her mouth and blush.

‘Why?’

Youngwoo cocked his head, while Jishuka’s face turned redder as her gaze focused on one part of his body.

"Are you appealing to me?"

“ ... ”

Ah, he wasn’t wearing clothes. Youngwoo belatedly felt a sense of shame and rushed to his room to grab clothes. In the video, Jishuka couldn’t help feeling embarrassed and delighted.

"I think he’s perfect for me.”

\*\*\*

The restored Reinhardt Palace.

"Erase all traces of Eternal’s royal family.”

The Eternal Kingdom had a history of 400 years. Reinhardt Palace might’ve been ruined in the aftermath of the Belial raid, but there were still traces of the Eternal dynasty remaining. It was from the small decorations to the architectural style. It was enough to bother Lael.

“What? The historical value? There’s no value to the history of the losers. Please remove all the statues of the Eternal kings and build a statue of Grid on the spot. Burn all the items engraved with the silver dragon emblem that symbolizes Eternal and imprint a hammer and anvil on the new items. All facilities designed for left-side traffic should be switched to right-side traffic, and...”

Lael directed the workmen. His hands were constantly on his head. The habit of worrying about his hair loss in reality had

transferred to the game.

Administrator Rabbit approached him and reported.

“All the royal families of the 15 kingdoms have rejected the invitation to the founding ceremony. It’s an atmosphere where every kingdom on the continent aren’t acknowledging us.”

Lauel didn’t panic.

"As expected."

Technically, Grid was a rebel who destroyed his kingdom. Recognizing Grid meant acknowledging rebels, so it wasn’t possible for the royal families of other kingdoms to recognize the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Diplomatic isolation would be a major hindrance to national development. Is there a solution?"

Lauel nodded at Rabbit’s question.

"It will be resolved with diplomatic quests."

“...?”

Overgeared was a kingdom set up by players. It was evident that it would evolve in the direction that players agreed on, since most of the people of Overgeared weren’t NPCs. Lauel’s focus was on the growth of NPCs and other players. In other words, quests.

‘If the players of Overgeared go out to other kingdoms and repeatedly hunt and do quests, our culture and influence will naturally spread to other kingdoms. One day, the other kingdoms would have to acknowledge and accept Overgeared.’

It was a problem that would naturally resolve over time. There was just one point to pay attention to. It was the disruption of other forces such as the Saharan Empire, Ares, Agnus, and Blood Carnival. If the mighty forces sought to persecute the players of Overgeared, most players wouldn’t join the Overgeared Kingdom.

‘We must have the power to prevent that from happening.’

They had to prove that they had the power. That's why he invited not only Kraugel, Damian, and Chris to the founding ceremony, but also the high rankers who were once hostile to them.

‘I have to prove our influence.’

Please let the rankers who received the invitation attend the ceremony.

Vantner approached the eagerly praying Lauel and whispered.

"Grow head. Is the pronunciation unusual? It's a Korean hair loss drug. It works well."

"Vantner, you..."

He recognized Lauel's grievance at a glance and recommended hair loss medicine?

Lauel pledged. He would never use the hair loss medicine recommended by Vantner, even if there was a knife at his neck. He didn't have any confidence in the hair loss medicine recommended by the bald Vantner.

\*\*\*

"Many followers have volunteered to attend the construction site of the Reinhardt temples."

"It's a reflection of their respect for Grid, who defeated the great demon Belial and brought peace to this world."

The Rebecca Church's Vatican.

After the fall of Pope Drevigo and pop candidate Pascal. The high ranking priests sat in higher seats. Their gratitude and respect for Grid was sincere, making Damian feel good.

Damian sensed the atmosphere and said, "I received an invitation letter from Grid asking me to attend the ceremony for the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom. I'm going to attend. Do any of the elders want to come with me?"

“...”

It grew silent in an instant. The elders made fake smiles and shut their mouths.

Damian realized his mistake.

‘They respect Grid, but we can get the persecution of the empire if we support the Overgeared Kingdom... Well, it’s a worry. I was too short-sighted.’

Maybe he would be pressured to not attend the founding ceremony? The moment that Damian was feeling concern.

Kung!

The 15 silent elders rushed to their feet. Then they looked at Damian with resentful eyes.

“W-Why?”

Damian hesitated as he was pushed by their momentum and then the elders cried out.

“It’s regretful! How can Your Holiness take the opportunity to bless the path of Grid alone?”

“...?”

"We will go with you! We will lead all the believers of the Vatican to go and bless Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom!"

"Please take us too!"

“...Yes, yep.”

Damian was surprised by the unexpectedly strong reaction and nodded.

Isabel smiled from next to him. She was more beautiful than ever now that her health was completely restored and the shadows of her mind were gone.

\*\*\*

"Kraugel, what about you?"

"Are you going?"

Sword Saint Kraugel. Hao and Alexander came to find Kraugel, who was clearing a dungeon with level 300 monsters alone. Would Kraugel, who was dreaming about reclaiming first place, participate in the Overgeared Kingdom's founding ceremony? Alexander was convinced it wasn't possible. Kraugel's desire for strength was stronger than anybody else, and Kraugel wouldn't be happy about having his training disturbed.

But Kraugel's answer was different from his prediction.

"It would be nice to attend. I can't let down a friend."

"...Eh?"

Unlike the disbelieving Alexander, Hao laughed quietly.

Then Kraugel suggested. "If you don't mind, how about coming with me?"

"I understand. I will also come."

"...Understood. I will attend with the Russian rankers."

# Chapter 597

---

Grid destroyed the Eternal Kingdom and seized this chance to build a new kingdom. Emperor Juander of the Saharan Empire had already seen reports of this, but didn't respond. It was an attitude of not being interested in such a trivial matter.

Grid inherited the power of a legend and was steadily expanding his reputation throughout the continent. But so what? There were countless talents in the empire that were comparable or better than Grid. He didn't have time to care about a person who would soon self-destruct.

"That's what His Majesty said."

1st Prince Roland smiled. 2nd Prince Dulandal confirmed that his teacup was empty, signalled to the maid and asked.

"Brother, what do you think? Can we leave Grid unattended?"

Roland lifted the cup that the maid had replenished and nodded.

"I also know that the force of a legend transcends the human category. But in the end, that's the power of an individual. He can't afford to go against Saharan, our great empire which dominates the continent."

"There are many people in the empire that transcend the category of a human."

"That isn't all. In the first place, Grid is a traitor. The royal families of other nations can't tolerate his existence, since he won the throne through resisting the royal family."

"Acknowledging Grid will have an adverse effect on the people. Other kingdoms will hope for Grid's destruction."

"That's right. They will constantly oppress him and keep him in check. Grid and the kingdom he builds will self-destruct."

1st Prince Roland and 2nd Prince Dulandal. They were the

children of Empress Aria, who left the world six years ago. They were highly likely to be crowned as the heir due to their abilities and adaptability. However, their positions had greatly reduced in recent years.

It was because the emperor's favorite, Empress Marie, politically isolated them. The trend in recent years was 4th Prince Edan. There was much talk that Empress Marie's son would become the crown prince.

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After Eternal's royal family had been destroyed. Apart from the Saharan Empire, the royal families of the 15 nations gathered together. The place of the meeting was in the Gauss Kingdom, located close to the Eternal Kingdom. The king of the Gauss Kingdom, Cactus, opened his mouth.

"I'm thankful that the princes of the prestigious nations are gathered here."

"It's an honour to meet King Cactus."

"My father asked me to apologize for not being able to attend personally."

The atmosphere of the meeting place was cheerful because they were in accord. The reason for gathering was to discuss the Overgeared Kingdom which would soon be established.

"There must not be peace for a kingdom that a rebel has established."

"That's right. There's no glory for rebellion. We need to ensure that our people know this."

"The Overgeared Kingdom must be destroyed quickly."

"Thus, we should put pressure on it."

"Of course. We won't be establishing diplomacy with Overgeared."

"That's right, that's right. We have to isolate the Overgeared Kingdom and make them self-destruct."

The princes of the kingdoms spoke. There was a smile on the face of King Cactus, who looked at them as if they were cute. It was a smile that fit well with the appearance of a toad.

"It's essential to isolate them. How about all 15 of us send a representative to Overgeared's founding ceremony?"

"Huh?"

The princes frowned at King Cactus' sudden proposal.

"Why do you want to send representatives to the founding ceremony of a kingdom that can't be accepted?"

"Do you want to celebrate?"

There was a backlash from the princes.

King Cactus shook his head. "We will send a delegation that if he doesn't pay tribute to our 15 kingdoms, we will condemn him. How about it?"

"Hoh... That's a great idea."

"Making the Overgeared Kingdom send tribute to us..."

"It will accelerate the destruction of the Overgeared Kingdom! Hahahahat!"

Loud laughter filled the meeting place. It was 10 days before the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom.

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Levanfield.

It was a small town near Reinhardt. The peaceful village surrounded by mountains on every side was as quiet as a dead rat. From the outskirts, it looked like a ghost town where no one lived.

"Hik... Hiik... S-Spare me Sir. Please..."



Levanfield's food warehouses. More than 2,000 residents were sobbing in a corner.

Earl Logan screamed at them. "Shut up! The king has died and the kingdom is in turmoil, yet you're still obsessed with your little lives?"

Earl Logan was really angry. The flag hanging in the centre of Levanfield was a hammer and anvil, not a silver dragon.

"These commoners...! This town is supporting the the rebels who have occupied the kingdom! You guys are turncoats and need to die!"

"H-Hik...!"

Earl Logan eventually pulled out a blade. He planned to kill all the residents of Levanfield. Then Marquis Vedaman spoke up.

"Are you going to make your blade dull before tomorrow's holy war? Don't worry about the pigs who are too busy eating on their hands and knees when they're given bread."

"Marquis Vedaman is right. The reason why we're here isn't to dispose of livestock, but to regain the kingdom from the traitor."

"Cough..."

Earl Logan stopped his sword at the nobles' words. The residents of Levenfield sighed with relief. Marquis Vedaman asked them, "The hammer and anvil is the symbol of the traitor Grid?"

"Yes, yes! That's right! A few days ago, soldiers arrived from Reinhardt and changed the flag!"

At that moment.

Seokeok!

Earl Logan, who had wanted to pull back, brandished his sword as hard as he could. The head of the resident talking to Marquis Vedaman was cut off and rolled across the ground. Earl Logan gritted his teeth.

“Flag! Acknowledging the rebels’ kingdom!!”

"H-Hik...!"

The faces of the Levanfield residents changed. The situation recently had been too confusing. The king, who had never done anything for them, died and the kingdom imposed hard taxes, depleting their food warehouses. Why should they be sad? Why should they hate the rebels? Was it their fault that the flag was raised by the rebels? They were taught to always follow the royal family and nobles. They just did what they were taught.

“In the first place...! It isn’t our fault that the kingdom was lost! Weren’t you the one who lost the country because of your own helplessness?”

A young man screamed as he held his dead father that was murdered by Earl Logan.

"First, this is our kingdom! Eternal is our kingdom and we are not livestock!"

“You!”

Earl Logan’s eyes bugged out. His face distorted like a demon and he tried to swing his sword again.

“Stop.”

The tightly closed door of the food warehouse opened, revealing a middle-aged man. It was a man who looked like a bear. The moment he appeared, he radiated a large presence to the nobles and residents of Levenfield.

“Marquis Steim...!”

He used his natural bravery and superb mercenaries to clear up the monsters in the north, becoming its lord. The sudden appearance of one of the greatest powers in Eternal made the nobles, including Earl Logan, feel confused. Marquis Steim looked over the silent crowd and sighed.

"Do you have to involve the people in politics? I'm ashamed of my fellow Eternal nobles."

"Ik...! Eek!"

Earl Logan was silent for a moment before shouting in an enraged manner.

"Marquis Steim! Why did you come here?"

The rebel Grid was Marquis Steim's son-in-law. In addition, Marquis Steim had remained silent during the war. He just watched as the kingdom perished. Earl Logan was convinced that Marquis Steim was allied with Grid. The other nobles thought differently.

"Earl Logan! Politely greet Marquis Steim!"

"Marquis Steim wouldn't betray this kingdom!"

Marquis Steim had always been a loyal figure to the royal family of Eternal. The fact that he didn't act during the war didn't mean that he supported Grid. Marquis Vedaman felt confident. Marquis Steim would surely help with the Eternal nobles' independence movement. That's why he sent a letter telling Marquis Steim of this place.

"I have known for a long time that Marquis Steim isn't stuck on petty things like marriage relations. I sincerely thank you for accepting my invitation. Together, we will punish Grid and set up the Eternal Kingdom again."

"..."

Marquis Vedaman held out a hand to shake. Marquis Steim stared at it and asked, "Do you still not know the reason behind how Aslan rose to the throne?"

"...Of course I know. King Aslan killed Prince Ren. However, that's already in the past. There's no reason for us to fall apart because of King Aslan. We must quickly wipe out the rebels and set

up a proper king.”

Marquis Steim shook his head.

“No, there is no proper king. The moment Prince Ren and King Aslan died, the direct line of Wiesbaden was erased from the world.”

“What?”

It might be minor, but there were many places in the kingdom where the bloodline of the royal family still existed. This couldn’t be denied. It proved that Marquis Steim had a dangerous mindset.

“Marquis Steim! In the end, you are siding with your son-in-law?”

Marquis Vedaman noticed it at last, causing the nobles, knights, and soldiers to pull out their weapons. The soldiers hiding outside the food warehouse gathered together, isolating Marquis Steim and his men within thousands of people. But Marquis Steim didn’t even blink.

“My son-in-law might not be the right king, but he’s qualified enough to become a new king. Is there any person in the world more suited to be king than my son with his power, strategy, and resourcefulness? I am sure that even the emperor of the empire won’t be better than my son.”

“Nonsense!”

Earl Logan couldn’t listen anymore. He was determined to cut off Marqui Steim’s head with his sword. But he coughed up blood and died before he could move even a few steps. It was due to a sword that came flying from behind. It was a man who the nobles firmly believed belonged to the Nobles Against Grid Alliance. It was the sudden betrayal of Viscount Chris.

“Who are you?”

Chris ignored the screaming Marquis Vedaman and bowed his

head to Marquis Steim, staring at him from afar.

“A friend of Grid.”

Marquis Steim laughed.

“A colleague of my son-in-law is also my colleague. Laden, kill the enemies.”

“Yes.”

The Northern Nova, Laden. The young man, a genius who represented the kingdom, moved as soon as Marquis Steim gave the order. He was like a black lightning bolt. Every time he moved, half a dozen enemy soldiers died. But the alliance also had talent. The good knights pressed Laden.

Then Chris and the Giant Guild moved.

Kwarururung!

Grid's Greatsword. The sword roared like a beast as it swept through the allies.

[The 'Against Grid Alliance' quest was abandoned. The quest rewards have been permanently destroyed.]

The quest reward? How could they be more valuable than the future with Grid? Chris and the Giant Guild members couldn't guarantee it.

“Kill them all! Don't allow even one of them to reach Reinhardt!”

“Kuaack! Chrissss!”

The remaining nobles of Eternal started dying. It was a week away from the establishment of the Overgeared Kingdom.

# Chapter 598

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The Overgeared Guild won the battle against Belial and laid the foundation to establish a kingdom. Every member of the guild was faithful to their role. It was thanks to them that Overgeared was able to establish a kingdom. Grid knew this, so he wanted to reward all the members of Overgeared with magic battle items.

But it was impossible in terms of both time and capital. In particular, Lauel's objections were severe.

"Don't you know the meaning of meritorious retainers? It's a word that refers to a subordinates who built up a lot of merits when establishing a country. Since we worked hard, we are all meritorious retainers? That's ridiculous. Unless you select and reward those who sacrificed more, you will lose the meaning of meritorious retainers."

"It's a shame."

But Lauel was right. Giving the same reward to both those who were active and who weren't active? The people who were more active might feel a sense of deprivation.

'Indeed, this isn't a communist country. What is equal compensation?'

As a simple example, people received different rewards in raids. Grid was convinced and broke down the contributions of the Overgeared members. He excluded personal friendship and thought objectively.

'The first person on the list of meritorious retainers is Katz.'

At first, Katz was a disagreeable guy. He was a typical right-wing Japanese who disparaged Koreans. It was difficult for Grid to accept him. But Katz withdrew all his comments in the past and sincerely apologized. Not only did he apologize, he abandoned all of the narrow perceptions he had about South Korea. He attempted

to atone by creating new jobs for Koreans living in Japan. After joining Overgeared, his activities were dazzling. Take a look at this war. He defended Borneo with only 1,000 troops. Katz alone defeated the Gauss Kingdom.

‘Thanks to him, we were able to fully concentrate on the war and raid.’

It would’ve been terrible if Borneo was taken back by the Gauss Kingdom. The Eternal Kingdom would’ve worked with the Gauss Kingdom and Overgeared would’ve been completely isolated and destroyed.

‘Therefore, Katz must definitely be placed on the list of meritorious retainers.’

The second was Jishuka. She defended Patrian until Grid’s arrival and completely flew once she received the Red Phoenix Bow. She completely destroyed Eternal and played a great role in reversing the situation by healing her dying allies in the Belial raid.

‘I shouldn’t forget about Piaro.’

Without Piaro, they wouldn’t have been able to raid Belial.

‘Asmophel’s work was also great.’

Grid now knew for certain the role that Asmophel played during the battle of 1 against 100,000. He watched the war videos playing on TV and confirmed Asmophel’s actions.

‘If Asmophel hadn’t assassinated the enemy leaders, I might’ve died during the battle.’

What if he had died?

‘I wouldn’t have arrived at the Belial raid on time. Eventually, Piaro and all of Overgeared would’ve been destroyed.’

That wasn’t all Asmophel did. During the war, he penetrated the enemy forces, secured all types of information, disturbed the enemy forces, etc. But.

'Let's pretend not to know.'

Grid felt sorry for Asmophel, but Asmophel's passive skill called Determination of the Number Two exerted itself when he needed to prove himself.

'As soon as I acknowledge Asmophel, Determination of the Number Two will weaken and his growth rate will slow down.'

This didn't meant that he would be excluded from the list of meritorious retainers. Asmophel was a pillar supporting the kingdom and he needed to be placed in the appropriate position.

"Hrmm..."

He had to give a title, but Asmophel's value would decrease the moment he was given a title. What should he do? Grid worried about how to handle Asmophel for a long time.

'I should consult with Lauel.'

If he couldn't think about it alone, then he should discuss it with Lauel. As always.

'Thank you.'

It had already become a habit to thank Lauel. Grid completed the list of meritorious retainers and went to visit them one by one.

"What item do you want to have?"

Of course, every person needed different items. Some wanted a weapon that would maximize their class characteristics, some wanted armor to boost their survivability, while others wanted farming equipment that would improve the efficiency of farming. There was one point they all had in common.

"If I can obtain Grid's magic items, I can grow faster than ever."

"Okay."

It was a gratifying response. Grid was motivated to work. After securing the necessary materials to produce the items, he asked



Sticks to move him to Reidan. Along with Khan and the Reidan blacksmiths, he lit up all the Reidan furnaces. He generously used the white phosphorous wood as fuel.

"The intermediate blacksmiths should ensure the fires in the furnaces aren't turned off and the advanced blacksmiths should refine iron ore. Khan will help me."

"I understand. Do you have anything for the beginner blacksmiths to do?"

"Tell them to focus on observing my techniques."

"..."

The Reidan blacksmiths fell into confusion. A beginner blacksmith could do the work of one person in a smithy while an intermediate blacksmith could work as a private blacksmith. Furthermore, an advanced blacksmith was talented enough to work at a palace. But the beginner blacksmiths weren't given any jobs, while the intermediate blacksmiths had to maintain the furnace and the advanced blacksmiths needed to smelt iron ore?

Even Khan, a craftsman grade blacksmith skilled enough to work in the empire, was acting as an assistant? The blacksmiths confident in their skills couldn't understand Grid's role assignment. But none of them disobeyed Grid's command. They witnessed Grid's work after a long time and once again realized that even Khan wasn't a match.

'I will soon become an intermediate blacksmith thanks to Grid's help.'

'It's the best honor to do odd jobs for him.'

The Reidan blacksmiths understood the topic and no longer questioned Grid's orders.

"Father, fighting!"

Lord held Irene's hand and came to the smithy. He spoke the

cheer he learned from Aunt Ruby and pulled out a small hammer. Then he watched his father's movements.

Ttang! Ttang!

Tatang! Tang!

The sight of the father and son next to each other was peaceful and joyful. There was a happy smile on Irene's beautiful face.

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"I want to see Grid look bewildered and scared."

Baron Kons was excited as the carriage moved. He wondered how surprised and frustrated Grid would be when he heard that he had to offer a tribute to 15 kingdoms, including Gauss.

"It isn't that simple to build up a kingdom."

If it was that easy to set up and maintain a kingdom, there would be hundreds of kingdoms on the continent by now. Baron Kons laughed as he imagined the look on Grid's face.

"We've arrived."

Baron Kon's carriage stopped in front of Reinhardt Palace.

"Hrmm..."

Baron Kons was surprised as he got out of the carriage. Unlike what he expected, there were no traces of war anywhere in Reinhardt.

'The damage from the war was repaired so soon? Did he work the people as slaves?'

That bastard called Grid was stupid. It was only a matter of time before the people's hostility would grow and the Overgeared Kingdom would self-destruct much faster than expected.

"Tsk tsk, abusing the people when you aren't fully established yet. As expected, not just anyone can become a king."

"Excuse me."

A knight approached Baron Kons. The knights were wearing sturdy black armor.

"Are you Baron Kons of the Gauss Kingdom?"

"Yes."

It was hard to imagine that these excellent knights had just gone through a war. Baron Kons gulped nervously while the knights scratched their heads.

"You don't need to be polite to soldiers like us."

"Relax your manner of speaking."

"...???"

Baron Kons was stunned. It was absurd that they were calling themselves soldiers when they were wearing such excellent armor.

'Who are they trying to fool?'

Why were these knights pretending to be soldiers and tricking him? Baron Kons soon became angry.

'That's right. Overgeared is trying to tell me not to look down on them because their soldiers are as well trained as the knights.'

Yes, it was acting.

'Who would be deceived by this?'

Baron Kons shook his head as he was entering the palace garden.

'There will be no well-known person.'

Which famous person would attend the founding ceremony of a kingdom established by a traitor? Baron Kons predicted that it would be filled with random people or the event site would be empty. However...

"Oh, Your Holiness. Look at that wonderful statue. Brother Grid's appearance is really reproduced well."

"Wouldn't it be nice to put a statue of Goddess Rebecca next to

it?”

"Grid wouldn't want to pay for it."

"Huhu, Your Holiness is too much. Brother Grid has contributed so much to the Rebecca Church. How can he oppose the creation of a statue of Goddess Rebecca? A statue will be built at all costs."

"Heok."

Baron Kons became breathless as he walked through the garden. 15 middle-aged men dressed in the clothing of the elders of the Rebecca Church were calling a young man the 'pope?'

'This is ridiculous!'

The pope and elders of the Rebecca Church. They didn't even come when the emperor of the empire called, yet they were attending the founding of the Overgeared Kingdom? Baron Kons had to deny it.

'It's a scam. It can't be true! It's obvious that Grid dressed up his own men as the Rebecca Church's pope and elders!'

The pope was so dominant that no one dared judge him, but the Rebecca elders were famous for their heavy hips. In order to meet them, the great King Cactus himself had to visit the Vatican. Yet they were attending the founding of the Overgeared Kingdom?

"Excuse me."

A group brushed past Baron Kons as he was denying it.

'Fishy smell?'

Baron Kon blocked his nose and frowned, then he looked at the group passing by. He recoiled like he had seen a ghost.

'T-The water clan!'

Water clan. A species that lived in Siren deep below the sea. They were famous for their excellent magic. Many kingdoms, including the Gauss Kingdom, wanted to ally with them. But they didn't like

humans. Humans were turned away, even during their most difficult times. Yet they were attending the Overgeared's founding ceremony!

‘No, this is impossible.’

The water clan were here for the Overgeared Kingdom's founding ceremony? He wasn't convinced. They must've come for other reasons.

‘Maybe Grid needs to repay the water clan somehow?’

Baron Kons constantly tried to deny reality, but it became hard to deny it anymore.

"King Maxong of the water clan is entering!"

“?!!?!?!?”

The water clan's king? Baron Kons' eyes widened as he turned towards the entrance of the garden. The existence who entered was much larger than the water clan people he saw earlier and give off a majestic and overwhelming presence.

‘R-Really. It really is the king!’

While Baron Kons was feeling shocked, King Maxong approached the group pretending to be the Rebecca Church's pope and elders.

“Hello King Maxong.”

"Oh, Your Holiness. It has been a while. Have you met Grid yet?"

"I couldn't see him yet."

“...”

In this atmosphere, the pope and elders seemed to be the real deal. Baron Kons' eyes trembled.

‘Is it true that a great demon descended to Reinhardt and that Grid and the pope united their strength to defeat it?’

Rumors had spread throughout the continent that Grid had destroyed a great demon. But hardly anyone believed this rumor.

The great demons existed to annihilate the human race. It didn't make sense, even if Grid was a legend. The people in the world thought Grid had spread false rumors to increase his reputation.

Now Baron Kons thought the rumor might not be false after all.

‘King Cactus... I... I can’t...’

In an event where the greatest figures such as the pope and water clan king were attending, he needed to demand that Grid give them a tribute? It was too much for Baron Kons to do such a crazy thing.

# Chapter 599

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"All 15 kingdoms except the empire dispatched an envoy?"

They refused the founding ceremony invitation, but now they sent representatives? The members of Overgeared reacted strongly when they heard the news.

"Why are they acting as they please? Why are they acting like we are pushovers?"

"It's obnoxious, but the situation isn't that bad. The fact that they sent representatives means they're willing to deal with us."

"Isn't that too unbelievable? Those bastards are accepting Overgeared as a kingdom?"

"Why did they suddenly change their position?"

"Overgeared will become as big as the empire in the future and they are trying to suck up to us! Puhuhu!"

"Now they have realized the dignity of God Grid! Puhahahat!"

The more the conversation progressed, the more excited the atmosphere became. The positive energy generated by Peak Sword and Vantner caused unfounded confidence.

Lauel sighed and poured cold water on them. "That's impossible. They will deny us until the end."

"Eh? So why are they sending representatives?"

"Hut, isn't it obvious? My reincarnation has already detected 100% of their intentions. Well, there won't be too much trouble no matter how we act. Huhuhut, this is a very good opportunity."

"..."

Lauel was very happy. He was like a snake looking at his prey: the representatives from 15 kingdoms.

It was around an hour after the Gauss Kingdom representative arrived. The rest of the 14 representatives gathered in Reinhardt. Baron Cudan of the Murrary Kingdom was surprised.

“There are a lot more people than I thought?”

Reinhardt Palace, where the founding ceremony would take place, was really packed. No matter where he turned his gaze, he could only see people. Why was it so crowded, despite being a kingdom without a foundation? It was completely unexpected. The representative of the Ultana Kingdom shrugged at the confused Baron Cudan.

"Aren't they just pretending? Take a good look at their faces. There isn't a single celebrity."

“Certainly...”

There were no big people gathered at the venue. The majority of them were anchors and staff members of the broadcasting companies. There were also users with low or medium reputation. In the eyes of the NPC nobles, they were only flies.

“Where is Baron Kons of the Gauss Kingdom who arrived earlier?”

A knight dressed in black armor approached the representatives and explained.

"He suddenly moved to a restroom because he felt sick. Can I help you?"

“Um...? No, it's okay.”

The knight's equipment was unusual. The armor and weapons were all exceptional.

"I thought they wouldn't have enough money because they need to invest in the founding ceremony..."

“Overgeared Kingdom... It surprisingly has significant capital.”

“How can that be? It's just bravado. The knights are only



wearing good armor in front of the guests.”

“But there are too many knights wearing the same thing...”

“...”

The gazes of the representatives shifted. The number of black knights scattered throughout the venue seemed to be around 1,000. The representatives were stunned.

‘What? Even the empire doesn’t have such a large number of knights?’

There was a stir among the representatives. There was silence until Baron Briton of the Arc Kingdom trembled.

“Grid... He’s a wicked man.”

“What do you mean?”

“Think about it. How can a new nation have so many knights unless it’s exploiting the people? These 1,000 knights were raised by squeezing out the blood of the people. It proves that Grid treats people as less than cattle.”

“Hrmmm...”

Treating the people as less than cattle? Some representatives didn’t agree with each other. On the other hand, Baron Cudan was furious.

“What a demon!”

A person who betrayed his kingdom and his king. A vicious demon. A kingdom ruled by such a person? It couldn’t happen. Baron Cudan touched the sheath at his waist.

‘For the peace of the continent, isn’t it better to kill him?’

Baron Cudan’s momentum was fearsome as he thought about it. It was enough to make the people around him shrink back. The other representatives admired it.

‘What a fearsome energy. Murray’s Lion isn’t an empty name.’

Baron Cudan was famous for fighting one against two with the empire's Black Knights. He was a very upright person which didn't allow him to gain a high position. But Baron Cudan's swordsmanship was well known throughout the continent. He wasn't called Murray's Lion for nothing. The moment everyone was feeling amazed by Baron Cudan.

"Put away your sword energy."

"...?"

One soldier approached Baron Cudan.

"Why are you emitting sword energy? If you're a representative, you should be aware of the basic courtesies. Don't you know the basic courtesies?"

The blond soldier took a step forward. He was wearing shabby armor. As he scratched it with his fingers, the old leather armor seemed to tear. Overgeared Kingdom. The soldiers were treated so insignificantly compared to the elite knights?

'It's the soldiers at the forefront of the battlefield, not the knights... Grid is just bluffing.'

The representatives laughed at Grid. On the other hand, Baron Cudan was white.

'What is this soldier?'

The blond soldier in shabby leather. The soldier looked just like a soldier. Compared to the black armored knights he witnessed before, the soldier seemed like a trivial existence. However, it was difficult to gauge his status when actually facing him. The sword energy that Baron Cudan was proud of shrunk back in front of the soldier.

'Eh... How can a lowly soldier seem so profound?'

Goosebumps appeared on Baron Cudan's body. If one soldier was so strong, what about the 1,000 knights scattered around the

venue?

Gulp!

Baron Cudan stood like a stone statue and gulped.

"How dare you say such ridiculous things?"

"We're soldiers of the great Murray Kingdom!"

Baron Cudan's knights were angry and drew their swords. The moment they were about to strike at the blond soldier. Baron Cudan hastily stopped them.

"S-Stop!"

If they attacked in this place, it would mean all their deaths. It was also from a soldier! Baron Cudan suddenly held his stomach and fell.

"U-Ugh? No? Why does my stomach suddenly hurt? Oh my? I'm too sick to move?"

"M-My Lord?"

Baron Cudan's knights were embarrassed. Baron Cudan's innate health was so great that they couldn't help feeling like this once Baron Cudan complained of stomach pain. Baron Cudan urged them not to worry about the rude soldier anymore.

"We need to go back to the kingdom. Let's go back. Oh my, it burns. It must be the beef jerky I ate on the way here."

"B-But the king's request..."

"It burns! Go back!"

"Heok! Yes, yes!!"

Baron Cudan's knights hastily took him away. The moment that the Murray Kingdom's delegation left Reinhardt.

"Look over here! Baron Cudan!"

"Hah... What is this...?"

The representatives were stunned. Baron Cudan left before fulfilling his duties as a representative.

'It's different from the usual discipline of the Murray Kingdom.'

The representatives thought it was ridiculous as they watched Baron Cudan leaving this place. All of them didn't recognize the Murray Kingdom anymore.

On the other hand, Baron Cudan made a resolute expression as he left Reinhardt.

'I must speak to the king about making peace with the Overgeared Kingdom.'

How could the person called Grid be more vicious than the emperor of the empire? He might be a rebel, but his power seemed to transcend imagination. He was the trend.

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"What? The Gauss Kingdom's representative has also left?"

Two of the 15 representatives were gone. The remaining 13 representatives thought it was ridiculous.

"What representative would return before completing his mission?"

"Baron Kons and Baron Cudan are both incompetent."

"It's proof that their kings aren't dignified."

Baron Vedika was the representative of the Ultana Kingdom. His nickname was 'vampire baron' because he hunted the intermediate vampires that appeared in his territory and acquired the vampire rings as loot. He had a reputation for his great sustainability in combat, since he restored his health by taking his enemy's. It was rumored that he was almost immortal when he fought. He was a brave man and disappeared the runaway Baron Kons and Baron Cudan as cowards.

'They ran out of fear after seeing the 1,000 knights.'

They thought they would be struck by the knights the moment they demanded that Overgeared pay tribute to their kingdoms.

‘Truly pathetic. Anyone who represents their kingdom should put their honor of the kingdom above their fear. Tsk tsk tsk...’

To be honest, Baron Vedika was also tense. He could gain honor as soon as he accomplished the mission, but he could be executed by the 1,000 knights that surrounded them. However, he had the power to overcome this fear.

‘I have the vampire ring.’

It was a ring obtained by hunting the intermediate vampires in his territory along with all his knights. Baron Vedika believed that with the vampire ring, he could survive in a 1 vs 1,000 fight.

“Huhuhut... Huh?”

Baron Vedika was looking at the ring on his finger when he suddenly became aghast.

"Will there be group activities after the founding ceremony? What is it?"

“A group will be organized to hunt in the vampire cities.”

“Ah, what? The vampires are too weak to be fun anymore, and they don’t give much experience.”

"But isn’t it a good day today? We’ll be able to raise the level of the guild members in the second group.”

“Well... Yes, if I have to go, then I should do my best.”

"It would be fun to try a city we haven’t cleared yet.”

“ ... ”

Organizing a group to hunt in the vampire cities? The vampires are too weak?

‘What are they saying?’

Baron Vedika laughed as he heard the words of the group passing

by. He believed they were just bluffing. This lasted until he spotted a ring on one of their fingers.

“Pant... Pant?”

Baron Vedika doubted his eyes. The dozens of people, including a bald man, were wearing vampire rings on their fingers. The rings also contained better magic power than the ring that Baron Vedika wore. Baron Vedika made a disbelieving expression, before gathering his courage and approaching the bald man.

“If I’m not being impolite... Can I ask what you’re doing here?

Gulp.

Baron Vedika swallowed his saliva as he asked the question. Then the bald man replied.

"We are King Grid’s subordinates. Why are you asking?”

"...U-Urgh? Why am I suddenly feeling anemic? Isn’t it weird?”

In the end. The representative of the Ultana Kingdom also ran away from Reinhardt.

"...???"

The remaining 12 representatives failed to recognize the situation and finally settled in to observe the founding ceremony.

# Chapter 600

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The world's attention towards the first country built by a player, Overgeared, was very hot. Many broadcasting companies around the world dispatched people to Reinhardt.

"Move the positions of cameras 5 and 7! Be careful to film Grid from all angles!"

"The Japanese people want to see Katz' face more than once. Arrange the camera so that Katz' face can be seen from time to time."

"There are many beautiful woman in Overgeared. Make the lights bright so that their beauty is stronger... Hey! Why are you filming Vantner? The ratings will fall!"

Every broadcaster identified the trends of their viewers and designed their broadcasts accordingly. The female-oriented broadcasters with many female viewers focused on anyone handsome. The broadcasters who focused on accurate information communicated the situation of Grid, Reinhardt, and the Overgeared Guild. Political and diplomatic experts sat on a panel to deeply evaluate the future of the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Kuk, I am nervous."

There were cameras and lights everywhere they looked.

Several Overgeared members were nervous at the thought of the whole world paying attention to them. Most of the members of Overgeared were from the Silver Knights Guild. Those who were high rankers were afraid of the camera because they weren't familiar with appearing on air.

"Aren't you a citizen of South Korea and a member of the Overgeared Kingdom? Don't be nervous and straighten your shoulders."

"Yes!"

Peak Sword's encouragement was effective. The Silver Knights members didn't shrink back anymore. They stood proudly as they appeared on the camera.

『 I noticed it once again. There are a lot of Asians in Overgeared. 』

『 Most of them are Koreans. It's the impact of absorbing the Silver Knights Guild. 』

『 But I'm surprised that they don't show the national color. Usually, wouldn't most guilds anchored to a country show bias towards them? 』

『 This is a glimpse of Grid's true heights. Overgeared started as a multinational guild. If he focuses too much on a certain country, some members of Overgeared might feel alienated. Grid deliberately excluded the colors of his country because of this concern. 』

『 I can see how well Grid is coordinating the guild members just by looking at Katz. Who would have expected Katz, a famous Japanese nationalist, to adapt so well to the Overgeared Guild? 』

『 As expected from Grid... He's the person who built up a network of friends and NPCs. 』

『 There's no way to explain how big his vessel is. Grid goes far beyond ordinary standards. Recently, some people in China are claiming that Grid is the reincarnation of Liu Bei. 』

『 Liu Bei? Liu Bei from China's Three Kingdoms era? Hah, truly. China still has a habit of claiming any good thing as theirs. Why is the Korean Grid called the reincarnation of a Chinese person? 』

『 Hum hum, please refrain from personal comments during the broadcast. 』

The people who ignored Grid and laughed at him were now hard to find.



He had proven his skills many times to people who didn't acknowledge him and built up such unparalleled achievements that he was no longer treated as a psychopath. But was it truly possible to fully grasp someone? The world still didn't know Grid's true value.

‘The reincarnation of Liu Bei? What nonsense!’

Grid trembled when he accidentally heard what some people were saying. Pangea's Lord of Virtue. It was a title that had a certain probability of sparing a monster when hunting. Grid felt very uncomfortable when he forcibly acquired this useless title due to a misunderstanding.

"Ugh, this is sick. Why isn't there a feature to delete titles?"

Grid was waiting for the coronation and founding ceremony. Lael heard Grid's grumbling as he approached through the crowd.

“In general, titles are things you can get after making a direct connection to Satisfy's setting or stories. If there was a title removal function, Satisfy's setup and story would collapse.”

“...What is that?”

Grid freaked out when he saw Lael. Lael had a black eye patch over his left eye and there was a black mask over his mouth. Both were items with no function. They were a favorite among middle school students. Lael saw Grid's confused face and raised two fingers.

“Kukukuk! Grid, this is a style I prepared to coordinate with you. It's a recreation of my days as a dragon knight. How about it? Isn't it cool?”

‘What a waste of his face.’

Pure white skin and silver hair. Lael was a young man who gave off a mysterious feeling. It felt like he came from a manhwa. He was a charmed existence. But he was a chuuni. He didn't care

about love and only devoted himself to his previous life. Grid couldn't imagine how many women would be saddened by this.

“Tsk tsk...”

He would never achieve love. Grid clicked his tongue and turned back to looking out the window.

Suddenly, people started moving.

‘What?’

The atmosphere was incredible.

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『 Breaking news! Breaking news! According to reports from players, the remnants of the Eternal nobles are gathering near Reinhardt! 』

『 The number of armed troops led by the nobles is as high as 100,000! On the other hand, there are no more than 5,000 troops in Reinhardt! 』

『 Currently, most of the Overgeared forces are concentrated in Reidan. 』

『 Reidan? No, why? Placing troops elsewhere ahead of a big event... 』

『 It must be due to the Saharan Empire. What if they placed the troops here in Reinhardt? Reidan would be empty and a good prey for the empire. 』

『 Hah... In other words, they were alert to the empire and forgot about the Eternal nobles? 』

『 That's right. This is clearly Overgeared's mistake for not looking beyond a few steps. Grid and Lael have overcome previous crises with superb maneuvering and armed force, but it's very shallow compared to our experts. 』

The founding ceremony that would be held in a few minutes was

ruined in an instant. The anchors and panel members of the broadcasting stations, as well as the players gathered at the scene, started to shake.

“Shouldn’t we run away? We’ll be swept up in the war.”

“I don’t want to die just because I’m watching an event. Hurry.”

“Wait. What’s the fuss? Grid has fought 100,000 people before. In addition, the high rankers of Overgeared are gathered here. The 100,000 enemies will be killed by Overgeared in an instant.”

“Are you a fool? Don’t you know that the level of monsters and NPCs in the new episodes are far ahead of the level of monsters and NPCs in previous episodes?”

“The enemy soldiers who might not be over level 200 during the war episode have probably completed their second advancement in this episode. Do you think that even Grid can deal with 100,000 second advancement soldiers?”

“Even though Grid and Overgeared wins the war, what about us? Will the enemies leave us alone?”

Buzz buzz.

The frightened players started making a fuss. Some people were already running away from the palace. However, the soldiers of Overgeared blocked the entrance to the palace.

“Get out of the way! I want to leave!”

“...”

The players shouted but the soldiers were unmoved. They stood there silently. The international broadcasters and experts figured out the situation.

『 This...! I think I know why Grid blocked the entrance! 』

『 What? 』

『 Grid is trying to use the players gathered here as sacrifices! 』

『 Hah...!! 』

The people currently gathered in the palace. From the enemy's point of view, they were all on the same side. Soon the enemies would attack everybody they saw, intent on killing Grid and the Overgeared members.

“Demon!”

“Grid is a demon!”

Everyone remembered Grid's old nicknames. Psychopath, butcher. Grid was recently called a virtuous person, but what was his true nature?

“H-Hik...!”

Kung!

Kung kung kung kung!

The ground shook. It felt like tens of thousands of troops were surrounding the palace. The players became confused and frightened, while the broadcasters spoke in real time.

-Wow, Overgeared... Are they going to sacrifice innocent people in order to live?

-Really vicious.

-It's better than being fooled by kindness.

-Does this really deserve to be the first kingdom built by a player?

The people around the world had various reactions towards Overgeared. Some blamed Overgeared, some agreed with Overgeared's choice, and some insisted they should imitate Overgeared. The turmoil increased.

Step.

Grid appeared inside the palace for the first time. He walked towards the entrance of the palace as thousands of players gazed at him with resentful eyes. Then...

Kuuong!

The marching sound of the large army beyond the walls stopped. It meant the 100,000 troops led by the Eternal nobles had reached the palace.

“D-Dammit!”

“Let me logout!”

The faces of the players became paler. On the other hand, Grid remained calm. He looked at the crowd with his uniquely sharp eyes.

"Open the gate."

He ordered the soldiers sealing the entrance to the palace.

“...!!!!!”

The players and broadcasting station staff were scared. Opening the gate when the enemies were outside? Everyone thought Grid was crazy and started blaming him. But Grid didn't withdraw the order and the soldiers opened the firmly closed gates.

Kiiiiiiiik-!

The gates slowly opened. Tens of thousands of troops came into view, with the city behind them. The players were stunned. Grid wanted all of them to die. However.

Cheek!

The tens of thousands of people gathered beyond the gate. Rather than pushing inside the palace and starting the slaughter, they took a military stance?

『 W-What is this? 』

The players and staff of the broadcasting companies were stunned.

"We see King Grid!"

“Attention!”

The tens of thousands of troops saluted Grid, shouting and saluting him without any distractions. The leader of the army was Marquis Steim. It was truly spectacular. It wasn't just the players gathered at the scene, but the millions of people watching in each country. They all got goosebumps.

As the world was feeling shock and doubt, Grid declared to the saluting soldiers.

“In the name of the Overgeared King Grid, I will start the founding ceremony.”

[A new kingdom has been born on the West Continent! The Overgeared Kingdom! The name of the king is Grid!]

[The first player to become a king has appeared! His great achievements will remain in Satisfy's history!]

Snap! Snap snap!

The lights that the broadcasters prepared focused on Grid. Thousands of cameras only captured Grid's appearance. As the military band started playing music, the ratings of the founding ceremony skyrocketed.

It was the beginning of a new era.

# Table of Contents

[Overgeared](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Chapter 501](#)

[Chapter 502](#)

[Chapter 503](#)

[Chapter 504](#)

[Chapter 505](#)

[Chapter 506](#)

[Chapter 507](#)

[Chapter 508](#)

[Chapter 509](#)

[Chapter 510](#)

[Chapter 511](#)

[Chapter 512](#)

[Chapter 513](#)

[Chapter 514](#)

[Chapter 515](#)

[Chapter 516](#)

[Chapter 517](#)

[Chapter 518](#)

[Chapter 519](#)

[Chapter 520](#)

[Chapter 521](#)

[Chapter 522](#)

[Chapter 523](#)

[Chapter 524](#)

[Chapter 525](#)

[Chapter 526](#)

[Chapter 527](#)

[Chapter 528](#)

[Chapter 529](#)

[Chapter 530](#)

[Chapter 531](#)

[Chapter 532](#)

[Chapter 533](#)

[Chapter 534](#)  
[Chapter 535](#)  
[Chapter 536](#)  
[Chapter 537](#)  
[Chapter 538](#)  
[Chapter 539](#)  
[Chapter 540](#)  
[Chapter 541](#)  
[Chapter 542](#)  
[Chapter 543](#)  
[Chapter 544](#)  
[Chapter 545](#)  
[Chapter 546](#)  
[Chapter 547](#)  
[Chapter 548](#)  
[Chapter 549](#)  
[Chapter 550](#)  
[Chapter 551](#)  
[Chapter 552](#)  
[Chapter 553](#)  
[Chapter 554](#)  
[Chapter 555](#)  
[Chapter 556](#)  
[Chapter 557](#)  
[Chapter 558](#)  
[Chapter 559](#)  
[Chapter 560](#)  
[Chapter 561](#)  
[Chapter 562](#)  
[Chapter 563](#)  
[Chapter 564](#)  
[Chapter 565](#)  
[Chapter 566](#)  
[Chapter 567](#)  
[Chapter 568](#)  
[Chapter 569](#)  
[Chapter 570](#)  
[Chapter 571](#)  
[Chapter 572](#)



[Chapter 573](#)

[Chapter 574](#)

[Chapter 575](#)

[Chapter 576](#)

[Chapter 577](#)

[Chapter 578](#)

[Chapter 579](#)

[Chapter 580](#)

[Chapter 581](#)

[Chapter 582](#)

[Chapter 583](#)

[Chapter 584](#)

[Chapter 585](#)

[Chapter 586](#)

[Chapter 587](#)

[Chapter 588](#)

[Chapter 589](#)

[Chapter 590](#)

[Chapter 591](#)

[Chapter 592](#)

[Chapter 593](#)

[Chapter 594](#)

[Chapter 595](#)

[Chapter 596](#)

[Chapter 597](#)

[Chapter 598](#)

[Chapter 599](#)

[Chapter 600](#)